MAN AS HE IS.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

Voluptates, blandissimæ dominæ, majores partes animi a virtute deterquent.

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MAN AS HE IS.

CHAP. LI.

WE muſt now leave the ungracious Miſs Colerain to her fate, and attend the tender hearted and generous Sir George Paradyne,—— to Germany. As he was extremely reſtleſs, dejected, incapable of buſineſs, and deteſting ſtudy,—Mr. Lindſay thought it expedient to give him as much motion as he would bear, in a country which would preſent the feweſt incitements to eaſe and indolence, and to give him ſubjects to exerciſe the underſtanding, without ſoftening the heart.

Letters to the Queen, by Monſieur de Luc, had ſometimes engroſſed their attention; and Mr. Lindſay propoſed to Sir George to viſit Germany with the books in their hands, and to endeavour to believe as Monſieur de Luc has believed. Sir George was perfectly acquieſcent, and as Mr. Fielding had propoſed going the tour with Sir George, it was neceſſary to write to inform him of their intention, and where he might join them in any part of the enſuing ſummer he choſe. Mr. Fielding returned the following anſwer:

"I thank you, dear Paradyne, for your ſuperlative kindneſs. But I find Monſieur de Luc rather unreaſonable. In order to read Geneſis as

Geneſis ought to be read, he preſcribes a dozen journies into Germany; or at leaſt the reading of them. I thank God, I can have the faith without the fatigue. Heaven forbid I ſhould deny that the minors of Hartz are the happieſt of human beings. How ſhould they be otherwiſe, when they ſee their wives but once a week? It is true, their bread might be better, and they might be allowed onions at leaſt to eat with it. But after all, they are made ample amends by their wives ſcrubbing bruſhes on Saturday night, and by going with clean faces to church on Sunday.

Heaven forbid too, that I ſhould deny the happineſs of that other claſs of felicitants, who live in the pure ſtile of ſimple nature, "When man and beaſt, joint tenants of the ſhade," performed their functions ſo lovingly together, that nothing, quite like it, is to be ſeen in all London.

"Heaven forbid, in ſhort, that I ſhould deny any thing which Monſieur de Luc, a man ſo largely endowed with talents for faith, would have me believe, eſpecially, ſince it is ſo eaſy to conceive that God might not like his antediluvian world, and that therefore he choſe to tumble it into the ſea, and to tumble this other out, this world of ours, Paradyne, ſo full of valorous men and beauteous women.

"To this dear bewitching part of his new work, I find myſelf rather addicted, inſomuch, that till towards autumn, when my charming Hyena's have left their watering places, and gone into village cantonments, I cannot leave them. About this time, I calculate, you will be bored ſufficiently with German coſmology, and will be returning

returning towards the Spa, where I intend to join you. Interim,

"I am yours, entirely,

"JOHN LAKE FIELDING."

Sir George then, having wrote to Lady Mary, to Mrs. Birinport, and Mr. James Paradyne, croſſed the ſea, and travelled through Holland to Oſnaburgh, where he had directed the firſt letters from England to be ſent. There he found many, amongſt others the following:

"DEAR GEORGE,

"What with this damned gout and your curſted haſte, I had not time to give you my opinion of things. As to good advice, I know that Mr. Lindſay, a ſtayed, ſober, man, rather too ſober, will give you enough if you will take it. But the thing is, what buſineſs have you out of your own country? I am a juſtice of peace, and you ought to be member for the county, and to take care of your hounds and your ſtud. I wiſh I had had the care of your education; but who could foreſee things? Your Greek and Latin was well enough for a parſon, but they won't do for a gentleman, George. Colleges don't turn out men now a-days. The whipſters get into the field by ten o'clock, walk their horſes a mile or two after a fox, and then go home, half killed with the fatigues of the day. The women have them all now a-days, George, and teach 'em the ton; that is to dreſs, and dance and paint. When you have had your folly out, come home and do as I do. Ride me a fifty mile chaſe, or kill me a dozen partridges before breakfaſt. Better I think, than walking through your parterres in red morocco ſlippers, like my young Lord

Fantail. I could write a great deal more, but I won't; for perhaps you'll only laugh at the old put. So I conclude, your loving uncle,

"JAMES PARADYNE."

"Pleaſe your honor,

"Your honor not giving me proper orders, I makes bold to write your honor that Biſhop Blaze, as your honor would have new chriſtened Quad tho' I never knew a Quad good for much ſhould be put into trimmings for to catch up a King's plate or two this ſummer, and the two beſt hunters ſhould be fired that they may'nt get ſprains in the back ſinews and the bay filly riſing three years ſhould begin to thiuk of honour and glory. As to old Flounder he's done and I would adviſe your honor to ſell him for a coal carrier or to draw in again. This is all I has to ſay to your honor, wiſhing your honor a ſpeedy return and the beſt ſtud in all the county which would be barring accidents in three years as ſure as I am your honors humble ſarvant to command.

"JOHN WAVELL."

"Good Sir,

"You was in ſuch haſte that I had not time to conſult you about many things. In particular, what muſt I do with Thomas Fox, and James Speed, and widow Blacklock; I'm afraid none of them can hold their farms, and it does not become me, your faithful ſteward, to ſee your rents decline, and your farms run to ruin.

"Mr. Beard has made application for the Ryecroft farm; ſo has John Dent; I'm affraid the latter is too weak for it, tho' an honeſt man.

Mr.

"Mr. Pillerton deſires your commands about the octagon. So, in hopes of ſpeedy orders,

"I am, Sir,
Your moſt faithful Servant,
"JOHN CARTWRIGHT."

The travellers occupied themſelves ſeveral days in the environs of Oſnaburg, whence Sir George wrote the following anſwers:

"To Mr. James Paradyne,

"I am always pleaſed to hear from my dear uncle, and thank him for his opinion of things. The faſhion of the times is ſo much changed, that I cannot be quite like you, my dear ſir, if I would. A horſe is an excellent phyſician, I allow, and hounds and pointers are moſt exhilarating animals. We have changed them for the worſe, no doubt; but who can help it? We have ragouts, inſtead of ſurloins; we have Italian concerto's, inſtead of the early horn; but we have Humphrie's and Mendoza's ſtill; and Epſom and Newmarket; ſo that you ſee we have not totally degenerated. Then for animation, we have four by cards, and ſeven's the main: even your Rochwood and Bowman muſt yield to them, for the productions of lively ſenſations.

"Yes, dear uncle, England has good things in plenty. But as one ſets a greater value on health for having been ſick, ſo I go to look upon other nations, in order to love my own. When I have done this, I return, and make haſte to be as like my uncle as I can.

"I am his affectionate
"and obedient nephew,
"GEORGE PARADYNE."

" To Mr. Cartwright,

" The management of the Suſſex eſtates were put under your care by my reſpected father; nor will I interfere with you, except ſo far as to deſire, that in all dubious caſes, you will incline towards the tenant; more eſpecially if he is poor, and has a family.

" Let us inſtance in the caſe of Thomas Fox. This man is ſober; he is induſtrious; and he has a large family. All theſe are incitements to my favour. But he has been unfortunate, and is ſinking under his diſtreſſes. This muſt not be, Mr. Cartwright; he muſt be ſupported, encouraged, and made eaſy. He owes rent you ſay; the only way to recover it, is to lend him money. In reality, it is only lending it to my land.

" If Speed's character were the ſame, I would do as much for him; but this man is drunken and vicious. Get him off, but let him take all his property."

" Widow Blacklock! How could you ſuppoſe, Mr. Cartwright, I could think of diſtreſſing her? A woman with five ungrown up children! Blacklock was my father's bailiff; a very honeſt man. His father ſerved my grandfather. Why man—they have been an appendage to our family ever ſince William the Conqueror, for any thing I know; and they ſhall not be ſent to ſeek a maintenance amongſt ſtrangers, whilſt their only fault is poverty.

" Wavel has offended me. Flounder was my father's favourite; and is now old. The unfeeling wretch would for a guinea conſign him to want and miſery the remainder of his life. I would turn him away, if I had not you to controul him. Pray look into the ſtables with a curious eye. Humanity is well ſhewn in tak[illegible]re of dumb animals, whom we fetter and preve[illegible]m taking

taking care of themſelves. As to the ſilly queſtions Wavel aſks me about the racers and hunters; pray order what you pleaſe. You will pay Pillerton his bill; and diſmiſs him till my return.

Your friend,

G. PARADYNE."

CHAP. LII.

IF to make books of words, and money of books, were my ſole, or principal deſign, what could I do better than give a full and true account of Germany; its roads and rivers, and towns and woods; its faſhions, and its politeſſe? A birth day ball at the court of Dreſden, would probably gratify many of my fair readers,—for who, but muſt love Dreſden, whence they draw ſuch power to charm,—who diſcover their martial inclinations by their attachment to a red coat and cockade; a review at Potſdam muſt be entertaining. Other Engliſh travellers have found at the courts of this granary of great and ſmall kings, the moſt polite, moſt condeſcending, moſt converſible amongſt the rulers of men; and why may not Sir George Paradyne import a few regal ſmiles, regal apothegms, and regal bon mots?

But, in the journal of Mr. Lindſay I find little elſe but Schorl and petrefactions and lavas; old worlds and new. As to ſir George, it appears that he was not in the humour to think a matter animate or inanimate, worth his notice. He kept no journal; made no remarks; viſited no connoiſſeurs; danced with no ladies; dined with no kings. In ſhort, as far as corporeal motion was concerned, he was an automaton, moved by the will of Mr. Lindſay; with reſ-

pect to intellect, he endeavoured to turn it towards Monſieur de Luc; ſome power, greater than his own, directed it towards the image of Miſs Col rain.

It was ſoon apparent to Mr. Lindſay, that he had not choſe this journey with judgment; and that ſomething more than philoſophy was neceſſary to eradicate a paſſion. Afraid the growing indifference of Sir George might lead to undeſirable effects, he determined to ſhorten the tour one half; and wrote Mr Fielding a requeſt to meet them at Spa as early as midſummer. This indee was a reluctant ſtep; for Mr. Lindſay did not like Mr. Fielding; but politeneſs required it, becauſe at this place they had appointed to meet.

Sir George had written twice to Mrs. Birimport, and had once been anſwered. This anſwer was grave and moral, and had in it very wiſe reflections relative to the world and its vanities; but nothing about herſelf—ſave that ſhe had heard of Lord Auſchamp and ſeen Lady Mary once. Sir George had ſhewn it to Mr. Lindſay; and was expreſſing his fears for his ſiſter's happineſs one morning at breakfaſt, when Sir George's gentleman, a Mr. Carter, a decent middle-aged man, who was waiting, looked as if he had ſomething to ſay, but was withheld by a reſpectful timidity. A little encouragement however made him tell the gentlemen, that he had ſome years courted Mrs. Plant, Mrs. Birimport's woman; that he had received a letter from her, by the laſt Engliſh mail, of which the chief ſubject was Mrs. Birimport; that it was not indeed pretty to ſhew love letters; but that there was nothing in this, except bad ſpelling perhaps, which did not do credit to Mrs. Plant. This was the letter.

"Dear

" Dear Mr. Carter,

" I received yours from Oſnaburgh, and am vaſtly glad to hear you are contented and happy. I wiſh it was ſo with us; but we go on in the old way. My miſtreſs, for patience and ſweetneſs of temper, is an angel. My maſter, as you know, has not much of either; but he has a great deal of underſtanding; and he employs it in teaſing his lady; which is no uncommon thing in London. He's what the doctors call a hipocondriac, or ſome ſuch word; which means hip'd; and to be ſure they are right; for I never ſaw any fine lady, and I have been pretty much among them, ſo full of vapours. He has got rid of all manner of buſineſs, on purpoſe as he tells my lady, to enjoy happineſs; ſo having nothing to do, he indulges us with a vaſt deal of his company. I ſay us, becauſe my lady makes me ſit with her; being both buſy in a great piece of embroidery; and to tell you a ſecret, I don't think ſhe cares much for being alone with him; I believe becauſe he is ſo fond. Then he has a way with him, of making a noiſe as regular as the ticking of a clock; you may juſt hear it; but I cannot tell you what its like, its ſo very odd; and it is to denote that he is in pain; but he has done it ſo long, that it comes now whenever he ſits ſtill, pain, or no pain.

" But he is monſtrous odd in words as well as things. You muſt know my lady ſeldom ſtirs from home; ſo he takes it in his head ſhe is diſcontented; and then he ſays he does not like a woman to have the recluſe virtues of a nun. So he maunders till he gets her out, and as one engagement often brings on another, perhaps ſhe will be out three or four times running. Then his tone changes, and he ſays a great many comical ill-natured things about a woman's diſpoſi-

tion

tion for gadding. He makes it out as we inherit it from our firſt mother; becauſe ſhe would not ſtay by Adam though he deſired it; but would go gadding about the garden by herſelf, to ſee what devils ſhe could pick up. But this is monſtrous wicked as I think.

"Sometimes he'll look over our work, and find fault; and one day he ſaid to my lady; now I ſuppoſe you think this clever, and expect I ſhould applaud it. So I ſhould perhaps, had I never been abroad; but Engliſh women are children in theſe arts, compared with the women of Bengal. My lady ſaid, I ſuppoſe they practiſe more, Mr. Birimport. Aſſuredly——replies my maſter—they practiſe always.——They are always at home, Mrs. Birimport.——Now this was juſt after ſhe had been at the opera, and at Lady Mary Paradyne's rout. So ſhe ſaid—Is it by their own choice, Mr. Birimport?——Now what was there in this queſtion, Mr. Carter? And ſhe ſpoke it ſo mildly; and yet it nonpluſſed him; for he heſitated and ſtammered, and ſaid, —Yes—no—— yes——zounds——choice —— yes, to be ſure——why they are brought up to it.

"I ſuppoſe then," my miſtreſs ſaid, "it muſt be quite eaſy and agreeable to them."

"It ought to be," he ſaid; "but that there was a certain perverſity in women all over the globe."

"Pray what is that, Mr. Birimport?" my miſtreſs aſked.

He ſaid, "It was chuſing to pleaſe themſelves rather than their huſbands."

And ſhe ſmiled, and ſaid, "ſhe believed that ſort of perverſity might be general enough." "But," ſays ſhe, "won't you make me an exception, Mr. Birimport? don't I ſtay at home and work?"

"But

"But do you do it by choice, madam?" ſaid he.

To which ſhe anſwered in a ſmiling manner, —"Why yes—no --yes---you know I am brought up to it now."----Now they had been joking hitherto as it were; but then, my maſter ſaid peevithly,----"So you would inſinuate, madam, that I am your tyrant, your jailor; and that I keep you cooped up in a cage."

"Surely," my miſtreſs ſaid, "this is a very harſh interpretation of a playful repetition of your own words."

"Oh then, madam," ſays he, "you only meant to poiſon in jeſt."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Birimport," ſhe ſaid, "I did not mean to offend."——However he was croſs and provoking for a good half hour; but he never could get her to anſwer him one word more, though he fell to abuſing her for her ſilence.

"But I have ſomewhat to tell you worſe and wickeder than all this----for one ſunday evening he comes into my miſtreſs's dreſſing room, where I was a doing ſomething, and ſhe was reading in the bible. "So," ſays he, "and ſo you are poring over that ſilly book now; and think you are pious; and that you are ſpending the ſabbath after God's holy will and commandment."

"At leaſt," ſays ſhe, "Mr. Birimport, I hope I am not offending him."

"You---you offend him,"——ſays my maſter, in a proud ſort of way--- "you offend Omnipotence. I ſhould not have ſuppoſed it poſſible, even for a fine lady. Mortal vanity muſt have arrived at an extravagant pitch before this could have entered a human head."

"It has entered moſt human heads notwithſtanding," my lady anſwered, "and I hope without doing them much harm."

"For

"For fear of offending God, madam," ſaid my maſter, "I ſuppoſe you would not oblige me with a little muſic; it would alarm heaven with noiſe. It would be ſtill worſe, no doubt, to make up a whiſt party; and prodigiouſly inconſonant to your notions of piety."

My miſtreſs ſaid, "I had rather let them alone, Mr. Birimport; but if you choſe them, I do not think them of ſo offenſive a nature as to juſtify me in not obliging my huſband."

Then my maſter ſaid, "Nothing was ſo eaſy as to corrupt a woman. Preſent to her imagination, any ſin ſhe likes, though contrary to her moſt ſacred duties, and ſhe will be ſure to find ſome decent excuſe for running headlong into it."

"Was not my maſter vaſtly wicked, Mr. Carter? and I thought him ſo ſpiteful.

"To be ſure, Mr. Carter, I ſhould be glad of your ſafe return; though I'm not in haſte to be married; for my miſtreſs is ſo kind; and I ſhould think it cruel to leave her till ſhe's a better proſpect. I know its a great ſin to wiſh any body's death, and ſo I don't. However if it pleaſes God to take my maſter, I don't think I ſhould cry above a week. So I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Yours, till death,
SARAH PLANT."

Sir George wrote to his ſiſter in the kindeſt manner; and grieved, that it was not in his power to give her more eſſential conſolation. He wrote alſo to Miſs Colerain, as he had done ſeveral times before, by way of conſolation to himſelf. After which the travellers turned their ſteps thro' the Auſtrian territories towards Spa, where livelier ſcenes awaited them."

CHAP.

CHAP. LIII.

ALTHOUGH it was the latter end of July when they arrived, they found neither Mr. Fielding, nor letters from him. There was however much company, and ſuch as might have amuſed a leſs fickly mind than Sir George's. But, the waters once taſted, the country once ſeen, the muſic once heard, and the ladies once admired, all the pleaſures of Spa were to him exhauſted. He was actually meditating to proceed for Italy, when the arrival of Mr. Fielding, in company with Sir George's Engliſh acquaintance, Count Colliano and the Marquis de Valines, changed his intention,—and himſelf.

What are the ſupreme joys of gaming, a poor author, like myſelf, is never likely to know. Reaſoning a priori, no one would ever have conjectured that it could have done any thing more than amuſe a leiſure hour, or kill a tedious one. But that it has joys—joys ineffable—ſuperior even to any in the power of lovely woman to give—we muſt ſuppoſe from its effects; Effects, which the ſober man of buſineſs, beholds with aſtoniſhment; and for which the philoſopher ſeeks an adequate cauſe in vain. Some of the moſt profound of theſe ſeem to have anticipated (for the ſoul) the ſyſtem of the late John Brown of ſtimulating memory.

According to this, it muſt begin with a gentle tickling of the imagination, and go on with a regular, though ſometimes tolerably rapid progreſſion, till it acquires a power to ſhake—to tear the ſoul; and from this charming power are derived the exceſſes, ſo juſtly the objects of our admiration.

In

In what ſtage of the progreſs Sir George was when he left London, I do not know exactly. But he had renounced it; for both Lindſay and reaſon had demonſtrated its follies. Yes, he had renounced it; and had temptation never approached him, I dare ſay, would have renounced it for ever. But for four long months he had been travelling—in Germany; and philoſophizing upon matter that had no life in it—Dear ladies! I am ſure I muſt have made his apology.

"I ſhould have been with you ſomething ſooner, my dear Paradyne," ſaid Mr. Fielding, "but that upon the road I fell in with a family from Wales The father, Mr. David Fluellen, a deſcendant of that very Captain Fluellen, who gained immortal renown at Agincourt; his ſiſter and daughter."

"A family of merit I ſuppoſe," ſaid Sir George.

"Oh, infinite!" Mr. Fielding replied. "What is the firſt merit of a chriſtian man? Faith. And faith he has it. The ſiſter is a believer alſo,——in ghoſts, witches, dreams, and omens; above all in the efficacy of her own prayers; quite a favourite in heaven. The daughter—Ah, Paradyne—— there's the girl of girls; the child of pure nature. All red and white, and kind and coming."

"You would not ſeduce her ſure," ſaid Sir George.

"Oh, Lord! no,"—replied Fielding; "but I am afraid ſhe'll ſeduce me. It is impoſſible to look at her without being convinced of the frailty of man's nature."

"Oh, fie! Fielding," ſaid Sir George; "ſpare her innocence."

"Is love in thy creed a guilty thing then?" aſked Fielding.

"Mar-

"Marry," ſaid Sir George, "and love as much as thou wilt."

"As I can thou meaneſt," replied Fielding. "Knoweſt thou any cure for love, ſo quick as matrimony, and ſo ſure?"

"Common place," anſwered Sir George.

"Will the fire of virtue never be out in thy Lindſaic ſoul?" ſaid Fielding. "Let us talk of Ffuellen. Till this journey, the old gentleman has never been twenty miles from the foot of Plinlimmon, where he poſſeſſes a clear eſtate of 200l. per annum. As he could not afford to give his daughter half of it for dreſs and boarding ſchool, he kept her at home. His wife died in the ſecond year of her marriage; and ever ſince, this trio have been cooped up in their cage, and by the help of a dog, a gun, prayer book, a pack of cards, and a ſhuttlecock, they have enjoyed perfect happineſs."

"Latterly, the old gentleman has added brandy to his other enjoyments; and this has brought on a complaint which the Welch apothecary ſays is quite anomalous. Now Miſs, you muſt know, has had 2000l. left her by a maternal aunt. This has given birth to a deſire to ſee the world; and eſpecially foreign parts. After twelve councils, it was decided for Spa; for, ſays the ſon of Eſculapius, ſome of the Spa waters are good for one thing, ſome for another; ſo if you drink them all Squire, ſome of them may hit your caſe." This was unanſwerable.

CHAP. LIV.

IN one month, ſuch is the prevalence of good company, Sir George began to think again, this world

world had its pleaſures; in two, he partook of theſe pleaſures liberally. I cannot help it. I am only the recorder of things, not the fabricator. Moſt willingly I would have exhibited in Sir George Paradyne, a character always wiſe, good, chaſte, benevolent, and patriotic; a model for faithful lovers; a pattern card for poſterity.

When I found this would not be without a deviation from the ſtrait line of truth,——What, ſaid I, is veracity when it ſtands in the way of great deſigns? Anſwer this, ye men of the great world. Anſwer this ye critics. And the critics anſwered—to endue a young rich gentleman of quality, in the reign of George the Third, with too many virtues, is to violate the rules of probability ſo much, that—"That what?" "Excuſe us, Mr. Editor,—This true hiſtory of your's ſmells enough of the lamp already. We a little ſuſpect your line of life. It may appear to ſome, that you never ſaw a gentleman." But the critics are miſtaken. I have ſeen ſome very good ones.

Every good Engliſhman believes, that excellence is only to be found in his own country; or is attainable only by his own countrymen. With due deference to this part of our national creed, I can ſcarcely think it well founded. After every poſſible exertion, our gentlemen found themſelves eclipſed in dreſs, and in dance, by the Marquis de Crayence; they were totally unable to arrive at the coolneſs of calaſtation with which Count Colliano and the Marquis de Valines carried on their operations; and were fairly vanquiſhed in the fields of Burgundy, by the ſuperior valour of the Barons Dedpraw and Gronk of Weſtphalia But in the articles of whim, frolic, and profuſion, who ſhall vie with Engliſhmen? Here, at leaſt, they ſupported the national character;

and

and Spa had not been ſo vivacious, ſince the joyous days of Lord——— and Colonel ———.

Theſe vivacities were not to the taſte of Mr. Lindſay: He made remonſtrances, which Mr. Fielding laughed at, and Sir George neglected. The good ſenſe of this young friend was giving way to the flaſh of wit; his excellent morals to gallantry, to diſſipation, and riot. He ſaw his influence loſt, and would have returned immediately to England; but that he wiſhed to prevent the ruin of the ignorant but innocent Miſs Fluellen, to which he diſcovered the inſidious attentions of Mr. Fielding were manifeſtly directed.

At an entertainment, given by our gentlemen at the hotel de Liege, Mr. Fielding engaged in a certain argument with the Marquis de Crayence, and having unfortunately the weakeſt ſide to ſupport, was under the neceſſity, which often afflicts an Engliſhman, of ſupplying by warmth, what was deficient in argument. Count Sarkoſki, a Polиſh nobleman, whiſpered, but rather too audibly, to Baron Dedpraw, Quam fervens! Sol Angliæ. This was unhappily ſaid too, at the ſole inſtant perhaps in which Mr. Fielding could have heard it. Sol Podoliæ, quam frigidus! quam craſſus! anſwered he, with great quickneſs. The quam craſſus was certainly too much. The Palatine complained of it, and demanded an apology. The other demanded an apology for the quam fervens. They ſaid diſagreeable things to each other, till it became the ſenſe of the company, the offence on both ſides was inexpiable, but by——honour. Accordingly they met next morning, each with a ſecond, a ſurgeon, and footman. They fired twice; the ſeconds ſaid that honour was ſatisfied; they advanced,——

ſhook

ſhook hands,—praiſed each other's valour,—and went back to town armin arm.

CHAP. LV.

ON the morning of this memorable day, before the return of the champions, Mr. Hugh Fluellen ſalutes his ſiſter Miſs Winifred, on her appearance in the breakfaſt parlour, with a "Siſter Win,—what do you think? There's ſad news. Lord have mercy! What fools men be now a days."

"Yes, brother," Miſs Winifred anſwered, "I do think men be great fools now a days; and as to bad news, you know I agnoſticated it no longer ago than yeſterday ſince, when the three crows flew away to the left hand. You may remember too, brother, when we walked beyond the Geronſtere, how an old woman, in an high crowned hat, with her cloaths all in geometry, was a picking ſticks, and muttering to herſelf. She was an old witch, as ſure as you are alive, and was a ſaying the Lord's prayer backward, to do miſchief; mayhap that very miſchief you talks of. Then I had ſich a dream."

Miſs Deborah had entered at the beginning of her aunt's harangue, and ſaid now,—"But what's the bad news, papa?"

"Why," anſwered Mr. Fluellen, "would you believe it? What fools men are now a days. Mr. Fielding's gone to be killed."

"Lord Jeſus!" ſays Miſs Deb, "you terrify me to death, papa."

"Then my dream's out," ſays aunt Win; "for I dreamed I ſaw two croſs bones upon a coffin; and a ſpirit all in white—and——"

"Oh

"Oh dear!" says Miss Deb,—"that's me. I can't live," she continued, half fainting upon a settee,—"I can't live; I'm all over a cold sweat."

"Poor dear Debby!" says honest Hugh.

"For matter of that," said the good aunt, "you shew yourself forward enough, Miss. Mr. Fielding's not your husband as yet; and it's not becoming to be so fond before hand. You've no occasion to go to disparage yourself. There are other gentlemen sure, if Mr. Fielding should be killed. There's Sir George Paradyne, as pretty a man to the full, and a deal richer. He says to me, not three days ago,—your niece is a divine creature, Miss Fluellen, and pressed my hand, just as though he had been a lover. She has a most sweet bloom. You must live in a fine air in Wales. Every thing denotes it. You yourself, Miss Fluellen, are the very picture of health and good humour. If I was a trifle older, I should be tempted to aspire to the honour of your hand. Your niece has a thousand graces which she must have learned from you.—And don't you remember, Deb, whilst Sir George was talking in this polite elegant stile to me, what was you doing? romping with Mr. Fielding, that half pulled your cloaths off your back."

"Dear laws!" says Miss, "how my aunt runs on, and all the while they're killing Mr. Fielding. Pray, papa—do you know what it's about?"

"It's the Poland Lord there," said Mr. Fluellen, "him with the great whiskers. Mr. Fielding and he had words together. Some say, about you Deb; some say, about the Empress of Russia. Some say, about the sun. But it was all latin; so nobody knows much about it. Howsoever, it is certain they are gone out with sword

ſword and piſtol; and Sir George and the French gentleman are gone to ſee fair play. What fools gentlemen are now a-days!"

"I dare ſay its about our Debby," ſays the aunt; "for how ſhould Mr. Fielding quarrel about a woman as he never ſee'd, and as lives may be a thouſand miles off. Then the ſun, that's comicaler ſtill; how could they quarrel about that?"

"Why," replied Mr. Fluellen, "one ſaid it was hot, and the other ſaid it was cold, ſo they fell to calling latin names, till they fell quite out. What fools gentlemen are now a-days."

"Dear laws!" ſays Miſs Deb," "then it's only a duel after all. But nobody's never killed in them duels, are they papa?"

"Sometimes, Deb, if God pleaſes."

"Oh dear! that's true; it's all as God pleaſes. I'm ſure he'll grant Mr. Fielding's life to my prayers, for I never prays in vain. I ſhould be a bad chriſtian, if I did not ſpeak a word to him for a life. So away went aunt Win to prayer.

CHAP. LVI.

MR. FLUELLEN went to the coffee-houſe for news. The pious Miſs Winifred was ſtill ſpeaking to the Lord, when the efficacy of her prayers became manifeſt in the perſon of Mr. Fielding himſelf. He found his lovely Deborah all in tears. He ſaluted her with infinite tenderneſs, and enquired the cauſe of her grief.

"It's you," ſaid ſhe.

"Me—my dear Miſs Fluellen," anſwered Mr. Field-

Fielding; "have I been unhappy enough to make you ſhed tears?"

"Yes," ſhe replied, "they ſaid you were gone to fight that outlandiſh man with great whiſkers; and that you would be killed."

"Oh, no," Mr. Fielding returned, "I did not mean to be killed. I would not die for a million, whilſt you are alive and ſo lovely."

"What did you quarrel about, pray," aſked ſhe? "Some ſay it was about me."

"Certainly, my angel;" anſwered this adorer, "I know nothing here on earth worth quarrelling for, but you."

"How you jeer," ſaid the pretty Deborah; "but tell me now, what had that foreign man to ſay about me?"

"He ſaid," Mr. Fielding replied, "you were not a compleat beauty."

"Why am I?" aſked Miſs Fluellin.

"In my eyes," replied the lover.

"But what did he ſay?"

"That you did not know how to love."

"What ſhould ail me, I wonder?"

"He ſays that women know how to love only in Poland."

"I dare ſay he's vaſtly miſtaken."

"He wanted to carry you thither, to teach you. That was the very thing we differed about: I wanted to carry you to Paris, to teach you myſelf."

"Why can't you teach me here?"

"Not ſo well. The air is foggy here. You ſee it rains almoſt every day."

"Gracious! Mr. Fielding, how you talk! if I did not know you was a joker, I ſhould think you were a bit of a noddy. As if people did not love every where, and in all weathers."

"Really,

"Really, my dear Miſs Fluellen, they do not. The ſpring of the ſoul, as philoſophers ſay, has more elaſticity under a fine ſky."

"Spring of the ſoul!" cries Miſs Fluellen; then, after a pauſe of a minute, ſhe burſt into a laugh. "Oh," ſays ſhe, "as my papa ſays, what fools men are now a-days."

"It ſeems to me," anſwered this humble ſuitor, "that we are really wiſer than our fathers, and know better how to love. What did they do when they fell in love, but marry; and matrimony kills love, as ſure as foxes eat geeſe. We, on the contrary, never marry but for convenience, and this leaves us free to form connections with the girls of our hearts."

"Mr. Fielding!" ſays the aſtoniſhed Miſs Fluellen, "do you ever ſay your prayers, and your catechiſm?"

"Yes, ſure,—every day, almoſt."

"Then you could never be ſo wicked. And its ſilly too,—to talk of matrimony killing love. Does eating kill you, Mr. Fielding?"

"Eating too much, kills many people, Miſs Fluellen."

"People aren't forced to eat too much, are they?"

"They are very apt, when they have what they like."

"Goodneſs!" ſays Miſs Fluellen. "Well, we are talking now about—I don't know what. Oh, you want to run away with me, you ſay—and all for pure love."

"Yes, my angel—free, pure, unreſtrained love."

"Pray, Mr. Fielding, don't love die of more diſeaſes than matrimony? Don't it die of neglect, and cruelty, and ſcorn? And ſometimes of a ſurfeit? And if its ſo apt to die, it is better ſure

ſure for a woman to join convenience to it, all ſhe can. So I'm for matrimony. If you don't like of that, why tell me ſo plainly, and there's an end."

"An end of me, certainly, my adorable Miſs Fluellen. No—whatſoever you command, I execute. I can have no will but yours. But I muſt intreat for one favour. Let the ceremony be performed at Paris."

"With all my heart, if papa likes it, and aunt."

"Papa and aunt! my dear Miſs Fluellen! Surely you don't mean to go formally to work, and let them know. It is enough to ſtifle love in the cradle.

"Better it had, if it's ſuch a ſickly brat. As to papa, he's your well-wither; and for aunt, ſhe's been upon her knees to God for you this hour, to pray for your preſervation. However, you'll ſay I court you by and by. So let's ſay no more about it."

Miſs Fluellen appearing to be really angry, Mr. Fielding changed his mode of attack. What might have been the ſucceſs I know not; but Mr. Fluellen came home, and was overjoyed to ſee him return in ſafety. Miſs Winifred too, ſtepping down, and caſting her eyes upon him, threw them up to heaven, with a pious thankſgiving for ſo valuable a life being granted to her prayers.

Mr. Fielding could not help being penetrated with ſo much goodneſs. He thanked the good lady for her pious fervour, and haſtened away, to laugh, and to contrive. I conclude this chapter with a ſigh, to find that good faith to woman is not an attribute of man. No—is not an attribute of man.

CHAP. LVII.

SPA was at this time honoured with the company of two Ruſſian noblemen, not brothers, but of brotherly affections. They travelled together, lodged together, and married together, or, what was equivalent, had prevailed upon two Engliſh ladies to do them the honour of bearing their names.

Before this fortunate ſtep, our two Boiards had laviſhed, ſcattered, diſſipated their money, without meaſure, and without taſte. Now it became concentrated—or if you will, funded—and formed a bank for the ſupport of chaſtity to come—for chaſtity will come upon all woman kind who want it, in time, if time permit At preſent, the helpleſs ſtate of theſe foreigners, touched the benevolent hearts of Mrs. Almon, and Mrs. Hammet, and induced them to ſecond the patriotic deſign of the good Empreſs of Ruſſia, for improving her young nobility.

It is now well known, that every thing in this world is done and performed by ſtimule; and beneficence, of all moral qualities, is not that which requires the weakeſt, both to excite and ſupport it. The partie quarree had been at Paris, and had ſeen ſuch an abundance of ſpectacles, that gold, a ſtimulus ſui generis, and peculiarly adapted to excite the very benevolence in the praiſe of which I have been ſo laviſh.—Gold, I ſay, was wanting. It muſt be owned alſo, that thoſe who have ſeen London and Paris, have ſeen the world. More is unneceſſary From all which it followed, that it was proper and prudent that the Ruſſes ſhould return homeward; and that

that one ſide being weary of love, and the other of benevolence, nothing was wanting to conclude the embarraſsment, but an explanation.

Mrs. Almon, the lady of Mr. Shabirideretoff, ſaw the neceſſity of this explanation, before they advanced farther to the North, which they were now upon the point to do. But ſhe had infinite delicacy, and tenderneſs of heart; and not knowing the dreadful effect it might have upon the poor Boiard, ſhe choſe to make the explanation to Sir George Paradyne.

Sir George admired Mrs. Almon. She added to beauty an engaging freedom of manners; and without violation of exterior decency, was a ſtranger to mau vaiſe honte. At the aſſemblies, Sir George ſought her for his partner, and had ſometimes preſſed her fair hand harder than the dance required. Of late too, he had begun to ſigh; for there are caſes in which men ſigh, as eaſily as women weep; and the lady having once thrown an air of pity into her face, he paid half a dozen rich compliments to her beauty and fine ſenſe, and lamented the loſs his country would ſuffer by her emigration.

"You are very polite," the lady ſaid, "the loſs of an individual——

"Such an individual as Lady Shabirideretoff!" anſwered Sir George. "With charms to captivate monarchs, going to bury herſelf in the cold regions of the North, where love freezes. Why was it not my lot to have ſeen you before the happy Mr. Shabirideretoff. Hard ſhould have been the ſtruggle, before I would have loſt—"

Now this was very tender, and almoſt pathetic; and being accompanied by the language of the hand and eye, had a proper effect. The lady returned the preſſure, accompanied with a ſigh;

no doubt, involuntary, both. "I own," says she, "I should be unhapp in my engagement with Mr. Shabirideretoff, were not the duration of it at my own pleasure; for really the man has too frequent fits of the bear, and cannot always remember to lay aside the Lord Paramount, even to ladies."

"How you charm me, madam," Sir George replied; "my own freedom can scarce please me more, than to hear your's is to be recalled at pleasure."

What a heavy load upon veracity, is politeness! By means of an English gentleman who had lately left Spa, Sir George knew very well the nature of the contract between the ladies and the Boiards. It had even gone forth in a whisper. But what is a whisper? The Russes gave genteel entertainments; and les belles Angloises presided like divinities. A rigid scrutiny would have been unpolite.

"You seem," said Mrs. Almon, "to value liberty, Sir George, like an Englishman."

"Yes," the gentleman answered; "I bear no chains but those of love; and even those I shall break, if they gall."

"At least this is novel," said the lady. "My Russian talked of loving infinitely and eternally; so indeed do most Englishmen, when they *begin* to talk upon the subject. But what, Sir George! you are too young to have felt the galling yoke."

"It is enough," Sir George answered. "to have seen the necks of my neighbours. They have cured me of all passion for slavery, political or hymeneal."

"Really, Sir George," said the lady, "you are an agreeable gentleman. Only that I am determined against any fresh folly,—or a frolic with you

you might be pleaſant enough. But no—when I bid adieu to Shaburideretoff, I bid adieu to engagements. I ſhall ſoon be at an age when wiſdom will be more becoming."

Sir George endeavoured to convince the lady, it was much too ſoon to be wife; and the lady was convinced, not at once, but after every thing proper for conviction had been ſaid and done.

CHAP. LVIII.

MRS. HAMMET, the deareſt friend of Mrs. Almon, ſhared her councils; and being alſo weary of the Ruſs, from whom no more was to be got; and not ſeeing that wiſdom was at all more neceſſary for herſelf than friend, ſhe determined alſo to ſhare her fortune. Accordingly, her doux yeux began to be directed to Mr. Fielding, who could not but anſwer them as a man of gallantry; yet, having now hopes of the compliance of the lovely Miſs Fluellen, could not meet her advances with all the ardor ſo fine a woman had a right to expect.

Two reaſons determined him to the preference of Miſs Fluellen, provided he could bring matters to bear, his own way. The firſt, ſhe would coſt little. The ſecond, there was more reputation to be obtained by the conqueſt of a young lady of ſome fortune and conſideration, than by a mere arrangement with one who was not very young, was not a virgin, and who would expect ſomething more from him than love for love. Mrs. Hammet therefore formed his corps de reſerve, in caſe he failed of his principal intention;

and he had ſome reaſon to fear it from the officious interpoſition of Mr. Lindſay.

This gentleman looked with a ſorrowful and anxious eye upon the deſcending morality of his friend and pupil. He had reaſon to believe Sir George was the confidant of Mr. Fielding, in his deſign upon the innocent Miſs Fluellen; and he could not but conclude, that a man who could aſſiſt in ſeducing innocence, was not himſelf far from the arts of ſeduction.

The family mood of the Fluellens was compounded of honeſty, credulity, and ignorance; and God knows in what condition they would have been reſtored to Plimlimmon, if Mr. Lindſay had not undertaken their patronage. He had done them many kind offices, and they had ſenſe enough to recognize him as their friend. His only fault with the head of the family was, that he flinched his bottle. With the aunt, he was a perſonable man enough; but ſhe was afraid he was not quite orthodox in religion, for he queſtioned the authenticity of many of this good lady's ghoſtly tales. Miſs Deb thought him monſtrous ſenſible, and prodigious obliging, and had very little difficulty in ſpeaking to him with all the ſimplicity of heart ſhe poſſeſſed.

My fair readers will remember the laſt converſation between Miſs Fluellen and her adorer. Some ſubſequent ones to the ſame purport had filled her ſo full, ſhe was ready to flow over. One day, being alone with Mr. Lindſay, ſhe ſaid, "I cannot think now why Mr. Fielding can't as well marry me here as at Paris. Can you Mr. Lindſay?"

"No, Miſs Fluellen, I cannot indeed."

"I wiſh," ſays ſhe, "Mr. Fielding was not ſo obſtinate; he's a charming man, if he would but

but be ruled. Nothing will ſerve him but I muſt go with him to Paris to be married, without telling either my father or my aunt."

"That is very odd, Miſs Fluellen, is it not?"

"In my mind," ſhe anſwered, "it's quite fooliſh. But I can't drive him out of it; for he ſays it will be noble, it will make an eclaw; I ſuppoſe that's a great noiſe, is it not? He hates formality."

"I dare ſay he does, Miſs Fluellen; and when you get to Paris, perhaps he may hate the formality of marriage."

"May be ſo; but I'll not humour him; for what though people do live together that way ſometimes, that's no reaſon I ſhould, if I don't like it."

"None at all, Miſs Fluellen."

"I've a fortune, have not I? Beſides aunt would think it ſuch a ſin."

"Should not you think it a ſin, Miſs Fluellen?"

"I ſhould, before I was acquainted with Mr. Fielding; but he ſays it's nothing but nonſenſe of the parſons. Very genteel people do it every day."

"Very genteel people do wrong every day, Miſs Fluellen; but I do not ſee why you ſhould imitate them."

"No; not if I was ſure it was wrong. But is it though; and what makes it?"

"In the firſt place, Miſs Fluellen, the law forbids it."

"Nay, never tell me that, Mr. Lindſay, when hundreds and hundreds do it, and the law takes no notice of 'em."

"The ſcripture forbids it."

"What part, pray? I'm ſure there's enough of it in the firſt part. You loſe the eſteem of all good people."

"What then? I want nothing of them."

"I am ſorry, Miſs Fluellen; you ſeem to have reſolved to oblige Mr. Fielding his own way. My advice can therefore be of no ſervice."

"You're miſtaken indeed, Mr. Lindſay. I want advice of all things; for I don't know what in the world to do. And I'm ſure I like nobody's advice better than your's; for every body ſays you are ſenſible; and you are ſo kind and gentle. But then you are vaſtly too rigid. Mr. Fielding ſays always preach."

"I certainly preach, if I do preach, Miſs Fluellen, a doctrine very different from Mr. Fielding's. I tell you that his propoſals are with a view to ſeduce and ruin you; that he does not intend to marry you; and that you are too good, and innocent, and virtuous, not to be miſerable in ſuch a way of life."

"You're quite miſtaken indeed Mr. Lindſay, about the marrying part. He'd have me to-morrow if I inſiſted. Only he wants to perſuade me off, becauſe we ſhall have more happineſs when we are quite free, and do what we do from pure love, than if we were bound—to love one another. For he ſays love won't be bound. You can't think how pretty his arguments are."

After a very long converſation Mr. Lindſay found his progreſs tolerably great; for he brought Miſs Fluellen to acknowledge that men might deceive; and that it was juſt poſſible Mr. Fielding did not mean every thing he ſaid.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIX.

THE next morning, Mr. Fielding came earlier than common, to renew his ſuit; and to take as uſual, the little innocent favours which love, when it is not frighted by ſentiment, delights to grant. Miſs Fluellen was reſerved; I believe I might ſay ſullen; and ſhewed no diſpoſition to receive his careſſes. This was a caprice, Mr. Fielding had not before experienced.———With all the grace of tragedy, he threw himſelf at her feet, and intreated her to kill him any way, rather than by ſcorn.

"I don't ſcorn you, Mr. Fielding," ſaid ſhe; "but I poſitively won't go to Paris without being married."

"Then poſitively, my dear, anſwered Fielding, "you won't go to Paris at all."—Now Mr. Fielding did not intend to ſay any thing like this; but it is ſo hard upon a wit to loſe a good thing.

"So you won't have me at laſt?" ſays Miſs Fluellen.

"Certainly, my dear," returne dthe gentleman,—"but—but—but there is no occaſion to go to Paris to be married, if we marry before we ſet out."

"Oh! I'm glad that's all," ſaid the lady; "for Mr. Lindſay ſays as you don't mean to marry me at all."

"Oh! Mr. Lindſay ſays ſo,——does he?"

"Yes———and you know he is very ſenſible."

"Oh! damn'd ſenſible. But pray my dear Miſs Fluellen, how came Mr. Lindſay to have the honour of being your confident?"

"Why," anſwered the lady, "you would not let me tell my father or my aunt; ſo I'd nobody elſe to tell. And he's as good and as kind to me as a brother.

"Is he? Then you tell him all your ſecrets?"

"Yes I do—for he'll not tell again. However when people are going to be married, what need it be a ſecret. Then I had a mind to know his opinion about going to Paris firſt."

"Well—my lovely Miſs Fluellen—you are ſo charming—ſo exceſſively attractive—I find I can have no will but your's. So if you like to be married to morrow——with all my heart."

"I'm in no ſuch hurry neither," anſwered the lady.

"But I am, my angel," ſaid the gentleman. "I cannot live without the full poſſeſſion of thoſe dear bewitching beauties." A vaſt deal more Mr. Fielding ſaid to the ſame agreeable purpoſes, with ſuitable accompaniments. In ſhort, he ſaw, that all the fruit of all the pains, the unwearied pains he had hitherto take, was in danger of being loſt; unleſs he could carry her by a coup de main; and this was the inſtant of attack. It was an early hour. Mr. Fluellen had not yet riſen. Miſs Winifred had not finiſhed her matins. It was an hour before the uſual time of aſſembling to breakfaſt. Good heavens! what vaſt events have not an hour produced! What might have been the event of the conteſt between practiced art, and almoſt willing ſimplicity,—I can only conjecture—had the guardian genius who preſides over chaſtity been aſleep, or engaged among the maids of honour. Luckily he was upon duty, and in a proper moment, walks into the room in the ſhape of Mr. Lindſay.

There

There was a little diſorder in the appearance of Miſs Fluellen, which called forth a bluſh. Mr. Fielding bluſhed too, but it was not the bluſh of ſhame. Gentlemen, arrived at a certain degree of politeſſe, are ſuperior to that unbecoming ſenſation. It was the bluſh of anger.

"Sir," ſays he to Mr. Lindſay, "I have obligations to you here, which, in a proper place I ſhall be glad to acknowledge."

"I am always at your ſervice," was Mr. Lindſay's anſwer. Mr. Fielding, taking his hat and cane, walked indignantly away.

"What does he mean, Mr. Lindſay?" the young lady aſked; "he is not angry, is he?"

"Apparently he is, Miſs Fluellen."

"How can gentlemen change ſo ſoon! he was in the tweeteſt humour in the world, juſt before you came in."

"Very likely. Had you any converſation with him about the ſubject we were upon yeſterday?"

"Yes——I told him all about it; and how you adviſed me not to go to Paris with him till we were married. And he ſaid it was all very well; that he had no will but mine; if I pleaſed, he would be married to-morrow."

"Did you pleaſe?"

"No. I told him I was not in ſuch a hurry? and ſo he begun romping, and then we ſaid no more about it."

"Is it right to permit him to romp with you, Miſs Fluellen?"

Why—its innocent, is not it? With a man that is to be my huſband? and then it paſſes time away."

"Gentlemen,

"Gentlemen, after marriage, are apt to reflect upon those wives, with whom they have had much innocent pastime before."

"What for pray? It's they that begin."

Mr. Lindsay, not caring to continue a conversation which could only enlighten the lady at the expence of her simplicity, remembered he was to meet a gentleman at the Pouhon spring, and took his leave.

Let us now attend a little to the actions of men, and see how they are influenced by what we call sentiment, or maxim, or precept. Mr. Lindsay thought duelling a most anti-christian, anti-reasonable business, and would have maintained it to be so, argumentatively, before all the lords and all the commons, if he had been called upon. Yet he no sooner received a call in the gentleman like manner of Mr. Fielding, than he was instantly disposed to obedience. Nay——so much was he, in an instant, improved in the science of *good manners*, that he thought it incumbent upon him to go directly to Mr. Fielding's lodging, to offer immediate attendance. As he did not find him there, he returned to his own apartments; to meditate upon the dangers of frail virginity; upon the nature of vice and virtue; and upon the properties of gunpowder.

Sir George had that morning attended Mrs. Almon to the Geronstere; when he returned, Mr. Lindsay went into his apartment, and with no small solemnity of countenance, requested an hour's audience.

"To indulge me with the humours of a splenetic morality," said Sir George, "I know well the nature of those preludos. Well, come! I believe I have not had a lecture this three long days.

days. I am in danger of forgetting the aphoriſms of the ſeven wiſe maſters of Greece."

"I have done," anſwered Mr. Lindſay. "If you have any commands for England,——continued he, with a tremulous voice.

"Pſhaw! Prithee Lindſay——come——let me know what it is that draws down upon me thy virtuous indignation." "What! I have exchanged Tacitus for woman." "Prithee Lindſay, what has the charming ſex done, that it is excluded thy ſyſtem of pleaſure?"

"I cannot trifle now, Sir George," ſaid Mr. Lindſay.

"Well then—— be ſerious——" Sir George replied.

"To be ſerious then," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "you are no longer that Sir George Paradyne I loved and honoured."

"Good!" ſays Sir George, "this is to the point."

"I have no time for flattery," replied Lindſay; "and no taſte. You are running into immorality and vice; no man need to go faſter. Illicit love, you laugh at. Who more deteſted ebriety and gaming? Who now drinks, and games with more ſpirit than Sir George Paradyne? That I am going to offend you, I know; but I know alſo, that if you again become the man I can look up to with ſuperior eſteem, you will forgive me. If not——I muſt ſubmit to a misfortune—perhaps the ſevereſt of my unfortunate life."

"The entrance of Mr. Fielding prevented Sir George's reply. With a look of angry contempt, he told Mr. Lindſay he was happy to ſee him.

"In

"In order to accelerate your felicity," Mr. Lindſay replied, "I juſt now called at your lodgings. I now attend your commands."

"I ſhall requeſt the favour of your company, Sir, an hour's ride, juſt out of the Biſhop of Liege's territories," ſaid Mr. Fielding.

"Sir," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "I am at your ſervice."

"Upon my word gentleman," ſaid Sir George, "a mighty polite and agreeable tone this; and on the part of Lindſay quite unexpected. May I do myſelf the honour to enquire what has given occaſion to this exceſs of civility?"

"Why," anſwered Fielding, "this Don Quixote of chaſtity has thought proper to interfere in my concerns with Miſs Fluellen. I conſider this as ungenteel; and wiſh to teach the gentleman better manners."

"In gratitude to my preceptor," replied Lindſay, "I hope I may be able to teach him better morals."

"Allons, done," ſays Fielding.

"There is ſo little inimical rancour, gentlemen, in this quarrel of yours," ſaid Sir George, "that you muſt give me leave to try if I cannot make you friends."

"I bear the gentleman no extraordinary degree of ill will," ſaid Fielding. "All I deſire of him is not to meddle in my concerns."

"This is but reaſonable," ſaid Sir George.

"If," anſwered Lindſay, "Mr. Fielding calls it meddling with his concerns, the giving my opinion and advice to Miſs Fluellen when ſhe aſks it, I aſſure him frankly I ſhall not have that degree of complaiſance."

"You hear, Sir George," ſaid Fielding. The virtuous gentleman will put myſelf in my way. I muſt,

I muſt, if I can, put him out of it. If you can ſuggeſt a better mode than a bullet——do."

"You hear, Lindſay," ſaid Sir George; "I hope you will oblige Mr. Fielding."

"Mr. Fielding," ſaid Lindſay, "has without a bluſh, declared himſelf the premeditated ſeducer of Miſs Fluellen; I hope I need not bluſh to declare that I will defeat him, if I can."

"Damn your moral cant," ſaid Fielding; "if you once begin to preach, we ſhall never conclude. I am for the ſhorteſt way."

"I think, Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "conſidering Mr. Fielding as my friend, you might put off a little of this ſtern virtue."

"My virtue, ſuch as it is, is my warmeſt, perhaps my only cordial. I will not put it off on any conſideration," ſaid Lindſay, "no, not for you, Sir George; not if you yourſelf were the principal in this very honourable buſineſs, inſtead of the auxiliary, which, to my eternal regret, I find you are."

Sir George was rather ſtruck with this, and not anſwering, Lindſay went on.

"The love of Miſs Fluellen to Mr. Fielding is great; and full of confidence. She is herſelf perfectly unſuſpecting and unguarded. To deceive her—I muſt take the liberty to ſay it—is perfidy of the blackeſt dye. Nor can I conceive any thing more cruel than to bring deſignedly upon any human being, the keen remorſe, the inſupportable anguiſh, which I know will be the portion of this young lady, when ſhe becomes enlightened upon the ſubject of her ruin."

"And ſo Sir," ſays Mr. Fielding, "having taken upon yourſelf to be Sir George's tutor, you are willing to extend your gracious liberality to all his friends. But I beg, good Sir, you will

not

not take this trouble on my account. Suffer me to go to the devil my own way. Oblige me so far, good Mr. Lindsay."

"Most willingly, Sir," Mr. Lindsay answered; "I only object to taking Miss Fluellen with you. But this is idle play. Mr. Fielding will go on his way; I in mine. If he chuses to call me out on this very honourable business, I am ready. My life is of little value. I have often been weary of it; nor do I at present know why I should cherish it with any extraordinary care."

"That is for me," said Sir George. "Lindsay in his rage for virtue, spares nor friend nor foe. But a word with you, Fielding."

When they were in the next apartment, Sir George began by saying, "That although he had had the complaisance to fall in with his views upon Miss Fluellen, he must not suppose he would carry it to such a serious length as to put the life of his friend to the risque; a man of firm honour and integrity; that the business with the young lady was bad enough of itself, and would by no means bear inspection, but if it were to be further loaded with actions, which honour could not justify, he must beg leave to leave the pursuit of them entirely to himself."

Mr. Fielding, who was indeed much disposed to mirth, laughed outright.

"Actions which honour will not justify!" cries he, "and honour justifies them every day? Faith it seems to be her principal business."

"Just now, dear Fielding," said Sir George, "I could wish to be serious."

"And I hate thee damnably, in this moral humour," returned the other. "Whatsoever I may

may give up to friendſhip, I fancy I ſhall never be preached out of a penny or a purpoſe."

"Unleſs I preach women, ſaid Sir George.

"Well——give it up to my friendſhip and Mrs. Hammet's."

What more Sir George ſaid concerning Mrs. Hammet, is not come to my knowledge. Perhaps it may be gueſſed at by conſequences. More probably, it is not worth a conjecture.

CHAP. LX.

SIR GEORGE took ſuch inceſſant care to be engaged, that for ſeveral ſucceſſive days, Mr. Lindſay had not once an opportunity to ſee him. At length, he heard that the two Boiards had left the Spa with their ladies; and that Sir George and Mr. Fielding had the complaiſance to attend them as far as Liege. Two days he waited, not indeed very patiently, their return; the third morning aroſe with a rumour, that two Engliſh Milords had ſtolen the wives of two foreign noblemen, and carried them to France. If Mr. Lindſay could have doubted either the report or the identity of the two Milords Angloiſes, he was certified of both very ſoon, by the appearance of a ſervant of Mr. Fielding's, ſent to conduct the gentleman's baggage to Paris, who brought him the following letter.

"Dear Lindſay,

"It is not to be expected that a young fellow, flying to Paris on the wings of love and folly, ſhould ſtop in the midſt of his flight to rehearſe his compunctions and his remorſe; yet it

is

is certain, Lindſay, that when I do turn my eyes upon myſelf, which, by the bye, is as ſeldom as poſſible, I am not very well pleaſed at the ſight of ſo much fool.

"Every wiſe judge, however, before he condemns, will take into conſideration, the quantity and quality of the temptation. Strong temptations require ſtrong powers of reſiſtance. When the head and the heart join their forces honeſtly, conqueſt is ſure. But alas! what is a head, when the heart is in oppoſition? What, but a mere automaton, with ſpeaking eyes and tongue, all whoſe ſprings are put in motion by the heart.

"I know not whether you will admit this apology, or any apology, without repentance; and I have not had time to weave the penitential web, but of ſo ſlight a contexture that it diſſolves with a ſmile.

"Will you come to Paris, Lindſay?

"No, Sir George, not to ſee the man I once loved, loſt to honour and to himſelf." This is your language, I know it well; it's general fault is too great energy. I allow I am floating upon the great ſea of folly—not ſunk.

"I preſume, if you chuſe not to come to Paris, my letter will find you at your old lodgings in Bloomſbury, whither I will write—if I am not abſolutely *drowned* at Paris, and inform you where you may addreſs your admonitions, which will be always welcome to your ſincere, but fooliſh friend,

"G. PARADYNE."

The letter contained a two hundred pound bank note; and a poſtſcript requeſting Mr. Lindſay

ſay to diſcharge his and Fielding's debts, and carry the remainder to the account of friendſhip.

There are minds—though not ſo thick upon the earth, as the ſtars in heaven—which ſicken at pecuniary obligation, when the reciprocal ſentiment which makes it eaſy, and perhaps delightful, is expiring. Such was Lindſay's. A double neceſſity obliged him now to ſubmit. He had ſcarcely caſh enough to carry him to England; or, if he had, did he know yet whence to tranſmit to Sir George.

It might have been expected, that with whatſoever philoſophy our Ruſſians had been endued, ſuch a loſs, and ſuch an inſult, ought to have overthrown it. In the nature of human things, blood and death ought to have followed. Whether it was owing to the mild temper of chriſtianity, for Ruſſians are chriſtians, ſome of them, or to ſome other cauſe, it is certain our Boiards did not loſe their tranquillity. Inſtead of a revengeful purſuit, they viſited the grand cathedral at Liege with quiet curioſity, and with pious, perhaps grateful hearts.

CHAP. LXI.

LET us now call in at Mr. Fluellen's: When the young lady could be brought to believe the report of her own deſertion, ſhe behaved with great dignity of ſpirit; ſhe cried indeed, but ſhe ſcolded alſo. As to the aunt, ſhe received the account with great compoſure; for ſhe had been warned by three ſucceſſive dreams, and three cups of coffee had ſhewn her the fatality which hung over her niece.

'Squire

'Squire Fluellen had much greater evils to complain of, than the loſs of a ſon-in-law. He was now confined to his room. His ſtomach refuſed to concoct the little aliment he gave it. Wine was no longer a cordial; the powers of brandy were feeble. In ſuch a caſe man thinks only of himſel.

Mr. Lindſay had now nothing to prevent his immediate return to England but his humanity. He ſaw Fluellen would die, and knew the conſequent diſtreſs of two ſuch females. When he mentioned his departure, the old gentleman wrung his hands, and ſaid; "if you leave us, the papiſhes will have our teeth out of our heads. The aunt took him aſide to inform him ſhe was ſure they would be all loſt; they ſhould never get back into Wales. Laſt night in her firſt ſleep, ſhe ſaw three coffins as plain—as plain, Mr. Lindſay, as I ſee you now."

Miſs Deborah was ſtill a more powerful pleader. It was true, ſhe could not forget what a ſweet man Mr. Fielding was, if he would not be ruled; but next to Mr. Fielding ſhe loved Mr. Lindſay. She told him ſo. "If you will ſtay," ſays ſhe, "and conduct us home—Now do." And ſhe gave him a kiſs.

Frown not, dear ladies! it was the kiſs of ſimplicity. A ſiſter might have given it. But it *was* a kiſs. It came from lovely lips. It taſted of the ſweetneſs of innocence. Who could have reſiſted it?

Not Mr. Lindſay, for Mr. Lindſay was a man.

In ſhort, Mr. Fluellen died within the month. Almoſt the laſt words he ſpoke were, to requeſt they would carry his bones to Plimlimmon; for he

he was ſure he could never reſt in foreign countries.

When they were altogether on the Engliſh coaſt, Mr. Lindſay ſuppoſed, that by the help of their two Welch ſervants, they might have explored their way to Llanguilly. But to Miſs Deb it appeared ſhe could not be ſafe under any protection but Mr. Lindſay's; and as man is never better pleaſed than when he is exerciſing humanity, or any other ſpecies of loving kindneſs to a young and beautiful woman, he conſented to her entreaties, and in ſix days lodged them all ſafe in the tombs of their anceſtors; that for the living being an antient manſion, ſeated in a dell; once ſurrounded by a moat, and guarded by a draw-bridge.

To a man of Mr. Lindſay's reflective turn of mind, this wild country had extraordinary beauties. He deſtined a whole week to their enjoyment. This week paſſed, another, and another. For he could not reſiſt the intreaties of the ladies; one of whom combated his reſolutions of departure with omens; the other with tears. Theſe tears were very engaging; and the frank ſimplicity of Miſs Fluellen, contraſted with the artificial manners of the poliſhed world was very engaging alſo. Sometimes Mr. Lindſay thought he perceived that Miſs Fluellen, ſo gentle, ſo docile, and ſo pretty, was the ſort of woman that muſt make him happy; if any woman could make him happy. In other moments he perceived that he could not be happy with ignorance; and eſpecially with a woman in love with another man. Theſe varying moments were becoming the plague of Mr. Lindſay's life, as they are of moſt other people's; ſo, after thanking Miſs Fluellen for her kind treatment, he announced his departure on the morrow, in a more determined tone.

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"If you will go, you will," ſays Miſs Fluellen, poutingly; "I cannot help it."

"I hope," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "you are not angry."

"I aſſure you," anſwered ſhe, "I am not pleaſed."

"There is kindneſs even in your diſpleaſure. But is there any wiſdom my dear Miſs Fluellen, in putting off from day to day, that which ought to have been done before?"

"If a man's not contented, that's another thing; or elſe I don't know what you have to do ſo much in London. If you wanted only to write books, you might write them here."

"Live upon you, Miſs Fluellen!"

"If I ſay welcome, what need you mind?"

"Do you think it poſſible I could live in the ſame houſe with ſo much goodneſs and ſweetneſs, without wiſhing to make it my own."

"May be, it is but aſk and have."

"Can you ſo ſoon have forgot Mr. Fielding?"

"No. I cry myſelf to ſleep about him every night. What then? I can't have him, you know."

"And would you marry one man, with a prepoſſeſſion in favour of another?"

"What harm would thinking of another do, if I did my duty to my huſband?"

"A part of that duty is to love your huſband, Miſs Fluellen."

"To be ſure—you need not tell me that."

"Could you love two?"

"Yes, ſure—I loved you at Spa; you was ſo good and kind. For ſome things, I liked you better than Mr. Fielding. However, don't think I court you. If you don't like me well enough, you

you don't; I know I'm not a fit wife for ſuch a ſcholar. Perhaps you might deſpiſe me; and I ſhould not like that. So things may be better as they are."

Mr. Lindſay was going to return an obliging anſwer to this, but was interrupted by Miſs Winifred; who aſſured him that if he did go, worſe would come of it. "I know you laugh at me Mr. Lindſay; and to be ſure that's the only wicked thing you do. However, things that I have foretold have come true a thouſand times; and won't be leſs true becauſe you won't believe them. I never knew our Phillis howl three times about midnight, without ſome misfortune either to me or my friends; and ſhe did ſo laſt night. The black raven has not had ſuch a hoarſe croak ever ſince we came back; and ſure I had the oddeſt dream. Where do you think I dreamed your head was, Mr. Lindſay? Our goat, Glandy, had run away with it into Llanguilly church yard; and ſtuck it upon a cypreſs tree."

The good aunt's dreams, added to the too—too great ſimplicity of the niece, were a full balance to the beauty and innocence of the latter, aided by all the wild ruralities of Plinlimmon. So Mr. Lindſay, always anſwering both the ladies with great politeneſs, had ſtill the reſolution to adhere to his ill omened purpoſe; and arriving at his old lodgings in Bloomſbury without accident, found there the following letter from Sir George Paradyne.

"Dear Lindſay,

"If you have ſtill friendſhip ſufficient to rejoice at any evil that befals me, I ſend you joy. All mortifications, which happen in conſequence of good advice neglected, are pleaſures to the givers

givers of good advice. So I will give you pleasure.

" When, according to our most skilful arrangements, we had got our ladies into our respective chaises, we thundered away, as if the devil had been at our heels. I have since had reason to believe our rapidity was unnecessary; the Boiards seeming never to have entertained the barbarous thought of taking away our lives, or our ladies.

" At St. Quintin, a chaise entered the inn yard, just as ours were ready to go out. I believe our drivers only stopped for their parting dram. In this minute of delay two ladies alighted from the new come chaise. Two ladies! the most unexpected,—and, at this instant, the most unwelcome —— Miss Colerain and Miss Carlill.

" Now, Mr. Lindsay, you are a man of science, sagacity, penetration; will you be so good to tell me what sort of feelings I must have had at this instant—this precious instant—when our drivers cracked their whips, and rattled away as fast as eight horses with twenty-four legs could go.

" As to myself, I do not remember that I was conscious of any sensations whatever. Very much to the amusement of Mrs Almon—the name of my sinister divinity, Lindsay—I was dumb, deaf, and blind, to the end of the post.

" Miss Colerain! Oh! Her esteem of me must be prodigiously encreased by her knowledge of this brilliant exploit of mine. The hearing of it is unavoidable; for with the vanity of two young coxcombs, we had given it all possible celerity.

" Lindsay!

"Lindſay! If thou wanteſt illuſtration of that moral maxim, which thou haſt endeavoured to obtrude upon me in a thouſand ſhapes, That deviations from rectitude, *one way or other*, bring with them or after them, a much greater quantum of pain than pleaſure; write my hiſtory of a year and half. As far as concerns myſelf, I will ſwear to the truth of it.

"Now, Lindſay! What is to be done? I have you in my head; I have Miſs Colerain in my heart; and in my *ſalle a manger*, and in my box at the opera, I have Mrs. Almon.

"But why was Miſs Colerain at St. Quintin? Where was ſhe going? Whence did ſhe come?——And what is all this to me? For if I have any knowledge in women—ſhe will think no more

Of that fooliſh fellow,
Thy friend—that was—
GEORGE PARADYNE."

CHAP. LXII.

THE anſwer which Mr. Lindſay returned to this, and ſome others which followed, I intend to publiſh, when I publiſh the two volumes of ſermons which I deſign to extract from the graver part of this true hiſtory, for the benefit of that part of my fair readers, who having happily got rid of the tumults of love and beauty, have ſettled to cards and devotion. They were very good no doubt. Sir George thought them ſo. They did not fail to produce conviction—and even repentance—for an hour. But they failed in point of entertainment; and were not ſo happily cal-

culated to fix the attention of a gay young man, as the ſmiles, the loves, the graces, and other manufactures of Paris.

But in ſpite of Paris and all things in it, Sir George had his hours of reflection. He had many things yet to unlearn before his preſent courſe of education could be compleat. Above all he had to learn the noble art of ſuſpending the action of the mind; of preventing it from obtruding its ſaucy remonſtrances.

Qui non proficit, deficit. All preceptors, all reviewers ſay ſo; from whence we may conclude, there is not a ſingle foot of ground in all this habitable globe, which a man can ſtand ſtill upon. Sir George did not break this poetic axiom. If he did not advance with the rapidity of his friend Fielding, he acquired ſuch a kind of reputation amongſt the academicians of the ton, and amongſt the bons vivans, as not to diſgrace his country.

I fancy he muſt have been near the ſummit of his attainments, when, in a letter to Mr. Lindſay, he could ſpeak ſo gaily of the accident mentioned in it.

Sir George Paradyne to Mr. Lindſay.

"I am ready to grant, dear Lindſay, that your ideas have a good moral appearance; but it muſt be owned at the ſame time they are rather ancient; not very commodious, here; and rather injurious to my dear Mrs. Almon; who condeſcends to govern me, rather more to my taſte at preſent. I ſwear, Lindſay, I hope and believe there will come a time when this will be my taſte no longer, and when you will be able to congratulate my return to England, virtue, and roaſt beef; for I muſt confeſs, when I ruminate—

nate—chew the cud, I mean, of my preſent pleaſures, I find the taſte ſour or bitter I have had another monitor too—I believe I ſhould ſay, a monitreſs. I met her in the Thuileries, in the perſon of Miſs Colerain. At ſight of me ſhe ſtarted like a guilty thing, and left the walks with the ſpeed of a bird. Well may her conſcience reproach her; when ſhe ſees what an evil courſe of life ſhe has brought me to. For my dear Mrs. Almon was hanging upon my arm; and all Paris knows our loves are not ſanctioned by divine ordinances.

"I muſt own the rencontre did not fill me full of a pure and laſting joy; but Paris is the emporium of pleaſure; and the demon of gloom cannot live in it to his own ſatisfaction. I forgot Miſs Colerain as ſoon as I was able.

"After all, under favour of your philoſophy, what can a man—a young man—do better than learn his Horace, and put his learning to profit? Diffipere in loco, you know is his favourite maxim. "In loco, Sir George Paradyne, I grant," ſays my preceptor. Thank you, dear old gentleman, for this kind ſanction; and if there is a fitter place under the moon than Paris—all Paris is miſtaken.

"Yet at times—at times,—an Engliſh boſom may get ennui in it, or even worſe. Yes, Lindſay, there is an acid in ſugar, and chemiſts are not the only people who can extract it.

"Your friend,

"GEORGE PARADYNE.

CHAP. LXIII.

IT was now midwinter, fine, clear, and froſty; when the pleaſures of Paris are at their height. One, quite new, awaited Sir George. Monſ. Fredeal, a celebrated jeweller, called upon him one morning, to requeſt the payment of 22,000 livres. It was for a ſprig which Mrs. Almon had ſeen; the moſt beautiful indeed ſhe ever *had* ſeen. If ſhe could have afforded ſuch a purchaſe, it would have gratified her exceſſively. But ſhe muſt not think of it. She had, indeed, too many proofs of Sir George's generoſity, to doubt his indulgence, were ſhe to requeſt it; but Sir George ſhould never be importuned for unneceſſary expences on her account. His intereſt could not be dearer to her were ſhe Lady Paradyne. Sentiments ſo generous claimed—the ſprig.

Were it as eaſy to pay as to order, how would this world abound with queens of diamonds!

Hitherto Sir George had imitated his father's economy, in paying for every thing when purchaſed; ſo that he had never before been aſked. It threw him into a little embarraſſment. Caſh began to run ſcarce; but ſo far was Sir George from the unbluſhing effrontery of ſaying, for the hundredth time—Call again next week—he could not ſay it once.

Mr. Fredeul, a very polite man, ſaw the riſing bluſh, and gueſſed the cauſe. Before Sir George could find his anſwer, he begged ten thouſand pardons; he was the laſt man in the world to put a gentleman to inconvenience. The price indeed was a ready money price; the profit the loweſt imagina-

imaginable; but to accommodate a gentleman was infinitely ſuperior to all the profit in the world.

Sir George at length found words to aſſure Mr. Fredeul he ſhould not be long a ſufferer by his politeneſs. Mr. Fredeul replied, "he ſhould ſuffer infinitely if he underſtood Sir George to have been incommoded by his importunity. So with many bows he departed.

Un Milord Angloiſe, is always a reſpectable perſonage; but the more or the leſs of the Argent, it muſt be owned does make a difference of character in France. "It was pity," Monſieur Fredeul ſaid to a few intimate friends, "Le Chevaler Paradyne, un gentil homme partout — It was pity he ſhould not be rich comme le diable."

Every thing is talked of at Paris. When it came to be rumoured that Sir George Paradyne was not as rich as the devil, he found that his paternal œconomy had not been ſufficiently extenſive. Meſſiurs les marchands des modes, les perfumiers, et les autres, on the part of madame, humbly preſented him with accounts amounting to about 16000 French pounds more.

Do not be alarmed dear ladies. The French pound, which formerly held up its head as high as the proud pound Engliſh, is now not worth a ſhilling; ſo that Mrs. Almon's *unknown* favours, even adding the ſprig, do not yet amount to 2000l. No man that knows life, can poſſibly think it extravagant.

Sir George however did not know life. But for a ſmall matter of droſs to upbraid a lady who had ſhewn ſuch liberal ſentiments, and had given him her dear ſelf, was what he could not do. He only complained to Mr. Fielding, who laugh-

ed, that ſuch a bagatelle ſhould give him a moment's perturbation. "But," ſays Sir George, "you know I have loſt at play, and my menage here is actually higher than my revenue. My money is all drawn out of the funds, and I have drained my banker."

"What haſt thou to do," ſays Fielding, "but write to thy ſteward, en maitre. Raiſe me 100col. in three days, and tranſmit it to Saſſureau in Paris. Or carry my plate to Hoare's, and bid him ſend me 1000l. immediately. Art thou not of age?"

"Not at the age of effrontery," ſaid Sir George, gravely.

"Tant pis—ſo much the worſe," ſaid Fielding.

CHAP. LXIV.

A Fit of the ſpleen is almoſt as good as a rainy day, for making a man think of his prayers and other ſmall duties. So he ſat down to write a few letters to England, to Lady Mary; to Mrs. Birimport; to Lindſay; and his ſteward. The two laſt were far the moſt difficult; for to Lindſay he was to confeſs his errors; and to Mr. Cartwright, his follies; eſpecially the folly of being in debt, with a princely fortune. Then, for the firſt time ſince his arrival at Paris, he ſat himſelf down—to think.

The queſtion was, what ſhould he do to get rid of his preſent diſagreeable ſituation? Some vigorous ſteps were neceſſary. But how to take them? He had promiſed Mrs. Almon to ſtay the winter at Paris. Mrs. Almon! ſhe entered hi

imagina

imagination in the uſual alluring colours of voluptuouſneſs; but theſe colours were faded. Miſs Colerain entered alſo, all in white. The queſtion of ways and means was loſt.

"This day Sir George would not dine. His party was for the Italian theatre. It was clear froſt. He choſe ſolitude and the Thuilleries. There, with folded arms, avoiding the frequented walks, he muſed till the approach of evening. With eyes fixed upon the earth, he met two ladies, whom he would have paſſed unnoticed, but for a kind of half ſuppreſſed exclamation which reached his ear. He looked. The ladies were moving on. Sir George, rooted for a minute to the ſpot, at length turned his ſteps after them.

"Will not the gentle Miſs Colerain," ſaid he, "deign to ſpeak to a man once eſteemed worthy of her friendſhip?"

"I hope Sir George Paradyne is well?" ſaid Miſs Colerain.

"Ah! Miſs Colerain!" ſaid Sir George, "theſe are the cold and freezing words of common politeneſs?"

"What more," Miſs Colerain aſked, "does Sir George Paradyne expect of me?"

"Nothing," Sir George anſwered, "I feel myſelf unworthy. I dare advance no claim, except the claim of penitence."

"Penitence!" ſaid Miſs Colerain, with emphaſis.

"Yes,—penitence," replied Sir George, "can you doubt it."

"Oh yes," ſaid ſhe, "certainly one may doubt it."

"Will you," aſked Sir George,—"will you permit me to prove it? Will you permit me to ſhew you the trueſt, fondeſt heart?"

"Shew it to Mrs. Almon," answered the lady. "I have done with hearts."

They were just at one entrance of the Thuilleries. A footman stood with the door of a fiacre open. The ladies threw themselves in.

"Miss Carlill too," said Sir George, "is your bosom marble?"

"I pity thee," said the. The fiacre drove on."

Sir George looked, and sent after it many a sigh, without once thinking of watching where it went Alas! I shall present my 20,000 fair readers, with nothing but a cold collation. The man has no taste for adventure. No. He returned back into the gardens.

CHAP. LXV.

TO indulge in the luxury of reflection, he chose the least frequented walk After two or three turns, he heard some footsteps behind him: "Plut a dieu," says a voice with emphasis, "plut a dieu."—Would to God the cry of nations.—

"Hush, Marquis," answered another, "you seem to have forgot our admirable system of Espionage. Some of these trees, piously as they rear their heads to the skies, may be in the pay of government. You may be in the Bastile tomorrow, for your plut a dieus; and I for hearing them"

"Monsieur le Comte," says the other, "if they bastile me, I will make the very walls blush for their part of the conspiracy against the liberties of mankind."

"Mar-

"Marquis," ſays the count, "here is one before us." They paſſed Sir George, and went on.

"By his thoughtful air," ſaid the Count, "I ſhould take that gentleman to be Engliſh."

"You are right," anſwered the Marquis; it is the Chevalier Paradyne, a young man of honour and talents, which at preſent he employs in love and bagatelle."

"Happy country!" ſaid the Count,—— "where good government is ſufficiently advanced to permit their firſt characters to trifle."

"Happy France!" replied the Marquis, "if we judge by the quantity of trifling. What ſay you to an Engliſh converſation, Count; I have acquaintance with the Chevalier ſufficient to introduce you."

"Monſieur le Chevalier Paradyne," ſaid the Marquis de la Fayette, turning back, "I am happy to meet you. Give me leave to introduce to you, Monſieur le Comte de Lally Tohlendel, who has ſo nobly reſtored his unfortunate father's name, and raiſed his own."

Sir George anſwered with great civility—for an Engliſhman"

"It gives me pleaſure," ſaid the Marquis, "when an Engliſh gentleman honours our walks with thinking in them. Since, as your firſt philoſopher ſays, reaction is equal to action, I hope, one day, theſe ſhades may be taught to inſpire their own countrymen with thought."

Sir George anſwered, "he was afraid he had more honour done him, by the compliment than he deſerved. It was probable the noble Marquis might conceive him engaged in ſome phyſical or political reſearch, when in truth, he was only

think ng of a very inſignificant individual—himſelf."

"The proper ſtudy of mankind is man," ſaid the Count—"his rights, his wrongs."

"Yes," Sir George replied, "above all, his follies."

"The greateſt of which," ſaid the Marquis, "is the ſubmitting to have his liberty, his property, perhaps his life taken from him, by a man—no bigger than himſelf. It ſeems as if in ſome countries, the ultimate end of government, was oppreſſion."

"In France," ſaid the Count, "it is the maladie du pays, and I ſee ſmall hopes of a cure, whilſt it is ſupported by one hundred and fifty thouſand men in arms. No—ſaid he, ſighing—theſe are not fit times for remedies."

"Comment!" replied the Marquis, "when is the proper time for remedies, if it is not the time of ſickneſs? And who knows—who knows—my dear Count—but what you call the inſtrument of oppreſſion, may be now ready to aſſume the protection of liberty and equal rights?"

"This is rather doubtful," ſaid the Count, ſhrugging his ſhoulders. "But ſuppoſe it ſo, Marquis; the men of money, who now lead the world, who call themſelves the grand ſupports of ſtates—ruin, ruin, would be their cry; and all their endeavours would be to produce it."

"Periſh," ſaid the Marquis, indignantly, "the whole race of financiering ſtateſmen. Periſh the race of lenders, who give to kings the power of injuring the human race with facility. Periſh the little delegates of authority, who ſnatch the bread of life out of the hands which raiſe it; who dig up the ſeeds of induſtry before they can germinate."

"But

"But the remedies, my dear Marquis," ſaid the Count.

"Cathartics, Count," anſwered the Marquis, "purge—purge well,—If that will not do,—bleed a little."

"For cathartics," ſaid the Count, "as much as you will; but for the lancet—but you are un homme de guerre."

"What matter," replied the Marquis, "if a generation of ſlaves die, to obtain the equal rights of a thouſand generations to come!"

"Your nation, Chevalier," ſaid the Count, ſtands the foremoſt upon the globe, for liberty and good government. What, according to you, are the eſſential principles?"

"I believe," Sir George anſwered, "the grand ſecret lies in making our own laws, and granting our own money. You impoſe this trouble on your monarch. I adviſe you to take tha fatiguing part of his buſineſs off his hands. Not that we do not make bad laws ſometimes, and give money for fooliſh purpoſes; but however we may cut our fingers, we take care of our throats."

"I preſume," ſaid the Marquis, "it is not the mere power of making laws, but the actual making of good ones, to which we muſt attribute your happy ſtate."

"We have ſome," Sir George replied, "which we think excellent It is true, we are obliged for them to our forefathers. At preſent, the art ſeems declining amongſt us Indeed our practice is now principally confined to game laws and laws of exciſe."

"You have ſome," ſaid the Count, "which you conſider as more peculiarly adapted to the preſervation of your rights?"

"We

"We have," anſwered Sir George, "our Magna Charta, and our Bill of Rights. We have an Habeas Corpus act, which we think better than your Lettres de Cachet. We prefer too our trial by jury, to yours by judges, who buy their offices; our open law proceſſes, criminal and civil, to your ſecret requiſitions; in particular, we chuſe that no man ſhall be obliged to accuſe himſelf; conſequently, have no uſe for that ingenious piece of mechaniſm, the rack."

"Damned to everlaſting ignominy, be the memory of the contrivers," ſaid the Marquis. "It is with a light heart, Chevalier, you ſpeak of abuſes which fill mine with anguiſh."

"Say only it is with a light ſpeech, Monſieur le Marquis," ſaid Sir George, "I hope there is no Engliſhman, I am ſure no generous Engliſhman, who would not rejoice to hear ſo brave and liberal a nation had ſhook off the yoke of deſpotiſm. But is it that we are changing national characters in this converſation? It has been uſual to ſuppoſe the Engliſh a people who bore misfortune with paſſion or with gloom; the French, with gaiete de cœur. We ſtorm and ſwear; you ſing and dance. Upon my honour, I have thought the advantage on your ſide."

"Don't envy us, Chevalier," ſaid the Count; "it is impoſed upon us by a phyſical neceſſity. Were we to think, we ſhould go mad."

The Count had a ſelect party to ſup with him that night. He cordially invited Sir George. It conſiſted of patriots, whoſe names have been ſince famous. Never before had Sir George heard the ſcience of government ſo freely canvaſſed; the rights of men ſo deeply appreciated. There were ladies too, who prevented the converſation

verſation becoming too grave, by a thouſand ſprightly ſallies. Sir George had never ſpent ſo agreeable an evening.

CHAP. LXVI.

THE ſociety, which had pleaſed Sir George ſo much the preceding night, made him bluſh in the morning. He made compariſons betwixt his old friends and his new; betwixt his new friends and himſelf. But compariſons are odious. He was obliged to confeſs that ſuch names as Baille, Fayette, and Mirabeau, would probably intereſt poſterity; whilſt his own—oh, his own perhaps might endure a month—in the annals of frivolity.

In this humour, Sir George attended the breakfaſt table of Mrs. Almon. She talked to him of the opera, the court, and the gallantries of yeſterday. The chattering of a magpye would at this moment have been as agreeable to Sir George. She expatiated largely upon the merits of the young Monſieur Groignard, ſon to the great Fermiere generale.

Sir George ſilently, gave all Fermiers generales to the devil.

"So rich," ſays Mrs. Almon, "he knows no end to his wealth."

"He may get over that inconvenience ſoon enough," ſays Sir George.

"He gives Mademoiſelle de Parc, of the Italian theatre, one thouſand louis a month," ſays Mrs. Almon. "Would you believe it?"

"It is difficult, no doubt," Sir George replied;

plied; "but I have great faith, when the folly of mankind is in queſtion."

"And ſo, Sir," ſays Mrs. Almon, rather offended, "you call generoſity, folly."

"That generoſity, I do certainly," ſaid Sir George.

"That kind of generoſity, I ſuppoſe you mean," returned Mrs. Almon; "but don't mind. You're not likely to be hurt by the imitation."

"You, madam, I preſume," ſays Sir George, "think I am not yet fool enough."

"I don't imagine you have much to reproach yourſelf with, on the ſide of generoſity," replies Mrs. Almon.

"Oh, that," ſays Sir George, "can never equal Mrs. Almon's—merit; what generoſity can?"

"What humour are you in, Sir George?" aſked the lady.

"The humour to be foiſe," anſwered he, "heaven continue it. But as there are no probabilities of this in Paris, I intend in a few days to bid it adieu."

"You are maſter of your own actions, my Lord," ſays Mrs. Almon.

"Yes—thank heaven, my lady," replied Sir George.

Mrs. Almon burſt into tears.

Sir George had not time to conſider this phenomenon, before Mrs. Hammet came in, hanging upon the arm of Mr. Fielding.

"How is this," ſaid the latter, "I am aſtoniſhed.

"What! at the prodigy of a lady's tears," ſaid Sir George. "We have only been ſaying a few civil things to each other. My generoſity is not to her taſte. So, to avoid offence, I am for England."

"To

"To erect an altar to wiſdom," ſaid Mrs. Almon.

"Let it be a temple, Paradyne," ſaid Fielding. "And make me high prieſt."

"Thy pontificalia," replied Sir George, "the cap and bells."

"So," returned Fielding, "ſhall the prieſt be worthy of the temple."

"A pretty entertainment this," ſaid Mrs. Hammet, "and quite new. But do you know that Count Garand has broke his arrangement with the Ducheſs of Nampound; and that the Duke reſents for his lady, with ſo much vivacity, that it is decided at Madam Paulet's coterie, the affair muſt terminate by the ſmall ſword."

"Excellent," ſaid Mr. Fielding; "in England, we put to the ſword the friends who will—not thoſe who will not—be familiar with our wives. The French leave us wretchedly behind—in liberality of ſentiment. A little more, and they will rival the areoi of Otaheite; could they bargain with death to take care of the children."

"Oh! but in general," ſaid Mrs. Hammet, "huſbands in France took no care at all of the love concerns of their ladies; but the Duke is under a peculiar neceſſity. You muſt know that he himſelf is the Ducheſs's firſt and greateſt paſſion; and when it happens that ſhe is without an affair, this paſſion returns upon her with vaſt ardour. This, the Duke finds inconvenient, and is obliged to exert himſelf to provide for his lady in a way leſs incommodious."

The converſation proceeding in the ſame manner, Sir George found it trifling, inſipid, unintereſting; ſo withdrew without ceremony, to devote himſelf to philoſophy.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVII.

EIGHT happy hours Sir George conſecrated to virtue and to patriotiſm. Againſt deſpotiſm he wrote a bitter philippic. Univerſal benevolence ſeemed to inſpire his pen; and never before had he felt ſo highly the dignity of his nature. From this hour he determined to quit his follies, and to regard all purſuits, all occupations, as beneath him, that did not ſome way or other tend to the amelioration of the ſtate of mankind.

Of ſpeculations ſo ſublime, it is impoſſible a man ſhould ever grow weary; and Sir George determined to indulge himſelf till the hour of repoſe. He dined. A few glaſſes raiſed his ſpirits to a higher tone. He was almoſt in raptures. He took up the pen to give an account of his regeneration to Mr. Lindſay. After this, he began to reſume his ſublime ideas. They were in rebellion. He ſtretched, yawned, and at laſt found it abſolutely neceſſary to get up and walk.

What party Mrs. Almon had, he knew not, nor where it was likely ſhe ſhould triſle away that time which was never uſed but for trifling purpoſes. For himſelf he choſe the opera.

Arrived at the theatre, he threw his eyes around in ſearch of patriots. Not one whom he knew was in the theatre. But, in one box, he perceived Mrs. Almon, Mrs. Hammet, the Marchioneſs de Craience, the Count Poree and Monſieur Groignard; in praiſe of whoſe generoſity Mrs. Almon had been ſo laviſh in the morning; who now ſat by her ſide and grinned in her face with

with ſuch apparent ſatisfaction, that Sir George thought it extremely probable the thouſand louis per month were going to change their direction.

What was this to him? What was it to him who ſtopped to pick up the bauble he had thrown away? So he endeavoured to fix his attention upon Artaſerſe, and the heroes who die in ſong.

It might have been better——or it might not ——the opera-houſe is no place for metaphyſic diſquiſition——That man had been made capable of governing two or three ſenſes at once. For whilſt Sir George was directing his ears to the muſic, his eyes, without orders, fixed themſelves upon Monſieur Groignard and Mrs. Almon, and diſturbed the peaceable poſſeſſion Signor Pracini had obtained of his auditory nerves. Signor Pracini, on his ſide, diſturbed Mrs. Almon in her operation on the eye; and neither ſenſe ſent any but diſordered notices to Sir George's ſenſorium.

It was impoſſible that any ſenſorium ſo haraſſed, ſhould live in comfort. Sir George changed his box for another, where his eyes could not play him this impertinent trick. Monſieur Dangeneau, of the French guards was in it; and was ſo intent on giving the nomenclature of the houſe to a friend, that he did not perceive Sir George's entrance.

His friend directed his glaſs to Mrs. Almon. "That lady," ſaid Monſieur Dangeneau, "is Engliſh, and handſome, as you ſee. She is the chere amie of the Chevalier Paradyne."

"And who," aſked Monſieur Parroque, his friend, is the gentleman, who is inceſſantly neſtling his long noſe in her ear?"

"C'eſt

"C'eſt Monſieur Groignard, ſon of a Fermier generale, who has left him a few million livres, which ſeem an inſupportable burthen to him, by the pains he takes to get rid of them."

"Is he," aſked Mr. Parroque, "petitioning the lady to aſſiſt him?"

"C'eſt probable;" anſwered the other.

"And the Chevalier—what will he ſay?" aſked Parroque.

"Je ne ſcai pas," replied Dangeneau. "All I know is, that the Engliſh do not love Fermiers generales; and that Monſieur Groignard's noſe is in ſome danger."

Sir George not finding himſelf much amuſed by all this, left the theatre and returned home. Here he found preparations for an un petit ſouper, which he found Mrs. Almon gave this evening. This, himſelf unconſulted and unnoticed, did not ſerve to recal his good humour. So a la mode d'Angleterre, he went to bed ſupperleſs and ſplenetic.

It was not with all the grace of a polite man that Sir George paid his morning compliments to Mrs. Almon; nor did the lady wear her accuſtomed aſpect of ſweet complacency. Big war ſat upon the brow of each. Sir George ſtruck the firſt blow, by hoping ſhe found Monſieur Groignard to her taſte.

She anſwered, "Yes."

"I congratulate you, madam," ſaid Sir George, "he is a moſt accompliſhed gentleman. I ſhould fear indeed his fine noſe might incommode you, but that it will ſneeze louis d'ors into your boſom."

"Make what ſuppoſitions you pleaſe, Sir George."

"A gen-

"A genteel contempt this, you honour me with, madam."

"You taught it me, Sir,"

"You improve upon your maſter."

"I am glad of it."

"It is true then—you have engaged with Monſieur Groignard?"

"I conſider myſelf as no longer engaged to Sir George Paradyne. What becomes of me hereafter, it cannot be worth his while to enquire."

"It ſits quite eaſy upon you, madam."

"It ought to do, Sir, ſince you thought proper to give me ſuch ample provocation."

"Me! madam. Me give the provocation! Me——whom you reproached with want of generoſity!"

"Did I do you injuſtice, Sir?"

"Have I not in a few months laviſhed—but I ſcorn to proceed."

"Whatſoever you have laviſhed, Sir George, I preſume, my particular ſhare will not ſtand high in the account."

"Your impatience to receive is very lively, madam."

"There is no neceſſity for unmannerly inſult, Sir George. You have indicated your intention to ſeparate in terms ſufficiently plain. Allow me a few hours, and then adieu for ever."

Mrs. Almon threw herſelf upon the ſofa, in a kind of tender anger. Nothing inanimate could be more beautiful than her diſhabille. A ſnow white leg and foot played in gentle agitation. Her boſom——no——I will not meddle with that. Her eyes, which threw ſo late indignant light-

lightnings, were now ſuffuſed with tears. One lovely hand was employed in covering thoſe eyes, as if aſhamed of their expreſſion; the other ſeemed, by a gentle preſſure below the breaſt, to indicate all was not right about the region of the heart.

The object and the attitude might have been worthy the chiſſel of Pygmalion. Sir George had not ſtood in contemplation of it more than five minutes, before he found the angry paſſions all giving way. Pity, and ſomething ſtill ſweeter than pity, became ſoon his predominant feelings. He went toward the ſofa, and taking that hand which covered her eyes, ſaid in a ſoftened accent, "Mrs. Almon!"

Her only anſwer was tears—tears—but ſhe did not withdraw her hand.

Sir George repeated the words in a tone ſtill more muſical.

"Sir George!" the lady anſwered.

"There was a time—" ſaid Sir George.

"Yes,"—ſhe anſwered ſobbing—"there was a time."

"And is it gone for ever?" aſked Sir George.

"You beſt know, Sir George."

"Oh, that it depended upon me."

"Certainly it does, Sir George."

"And have you not then engaged with Groignard?"

"Name him not, Sir George; he's my averſion. Once ſeparated from you, it will be long ——long——before my heart opens again to tenderneſs."

"My angel."

"My dear Sir George."

"And

"And ſo—yes—it was ſo in Terence's time. Amantium ira amoris redintegratio eſt."

I ſtop here to obviate a difficulty which will ariſe in the minds of my fair readers. This, they will ſay is incomprehenſible. We thought it was with Miſs Colerain, not with Mrs. Almon, Sir George was in love.

Can a man love two at once?

Yes, dear ladies, three.

Deteſted be ſuch love!

Amen. But be not angry with me, dear ladies; it is nature makes the enigma, not I. If the human heart is inexplicable, is it my fault? I am only a ſimple recorder of facts.

Simple enough.

What can I do? There are makers of motives enough already, more than know their trade—or I am deceived. Am I a biſhop? that I ſhould deviate from the plain path of truth; and take the high priori road to ipſe-dixitation? The quantity of error in the ſoul of this habitable globe, needs not the leaſt increaſe. All I can ſay in favour of Sir George Paradyne is, that he had a heart very much diſpoſed to human kindneſs. That Miſs Colerain was not, and Mrs. Almon was preſent to receive the benefit of this diſpoſition; and finally, that Sir George was not quite twenty and two.

CHAP. LXVIII.

LET us leave him a while to baſk in the ſunſhine of Mrs. Almon's ſmiles, and revel in the gaieties of Paris; let us croſs the channel, and ſee

ſee if England has any thing worthy our notice.

The miniſtry had fallen there; a dreadful ruin always. Every body knows, that it is the duty of thoſe who have deſcended the ladder of ſtate, without breaking their necks, to attack the mounting crew with all manner of miſſile weapons; the chief of which are the tongue and the pen. Lord Auſchamp had uſed both to little purpoſe. The abilities which had rendered him a great man with clerks in office, were of ſmall eſteem with the people of England. This only ſerved to throw Lord Auſchamp into a greater rage, and to convince him more ſtrongly, that the preſent adminiſtration were a ſet of the moſt abandoned miſcreants that this unhappy nation ever ſaw. All their aim was to enlarge the power of the people, already too licentious, and curtail the prerogatives of the crown, which had ſcarce any prerogatives left. "And it would be worthy of your pen, Mr. Lindſay," ſaid he to this Gentleman, "to expoſe their abandoned politics, and detect their crooked arts."

"My pen, my Lord, ſuch as it is, ſhall always be at the ſervice of moral and political virtue," anſwered Mr. Lindſay; "but hitherto, I think we have no public act, by which we can judge the preſent miniſtry hoſtile to either."

"Oh," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, "I know them——I know them to a man. Depend upon it, Mr. Lindſay, England will ſoon be a republic, if theſe men are ſuffered to be at the helm of affairs. Aſſure yourſelf, Mr. Lindſay, you ſhall be well paid. You have an able pen. It cannot be employed in a better cauſe; and I engage to furniſh you with materials. I know how to come at the ſecrets of office."

"Par-

"Pardon me, my Lord,"—Mr. Lindſay replied, "the ſecrets of office are not the beſt materials for any pen; and ſurreptitiouſly obtained——what honeſt pen will uſe them?"

It was at Mr. Birimport's where this impertinent ſentiment was uttered; Lord Auſchamp meaſured the ſpeaker with a contemptuous eye, and riſing with great dignity; bade good morning to Mr. and Mrs. Birimport, and walked to his chariot.

Mr. Birimport had cauſes of diſlike to Lord Auſchamp, who, he was accuſtomed to tell Mrs. Birimport, was only a pompous cypher. He was therefore pleaſed with Mr. Lindſay this morning, and entered with him into a confidential diſcourſe; in the proſecution of which, Mr. Lindſay, with an air that called for ingenuouſneſs, aſked his ſentiments of Mr. Haſtings.

"Oh!" anſwered Mr. Birimport, "the thing is plain. The man is a damned clever fellow; has done a great deal of evil and a great deal of good, with little ſcruple about the means. I had a good deal to do with him; and always admired, feared, and deteſted him."

Mr. Lindſay had thought it his duty to pay his reſpects to Mrs. Birimport immediately on his return to London. He was a moſt welcome viſitant, for he extenuated the faults of the brother whom ſhe loved; and ſhe was an intereſting object to Mr. Lindſay, for he knew the character of her huſband, an ingenious tormenter of himſelf, and all about him. Mr. Lindſay's morning viſits were therefore frequent to Mrs. Birimport. In one of theſe, about a month after the preceding converſation; Mrs. Birimport, ſuffering perhaps under a fit of hypocondriaciſm,

was

was out of humour; and took occaſion to contradict all which Mr. Lindſay ſaid ſo provokingly, that this gentleman could not reſiſt making a few retorts; but ſhortened his viſits to prevent the neceſſity of more.

After his departure, Mr. Birimport fell into a reverie; out of which he burſt with this odd unfiniſhed obſervation. "If the Ganges ſhould roll back into Thibet," ſaid he, "one may expect a woman———"

"What? Mr. Birimport," aſked Mrs. Birimport, ſmiling.

"This Lindſay," ſaid he, "is a ſenſible fellow at times too; you admire him, madam."

"I think him ſenſible," anſwered ſhe.

"You do! Why—the man is plauſible. What may be his age?"

"About thirty, I ſhould think," ſaid Mrs. Birimport.

"Don't you think him handſome, madam?"

"I think him very well," ſhe anſwered.

"Very well, do you? Why, yes,—as you ſay, he's very well. Rather indigent, I ſuppoſe?"

"Not very rich, I doubt."

"Oh—you doubt! Should you not like to have the world at your command, madam; to have the pleaſure of raiſing indigent merit?"

"Some power of that kind I ſhould think agreeable, ſir."

"Yes—I dare ſay—and Lindſay would experience it's firſt effects?"

"I hope he is comfortable by my brother's bounty," ſaid the lady,—"though not affluent."

"Oh, you hope! Yes, I dare ſay. It would have been very ungrateful of your brother not to have

have done it, conſidering the good advice he has given him, not to follow naughty women."

"I do not imagine my brother would have been worſe for following Mr. Lindſay's advice."

"No——I dare ſay. Pray what family is he of?"

"He is the ſon of a clergyman; of a Scotch family; related to Sir Andrew Lindſay, of Fifeſhire."

"Oh! a poor gentleman of blood. Why that would take away all the indecorum now, if a wealthy lady ſhould be deſirous of relieving indigent merit, and raiſing birth from obſcurity."

"This has been often done, Mr. Birimport; and I never underſtood that it was expoſed to cenſure."

"Oh! you have not underſtood this. Perhaps, madam, conſidering what a huſband you have got, you do not underſtand it to be cenſurable, to give away a little felicity by anticipation? a ſmall foretaſte of joys to come?"

"Mr. Birimport!" ſaid the aſtoniſhed Lady. Then, burſting into tears.—"I can allow," ſays ſhe, "for infirmity of temper; I can ſubmit to your arts of teazing. But this I cannot bear." Saying this ſhe left the room precipitately.

The ſame day ſhe wrote Mr. Lindſay the following note:

"Mrs. Birimport's compliments to Mr. Lindſay, requeſts him not to call upon her in Portland-place at preſent; peculiar engagements rendering it inconvenient at preſent to ſee him."

"Yes—poor lady—" ſaid Lindſay, "I know thy peculiar engagement; and ſhould not be ſorry if death, the only power which can, would break it."

Becauſe I have never, in any one ſentence that I remember, coupled together Lindſay and love, my fair readers will have concluded him cold and inſenſible. It is time to correct this error. Miſs Carlill, ſenſible, ſhrewd, and an enthuſiaſt in friendſhip, aſſailed with no common force; but he ſtrung every nerve for reſiſtance. It would have been to unite poverty with poverty. It would have been giving too a ſanction to Sir George's imprudent—then imprudent—paſſion for Miſs Colerain. Miſs Fluellen too gave him many a ſoft emotion, which pride and prudence together ſcarce enabled him to combat with ſucceſs. Perhaps he ſaved himſelf only by flight. Even in London, he was ſcarcely ſafe, for the contention was renewed by a letter from that ſimple charmer, which will be the ſubject of the next chapter.

CHAP. LXVII.

"DEAR MR. LINDSAY,

"I RECEIVED your laſt kind letter, and am thankful, as I ought to be, for the pains you take to improve me. I am more ſenſible every day how much I want a true friend; for thoſe that I thought to be ſo, prove themſelves nothing leſs. Miſs Owen, who is the only young perſon of my own ſex that I have ever been intimate with in all my life, aſked me to go to Aberiſtwyth aſſembly; ſo I went. I thought aſſemblies had been places where one might go for to learn manners and politeneſs; but I muſt ſay that I did not ſee much of either. Nobody took notice

notice of me except to laugh; and nobody never aſked me to dance. So next morning I enquired of Miſs Owen what could be the reaſon. And ſhe ſaid I was not dreſſed properly; for my handkerchief was not puffed out at my boſom, till my face looked as if it was peeping out of a buſh. Then my cap was too ſmall and my hair not frizled enough; ſo I was only what you uſed to call neat, and liked me for. Miſs Owen ſaid, ſhe was aſked by a lady if Mr. Fielding taught me that mode of dreſſing? I wonder how any body here ſhould know about Mr. Fielding. And a gentleman anſwered, he was of opinion that Mr. Fielding would ſooner have taught me to undreſs. Was not this ſpiteful. But I don't care, for I promiſe you I won't be long among 'em.

"About a month ago ſince, my aunt was marr.ed to Parſon Nowel. He has two benefices, which both together bring in about fifty pounds a year; and I made aunt's fortune up ſix hundred pounds, ſo they'll do very well, for ſhe's paſt breeding. Parſon would have had me to come to board with them; but I did not like it; for he is but a ſo ſo man; and I need not go any where to learn ignorance, I have enough at home.

"You know Mr. Owen ap Jones [illegible] for he was here when you was [illegible] courting to me whether I will [illegible] and [illegible] forced to give him my com[illegible] civil [illegible] for one can't be rude [illegible] know. Nothing will ſa[illegible] me as croſs as two ſticks [illegible]

"But I've worſe to tell [illegible] our man David Gam; what a [illegible] when we ſet out, and what a coxcomb he [illegible] back.—

What do you think? If his impudence did not offer himſelf to me for a huſband, telling me he was born of honeſt parents, and all that. I aſked him what I ſhould get by marrying; and he ſaid, a good bedfellow. So I hit him a ſlap on the chops, and paid him his wages that bleſſed hour.

"Now you know, I'm in a lone houſe—— and that's not proper——and I don't like Wales: So I'm coming to London. But don't be frightened—— I'm not coming to have you againſt your will. All I deſire is, that you will find me a fit place to board in, either in London or near it; and now and then juſt aſk me how I do. I can afford to give one hundred pounds a year for board for myſelf and maid, and three rooms; and have another hundred pounds to ſpare—— and I'm ſure if you've any uſe for it, you ſhall be as welcome as flowers in May. So hoping to hear from you ſoon, I remain

Your humble ſervant,
to command,
D. FLUELLEN."

Notwithſtanding Miſs Fluellen's promiſe not to have Mr. Lindſay againſt his will, it muſt be owned he was rather alarmed; and in order not to be obliged to aſk her how ſhe did too often, he thought near London was better for her health than in it. So he took her convenient lodgings at Mile-end, where ſhe arrived within the month; and where we muſt leave her, in order to attend the more important concerns, now tranſacting in France.

CHAP

CHAP. LXVIII.

IF I have hitherto ſaid little of Mr. Fielding, it was becauſe I had little to ſay. His was a life of uniformity. His amuſement, notwithſtanding the charms of Mrs. Hammet, was low amour; his avocation gaming. He ſought the ſociety of no patriots, no literati; nor was he, like Sir George, ever troubled by compunction or remorſe. Although he did Sir George Paradyne the honour to call him his deareſt friend, he had formed a friendſhip of much greater intimacy with Count Colliano, who had come from London to Paris; and who, on his firſt arrival Sir George ſhunned, as far as was poſſible, without tranſgreſſing the laws of politeneſs. Accident however, or perhaps not accident, brought about an occurrence which ſhewed the Count to be ſo much the gentleman, that Sir George now courted, as much as he before ſhunned him.

This accident was a race upon the plain des Sablons, between two racers, Alfred and Pepin; the firſt Engliſh bred, the other French. The glory of the two nations was concerned in it, and an Engliſhman cannot in ſuch a caſe, but feel for the glory of his country. Fielding was decidedly for Alfred, not as being Engliſh, but as being the beſt. He had made an acquaintance with the jockey, who was to ride Alfred, an honeſt Yorkſhireman; who aſſured him he knew the length of Pepin's foot to an inch. Fielding imparted this to Sir George in confidence.

Now, ſince the laſt fracas, it was impoſſible for any lady to exceed Mrs. Almon in the ſoft inſinuating powers. Perhaps there is ſcarce one wife in all London who would have taken the pains ſhe did, to keep Sir George from thinking; that enemy to gallantry, to pleaſure, and herſelf. She knew the grand ſpecific was diſſipation, and ſhe gave it in every poſſible form and manner.

Sir George could not reward her for all this, as he wiſhed. His ſtock in the funds was gone, and he had drained his banker. A few rouleaus of one hundred louis each, occaſionally toſſed in her lap, was all he had done. He was ſenſible ſhe deſerved a great deal more; and the race above mentioned, gave him an opportunity to be generous, without the diſgraceful means of anticipating his revenues.

Alfred won the firſt heat with eaſe, and four to one, ſix to one reſounded over the plain. Sir George offered bets upon this ſpirited calculation, all of which were taken by Count Colliano; when in the midſt of the ſecond heat, Alfred was ſeen to ſlip behind, and neither that heat nor the next, could be prevailed upon to take the lead by any perſuaſion whatever.

It muſt be owned, Sir George did not bear this reverſe with all the nonchalance of a philoſopher, or of a well initiated gameſter. He drank champaign in abundance to get it out of his head; and when the Count like a man of honour, offered to give him his revenue at hazard, the ſame evening, he accepted the offer, and flew with eagerneſs to decide the conteſt. Sir George threw well, and gained upon the Count the firſt hour. The ſecond, fortune changed; a circumſtance not uncommon with

young

young gameſters. He threw the dice into the fire, and called for freſh. This operation was repeated more than once without ſucceſs. His irritation increaſed with his ill fortune. In ſhort, not to dwell upon a ſcene, of which proud man has little cauſe to be proud, at break of day, he found himſelf engaged to the Count for ſomething more than ten thouſand guineas; and with this cordial cup of conſolation, he retired to his hotel to reſt.

Sir George's mind had ſo harraſſed his body, that he did not awake till late. Then came coffee and reflection; and with them remorſe and horror. Theſe were ſucceeded by diſdain of life, a feveriſh diſorder, not uncommon with Engliſh gentlemen in ſimilar circumſtances. The Count called, and perceiving the ſymptoms, aſſured Sir George he did not want his money; that he ſcorned to diſtreſs a gentleman; that he would have the goodneſs only to aſcertain the ſum by a proper obligation, and take his own time for payment.

This very genteel behaviour of the Count's revived Sir George's ſpirits. He gave the Count his proper obligation, and with it a cordial invitation to do him the honour to conſider the hotel as his own houſe. Mrs. Almon entered to inquire of Sir George if he would do her the honour to be of her party to-day. They went out together. The plain des Sablons had the preceding day tranſferred a great deal of property beſides Sir George's; and ruin is a moſt ample fund of mirth for the Pariſians. A young banker too had ſtopt payment ——for love. Theſe were great conſolations; and Sir George, having laughed half an hour at other people's follies, forgot to cry at his own.

CHAP. LXIX.

THIS airy courſe Sir George Paradyne had the ſteadineſs to purſue till the winter was nearly cloſed, by which time his complaiſance to the Count had induced him to grant other obligations to no ſmall amount. He had however now got tolerably well rid of the ridiculous habit of retroſpection. Youth, he ſagely concluded, muſt have its follies; the ſeaſon would be over ſoon; a few years œconomy would free him from their effects; and there was little wiſdom, in looking back at a dreary view, when the proſpect before was all roſe and carnation. Sir George had alſo forgot to think of Miſs Colerain. One ſtep more was wanting, to ſee her without emotion—and the road to virtue would probably have been barred to him for ever.

It was the faſhion to viſit the Palais Royale. One day Sir George had attended Mrs. Almon, and her inſeparable party thither. In the gallery of paintings, two ladies ſeemed to draw more the attention of the company than Daphne and Apollo: A pretty elegant quaker-like figure attracted the gaze of the ladies, whilſt the eyes of the gentlemen were fixed upon a lady, who had no particularities to draw attention, except ſuperior beauty and grace.

Sir George no ſooner threw his eyes upon this attractive lady, than he ſuddenly felt himſelf faint; a ſickneſs, with dizzineſs ſeized him, and to avoid obſervation he left the gallery. Something of the ſame kind had happened to Miſs Colerain, who Sir George ſaw paſs him accompanied by Miſs Carlill, and

and a well-looking gentleman about thirty. This did not in the leaſt relieve his ſickneſs. He followed however, at a diſtance, for he had too much of the mauvaiſe honte to approach, and ſaw all three aſcend a fiacre and drive away. He ſighed, and ſought an unfrequented part of the garden.

It happened that a ſervant of Sir George, he who attended his maſter at Combor, was paſſing along the ſtreet St. Honore at the inſtant Miſs Colerain was alighting from the fiacre at the door of her lodgings. He knew her, and by way of Engliſh news, told it Sir George the ſame evening. The intelligence procured his maſter a reſtleſs night. The morning and Mrs. Almon found him penſive, ſilent, and abſent. He walked into the rue St. Honore, though without the leaſt intention to call upon Miſs Colerain. This he durſt not do. Yet ſomehow, as Mrs. Piozzi ſays, his daring hand had given the fatal rap, in ſpite of his trembling heart.

The door opened; he aſked for Miſs Colerain, and was ſhewn into a parlour, where Miſs Colerain preſently came down to attend him. Sir George was ſenſible he ought to ſpeak, and felt infinite confuſion to find himſelf unable. Miſs Colerain though herſelf embarraſſed, firſt found her ſpeech. "She hoped ſhe ſaw Sir George Paradyne well?"

"No—no—you do not, Miſs Colerain,' anſwered Sir George.

"I'm ſorry for it, Sir George."

"No—no—you are not, Miſs Carlill, Sir George replied.

"Why do you ſuppoſe this, Sir George?"

"Becauſe—becauſe—when you laſt ſaw me, it was with ſuch contempt———"

" Sorrow would better expreſs the ſentiment I ſaw you with then, than contempt.'

" I know I am criminal in your eyes. Miſs Colerain; but ſhould I have been ſo, had I been permitted to leave England with more hope?"

" If you can ſatisfy yourſelf, Sir George, by criminating me, you are welcome."

" Is not this contempt, Miſs Colerain? The ſevereſt contempt."

" It is not reverence I own."

" After all, what have I done? Any thing atrocious? Any thing unauthoriſed by the manners of the age?"

" If you are ſatisfied, Sir George,—I am."

" No—Miſs Colerain—no—I am not ſatisfied neither. That I cannot be whilſt I am ſunk in your eſteem."

" Since you have done nothing wrong, Sir George, nothing unauthorized, the loſs of my eſteem muſt be conſidered as mere caprice."

" No—Miſs Colerain—I do not mean that I have not been wrong. But——look into my heart——that has been always yours."

" It is well," ſaid Miſs Carlill, entering the parlour at this inſtant, " It is well friend Almon does not hear thee."

" By heaven—Miſs Carlill," ſaid Sir George, —" but you do not think theſe idle connections are made by the heart?"

" Nay," ſaid Miſs Carlill, " that is beſt known to thoſe who make them."

" Miſs Carlill," ſaid Sir George, " once you were my friend; once you pleaded my cauſe here."

" Then—I thought thy cauſe a good one. I did indeed take pains to convince Cornelia Colerain, that tho' a young man, thou wert a man of

of wiſdom. Can I be pleaſed to find myſelf miſtaken ?"

" You are very ſevere, Miſs Carliſl," ſaid Sir George. " I muſt not preſume to defend my foibles ; but I hope they do not deſerve the utmoſt ſeverity of reprehenſion."

" If it does thee good to ſoften folly by the gentler name of foible, it may be a remain of wiſdom ſo to do. But to laviſh thy fortune upon a woman thou doſt not pretend to love ; and upon gameſters thou once made it an honour to thyſelf to deſpiſe ; and upon frivolities almoſt beneath a woman. If theſe are not follies—I pray thee tell me what are ?"

" Although," ſaid Miſs Colerain, " I do not adopt my friend's harſh ſtile of criticiſm, I own myſelf grieved and afflicted, to ſee Sir George Paradyne, deſigned by nature and fortune to be one of the firſt characters of his country——to ſee him here at Paris——ſtopt ſhort by pleaſure in the career of virtue——purſuing trifles with avidity——and ſinking in the world's eſteem—and his own."

" Thou may'ſt be wrong in thy concluſion, Cornelia," ſaid Miſs Carliſl. " Paris is a charming ſchool, and friend Paradyne an apt ſcholar. He may have learned to think his preſent purſuits the moſt laudable ; and to embelliſh them with the agreeable names of l'Eſprit, le bon ton, la belle uſage."

" It is poſſible," ſaid Miſs Colerain, with a ſoftened ſigh, " Sir George may think himſelf under no obligation to virtuous and moral conduct ; to ſuſtain the honour of his country ; to promote its welfare ; or to ſoften the calamities of human life."

" Yes,

"Yes," added Miſs Carlill, "he may think his noble fortune given him——to buy jewels—and give them to les filles de joie. He may think his dear Mrs. Almon ſpeaks of his favours with gratitude rather than ridicule. He may think his two friends, John Fielding, and him they call Count Colliano, men of prime honour and worſhip; and that they do not boaſt of having made him their dupe."

"Too ſure then," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "too ſure he will be miſtaken. How often have I felt the ſecret bluſh, when I heard Sir George Paradyne ſpoken of as a man who left his country for improvement; and, in a city famous for illuſtrious characters in every ſcience which does honour to mankind, ſeek it in theatres alone, in gaming-houſes, and in the coterie of a woman loſt to reſpectable ſociety."

"If," ſaid Sir George, ſtriking his forehead, "if you do not mean to drive me to diſtraction—forbear. Tell me only—tell me, dear Cornelia, if contrary conduct, if any conduct, can now regain me your eſteem?"

"My eſteem, Sir George, will always follow virtue."

"Ay — but your heart — that — that—"

"Once it was yours, Sir George—I ſcorn to diſguiſe."

"Thou threw'ſt it like a worthleſs toy away," ſaid Miſs Carlill.

"Cruel—— cruel, Miſs Carlill. But no," continued Sir George, and hurrying to the window, to conceal the emotion that ſwelled his breaſt and roſe into his eyes—"I will not aſk any thing now. I ought to deſerve your favours before I ſue for them: Only tell me—can I ſerve you at Paris?"

"No,

"No, Sir George," anſwered Miſs Colerain, "we leave it to-morrow."

"For England?" aſked Sir George.

"Yes——for England."

"And have you no want, Cornelia?" ſaid Sir George, his voice ſoftened with tenderneſs: "When I laſt ſaw you, I trembled at the probability of your ſuffering from indigence. Oh—would you but permit me—how it would eaſe the heart you have doomed to ſuffer and bleed—"

"I ſhall always acknowledge your kind intentions in this reſpect," Miſs Colerain replied; "but ſome events have happened, which have rendered me affluent. I firſt became ſo by the friendſhip of Miſs Carlill, whoſe uncle died at Ghent, leaving her a conſiderable fortune."

"It was in going thither, friend Paradyne," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "we had a glance of thee—at Soiſſons. I think, or St. Quintin, ——"

"No more, dear mercileſs Miſs Carlill," ſaid Sir George; "I am ſick of my follies. When a man feels them—at his heart—ſure you may ſpare his ear."

"Mr. Talbot has been taken," reſumed Miſs Colerain; "and enough has been recovered from him, to clear my father's debts, and leave me a conſiderable ſurplus. I am ſtill richer by the recovery of that houſe at Bourdeaux, whoſe failure firſt began my father's misfortunes. The gentleman who accompanied us yeſterday to the Palace Royale, is at the head of that houſe by the deceaſe of his father; he has been in America; has recovered much ſuppoſed to be loſt; and has reſtored the full credit of the houſe by payment of its debts."

"May heaven then bleſs you, my dear Cornelia," ſaid Sir George, with fervour. "Never

ver will I presume to enter your presence, till —— adieu." Then taking her hand, he kneeled on one knee, kissed it with a respectful solemnity, and hurried out of the room.

"Poor Sir George," said Miss Colerain sinking upon a sofa——where she wept for hours.

Poor Sir George!

CHAP. LXX.

BUT this was not the sole mortifying, though instructive lesson Sir George was doomed this day day to receive. When he left the rue St. Honore he crossed the Seine, that he might find, if possible, an unfrequented walk, where he might indulge reflection. He passed some hours in all the luxury of remorse; till having resolved and again resolved, to be no longer the abject and frivolous being he had been, his mind assumed a firmer and more serene tone. He reflected upon the perfidy of his friends, who, he doubted not, had made him the subject of their ridicule, though he wondered how it should have come to the knowledge of Miss Colerain.

Wearied at length, and wanting refreshment, he returned into the city, and calling in at a celebrated coffee-house, saw in earnest conversation, the Marquis de la Fayette, with Monsieur Volney, and Monsieur Chapelier

Sir George walked towards them; they saw him approach, but no one moved to meet his advances. They returned his salute with a cool civility, uncommon amongst Frenchmen, and resumed their conversation. To break into this would have been rude; he retired therefore, intending

tending to aſk an explanation of the Marquis. Two hours after, Sir George called at the Marquis's hotel, was inſtantly admitted, and complained in a friendly tone of his reception at the coffee-houſe.

"Monſieur le Chevalier," ſays the Marquis, with a polite indifference, "it is now ſome months ſince I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you."

"I deſerve the reproof," anſwered Sir George, "for my apology, I have only to plead, I was young—and at Paris,"

"Oh que oui," ſays the Marquis, "I have heard of you often—mais, pardonnez moi ma franchiſe, men of pleaſure are not the ſociety in which I am moſt converſant."

"It is in that character only," ſaid Sir George, "that I have been conſidered by you of late, Monſieur le Marquis?"

"Certainement, Chevalier Paradyne," the Marquis replied, "it has not been my good fortune to hear of you in any other."

"I hope," ſaid Sir George, "I have not in that character been guilty of any act which debaſes me as a gentleman?"

"Pardonnez moi," replied the Marquis; "Ce n'eſt pas mon affaire. You live as you pleaſe. What have I to do with that?'

"I ſuffer in your opinion, Marquis. Is it then, that your nation is become ſo rigorous as to exact wiſdom from young men?"

"Oh que non," anſwered the Marquis, "my nation muſt love you; it is only I that have had the misfortune to loſe my national taſte."

"I beg your pardon for this intruſion," ſaid Sir George. "Occupied as you are, I have no right to any part of your time; nor, occupied as I have been, to any part of your eſteem: Monſieur le Marquis, adieu,—when next you ſee me here, I will be more worthy of you."

"Monſieur

"Monſieur le Chevalier," ſaid the Marquis, "this frankneſs is charming. Accept my general invitation. If you approve the ſociety I keep, come againſt us. The moment you prefer us to the bons vivans, et les gens de jeu, you are what you deſire to be."

They embraced and parted; Sir George much delighted to be in the way to regain his own eſteem, and that of men.

CHAP. LXXI.

THERE *is* a difference between doing thoſe things which have our own approbation, and thoſe which have not. In one caſe, a man generally walks erect, whether he has learned to dance or not. In the other, the heads ſeem to be growing downward. As it wanted an hour to dinner, and having no preſent reliſh for the beauties of his own hotel, he turned into the Thuilleries, intending to conſider what he ſhould do to obliterate the blots which ſtained his character.

He had not long been thus engaged, when he perceived a gentleman, Engliſh by his appearance, walking ſlowly on as in deep contemplation. He recollected him to be Mr. Mowbray, with whom my fair readers once dined at the Falcon at Cambor; but who, conſidering the nature of his opinions, cannot be ſuppoſed to have made himſelf an intereſt in their gentle boſoms. He ſeemed much paler than when Sir George had laſt ſeen him, and was attended by the ſame perſon. His eye was ſunk; its expreſſion languid; but he ſeemed to be pleaſed when Sir George

George accoſted him, whom he remembered very well.

"To what cauſe," Sir George aſked, "do I owe the pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Mowbray now in Paris?"

"I travel," he anſwered, "becauſe I cannot reſt. My friends adviſed me to a warmer climate for this winter. I have been in Provence. But I feel I decline apace; and being deſirous to ſleep in the tomb of my anceſtors, I am haſtening home. Mrs. Mowbray too, I wiſh to ſee once more; to ſhew her the laſt ſtate of the man ſhe has broke down."

"It has been a moſt unfortunate connection to you, Mr. Mowbray," ſaid Sir George.

"In every connection with woman," Mr. Mowbray replied, "man ſeeks happineſs and riſques it—and the riſque is great. It is ſo much the greater, becauſe in the uſual mode of connection, the laws come in to perpetuate it, and the miſery is for life. Gentlemen endeavour to avoid this by that kind of union, which you, Sir George, are ſaid to have formed with a Mrs. Almon; and no doubt that—as long as we love—is a more advantageous formula than—as long as we live. Yet there are drawbacks. Children impede a ſeparation, even when mutually deſired. There is too a certain loſs of character; for moſt men; and moſt *good* women, think it borders upon infamy. Since *good* women very generally reject it, it is uſually formed with women whoſe characteriſtic, goodneſs is not. There are exceptions, no doubt, and I hope Mrs Almon may be one."

There was nothing in this converſation that was peculiarly pleaſing to Sir George, who anſwered ſlightly, "his own experience had not much

much recommended that mode of connection," and endeavoured to change the discourse by inviting Mr. Mowbray to dinner.

"I am unfit for company," Mr. Mowbray said.

"We dine to day en famille," answered Sir George, "and exactly at four. It is now four," continued he, looking at his watch; "I have kept a false account of time to-day."

Mr. Mowbray at length consented, and they went together.

CHAP. LXXII.

THEY found dinner waiting. On Mrs. Almon's entrance into the dining room, Sir George announced Mr. Mowbray an English gentleman, who advanced to pay her his respects. But it is the pencil, not the pen, which ought to describe the stiffening horror that seized him on a view of her face. "Mrs. Mowbray!" cried he, faintly, then stood with a fixt eye, and immoveable as a statue.

The lady was astonished also; but ladies are not so often deprived of their faculties, especially that of speech. She assumed a fierte proper for such an occasion, and with a blush of anger, perhaps,——which deepened the Paris rouge, "I wonder, Sir George," says she, "you will take the liberty to introduce gentlemen to me without previous notice." Sir George thought the reproof an odd one; having never met it before, though he had commit ed the crime oft enough. "When ever you chuse to adopt this method," continued the lady, "have the goodness to do the honours

honours of your own table." So ſaying, ſhe left the room with an air of offended dignity.

The aſtoniſhed Sir George, turning to his gueſt, now as livid and ghaſtly as if he were paying immediate obedience to the grand ſummoner death, ſaw him with trembling limbs, juſt ready to ſink on the floor. Having ſupported, and placed him on a chair. he ſent for a phyſician of great eminence. Before his arrival, Mr. Mowbray had ſunk into a lethargic ſtate, from whence, no art or medicine could rouſe him for a longer period than a few minutes. In theſe moments of reflection, he would preſs Sir George's hand, and regard him with a look of pity, unmixed with reproach. He died on the third day.

This melancholy event ſtruck Sir George moſt forcibly. It was not, that he could charge either Mr. Mowbray's death, or antecedent miſery upon himſelf directly. He was not the lady's ſeducer; but the lady's ſeducer muſt have been a man of unthinking gaiety, and looſe morality ——like himſelf.

The behaviour of Mrs. Mowbray compleated his diſguſt. When ſhe ſaw that Sir George, inſtead of ſending this gentleman to his lodgings, kept him to be ſick at his own hotel, ſhe left it; and took up her reſidence with Mrs. Hammet; nor did ſhe once trouble herſelf to ſend a ſingle meſſage of compliment or enquiry, either to Mowbray or himſelf.

In one reſpect, this indecent and unfeeling behaviour was ſerviceable to Sir George. It is rather ungenteel, and to ſome people would be unpleaſant, to tell a lady of Mr. Mowbray's obliging diſpoſition, they were weary of her; but as ſhe had herſelf choſe to abdicate, he had only to leave her to her own operations. The lady had

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an elevated ſoul, and underſtood her ſex's dignity too well, to condeſcend to be the firſt mover of reconciliation.

CHAP. LXXIII.

NOW it was Sir George reaped the full harveſt of his paſt follies, in bitterneſs of reflection. He owed the Count a large ſum, and, under the influence of his preſent notions, he owed him contempt too; but it was ſcarcely eligible to pay the latter debt before the former; and the former it was ſcarce poſſible to pay. In England indeed he might find means; but if he left Paris without an apology, what would the Count think? At length he determined to write to Mr. Lindſay; and this was the letter.

"Where is the phyſician who rejoices not in the completion of his prognoſtic, though his patient dies to fulfil it? You, dear Lindſay, will hardly be ſorry to hear that counſels formed by pride, paſſion and vanity, againſt reaſon—your reaſon—ſhould be followed by proper effects. I am fallen Lindſay, fallen very low indeed—into diſgrace with myſelf. I have treated you with a moſt unfriendly neglect. It is an aggravation of my preſent preſſures. If you can forgive, come and give me the conſolation of friendſhip; come, and extricate me from the very *honourable* ſituation into which I have brought myſelf. I owe 12000l. to a man I deſpiſe. I have drained Cartwright for other follies. What I wiſh is, that you would conſult with him, and uſe the moſt expeditious means to remit—convey I mean—that ſum to Paris. Then conſult with me on the

the moſt expeditious means of quitting folly for friendſhip.

GEO. PARADYNE."

When Mr. Lindſay received Sir George's letter, he ſighed at human weakneſs, and prepared to perform his requeſts. Having previouſly wrote to Sir George, he flew to Dennington, and found Mr. Cartwright expecting him. "I have a letter from my maſter," ſays he, "ordering me to co-operate with you in ſome buſineſs which you are to explain. I gueſs the nature of it though. Every body knows now-a-days, the principal occupation of ſtewards. But I am old, Sir, and don't like new ways. I have a competency honeſtly got; and I ſhould chooſe to enjoy it in peace. So, Sir, as I ſuppoſe you are Sir George's factotum, I beg the firſt caſt of your office may be to accept my reſignation."

"If Sir George has errors, Mr. Cartwright," ſaid Lindſay, "he owes them probably more to the corruption of the times, than his own corruption."

"Yes, yes," replied the ſteward, "corruption of the times—that's the excuſe for houſe breaking, and adultery, and all the evils of the land. A man that is eaſily corrupted is like enough to remain ſo. The times laſt always."

"Many young men ſlide in early youth," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "and recover; ſo may Sir George. It is not the greateſt mark of judgment, to decide from firſt follies, on the character of a man's whole life; nor is it incumbent upon you, Sir, to animadvert with unbecoming freedom on a maſter's errors."

"Noſcitur a ſociis," ſays the old man, ſtung with t his reproof; Noſcitur a ſociis. A man can't

can't go to the devil, without having people ready to tell him he is in the road to heaven."

"Your companions then," replied Mr. Lindſay, "muſt have been people of little ceremony and leſs politeneſs. But, Mr. Cartwright, my buſineſs with you, is to concert the beſt means of raiſing, inſtantly, 12000l. which Sir George wants for a particular uſe. As to accepting your reſignation, it is not mine to do. I am not Sir George's ſervant; he honours me with the name of friend. If you do not chuſe to concur with me in this affair, let me know it, that I may purſue other expedients."

"But what is the money, Sir," ſaid the ſteward. "What is it for?"

"What, Sir, is that to you?" replied Lindſay, with quickneſs. "Sir George aſks your ſervice, not your property."

The old gentleman was almoſt inclined to cut capers. "No," ſays he, dancing about the room,—"no—it is nothing to me if the eſtates are ſunk by an earthquake—or—or—I have been ſteward 50 years—No—its nothing to me. My wife nurſed Sir George. I had no child of my own. I loved him like one. But that's preſumptuous. No—its nothing to me—and the tears ſprang out.

"Mr. Cartwright," ſaid Lindſay, "I meant not to affect you, though I will not ſay I did not mean to offend. We have been both ſomething wrong. You, rather too free; I, too petulant. Think however as well of me as I do of you, till you know I do not deſerve your good opinion; and let us have no other conteſt but who ſhall beſt ſerve Sir George Paradyne."

Flattered by this condeſcenſion, the old ſteward

ard gave his hand, and they proceeded cordially to buſineſs. A banker advanced the money, and undertook the payment in Paris, immediately on Sir George's ſigning a bond. In four days Mr. Lindſay was ready to depart for France.

CHAP. LXXIV.

IT was evening when Mr. Lindſay arrived at Calais, and whilſt he was in the coach yard concerting with Monſ. Deſſein, the ſpeedieſt means of getting to Paris, a chaiſe with two women and an Engliſh ſervant on horſeback came in. Mr. Lindſay inſtantly knew Miſs Carlill; who was going to England, accompanied, not by Miſs Colerain, but her maid.

"So agreeable an event as this," ſaid he, advancing to pay his reſpects, "I did not expect to meet in all France."

"Then thou art not in ſearch of pleaſure!" ſaid Miſs Carlill.

"Ah no," ſaid Lindſay, leading her into a parlour, where they ſaid a great many agreeable things to each other; the gentleman lamenting Sir George's irregularities with more compaſſion than gall; the lady with more gall than compaſſion.

"You have ſeen Sir George I know," ſaid Mr. Lindſay.

Yea," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "more than once. The firſt time was at Soiſſons, I think. We—that is to ſay—Miſs Colerain and I, were on our way to Ghent, to take poſſeſſion of the effects of a dear uncle of mine deceaſed, who had ſettled there, and become affluent."

"Sir

"Sir George wrote me word of the circumſtance," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "and expreſſed much ſhame and contrition."

"Thy friend," replied Miſs Carlill, is capable of contrite hours, but not of contrite days. It is pity indeed he ſhould have been aſhamed of an exhibition which made, as the people of this country ſay, ſuch a prodigious eclat. Not a waiter, or maid ſervant, or groom at Soiſſons, who was not overflowing in the praiſe of the generous Milords Angloiſes, and of the ſpirit of the thing. Cornelia Colerain indeed only applauded it with her tears. She thought Soiſſons the ugliеſt town ſhe had ever ſeen; and would not be perſuaded to eat or drink in it."

"I hope," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "it is not owing to ſickneſs or misfortune, that this lady is not your companion in this journey?"

"Oh no," anſwered Miſs Carlill, "ſhe is well, and at Paris, attending the lying in of Jeannette Beauvaloir, now married. Perhaps thou haſt heard that the origin of the misfortunes of Cornelia Colerain's father, was a houſe at Bourdeaux. It was this Beauvaloir. An active young man, lately received into the partnerſhip, went over to America, recovered debts which had been deſpaired of; and returning to France, reinſtated the credit of the houſe by paying all the demands upon it. This event produced a large ſum for Cornelia, whoſe father's debts had been paid juſt before, by the taking of Talbot in Antwerp. The young man married Jeannette Beauvaloir, and they live now in Paris."

"Sir George," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "mentioned this circumſtance to me in a letter. It muſt be confeſſed he did not rejoice in it; wiſhing,

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as I ſuppoſe, himſelf to be the ſole ſource of fortune, as well as happineſs, to Miſs Colerain; and thinking, probably, it might ſerve to retard, rather than to promote his ſuit."

"Cornelia Colerain," ſaid Miſs Carlill, has that ſort of mind, which 20000l. cannot inflate, or change. She loves thy friend and would be his, if he would take the trouble to deſerve her; but ſhe loves herſelf alſo, and chooſes to be happy. In ſhort, ſhe will have a man to her own taſte, or no man at all. I own this taſte is obſolete, or nearly ſo; and is likely to make her commit the crying ſin of dying a maid."

"That would be pity," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "but I dare hope for better things. Though Sir George had been irregular, I hope he has ſtopt ſhort of vice."

"Doſt thou think gaming a vice?" Miſs Carlill aſked.

"I ſhould rather call it a failing," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "when it is not accompanied with fraud."

"Haſt thou," Miſs Carlill aſked, "as pretty a diſtinction to make in favour of the virtuous life he leads with Mrs. Almon?

"If," replied Mr. Lindſay, "it was the law or uſage of the country, for men and women to make temporary contracts, no one would call it a vice."

"According to thee then," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "vice and virtue are mode and faſhion?"

"Not wholly ſo, perhaps," Mr. Lindſay ſaid, "nor wholly otherwiſe. But I think there is ſtill one deſideratum in our happieſt European ſocieties. It is to preſerve a little more free will to the ſexes in the important article of their mutual conjunctions. It is pity a tender miſ-

take, as it often does, ſhould involve two people in wretchedneſs for life. Would not the man deſerve well of ſociety who could aboliſh this evil without deſtroying order, and the parental and filial charities?"

"Surely," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "thou haſt been the pupil of the poor mad Mowbray?"

"Poor Mowbray?" ſaid Mr. Lindſay. "he was mad to be ſure; yet there was wiſdom in him. Might not he, Miſs Carlill, have avoided madneſs and miſery, if, inſtead of the connection for life, he had formed ſuch an one, as Sir George did with Mrs. Almon. No man knows what changes may happen. Minds are almoſt as frail things as bodies. It is not poſſible Sir George Paradyne might have found miſery in marriage."

"I hate thee," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "doſt thou compare Cornelia Colerain, with that wife of Mowbray?"

"Only as they are women," Mr. Lindſay replied.

"If thou kneweſt Cornelia thou wouldſt be aſhamed of thy compariſon," ſaid Miſs Carlill. If chaſtity can be in woman, it reigns in its greateſt purity in Cornelia Colerain."

"Chaſtity may be in woman, no doubt," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "and was one probably in Mrs. Mowbray, but it gets out, one knows not how."

"Yea," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "minds, as thou haſt obſerved, are frail. Thine has changed its character ſince I ſaw thee laſt. I did not expect to have found a ſupporter of bad morals in William Lindſay."

"Nor have you, my dear Miſs Carlill. What I have ſaid, has been rather in mitigation of my friend's

friend's errors, than an approbation of them. Pray favour me with Miſs Colerain's addreſs."

"Here it is," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "but I muſt tell thee, thy friend Paradyne ſuppoſes ſhe is gone to England. Indeed ſhe did deſign it; but the entreaties of friend Beauvaloir cauſed her to change her intention. She is however determined not to admit the viſits of George Paradyne. As he is, ſhe will not unite her fate to his. Promiſes of reformation, ſhe will not regard. This muſt precede all farther communication between them. Thou underſtandeſt me. I depend upon thy honour. I need ſay no more."

CHAP. LXXIV.

MR. Lindſay alighted at Sir George's hotel; it was all in confuſion. The evening before, Sir George had been attacked by certain law officers, ſimilar to our bound bailiffs, and carried to the conciergerie. As theſe gentlemen claimed him juſt at the inſtant he was getting into his chariot to ſup with Monſieur Volney, my fair readers may conjecture, it was a political arreſt But indeed it was purely civil. "Civil?" Perfectly civil, dear ladies, as you will ſee when you aſcend to its ſource.

Count Colliano had long admired Mrs. Almon, but as ſhe was Sir George's miſtreſs, not his wife, the tranſcendent honour of a man of gallantry, would not permit him to attempt to ſeduce her affections. Mrs. Almon ſaw the Count's affection, and his delicacy. His perſon

was aſſez bien, very well; his manners eaſy; his temper gay; and, what weighed with the lady more than all, he was totally void of that retrograde courſe of ſentiment, which often alarmed her in Sir George. He was afflicted with no hours of gloom ariſing from retroſpection. In point of fortune he was ſuppoſed to be at his eaſe; and talked of returning to his native country, and of devoting the remainder of his life to love and eaſe, could he but meet his kindred mind. Mrs. Almon had a notion that ſhe had a kindred mind; and wiſhed for an aſylum, but an aſylum of pleaſure, whereſhe might never hear the hated name of Mowbray more.

The milkineſs of nature Sir George had ſhewn reſpecting Mr. Mowbray, convinced her that ſhe ſhould never be able to mould him totally to her taſte; and the cool civility with which, ever ſince the death of Mowbray, he avoided the ſociety of the Count and Mr. Fielding, convinced theſe gentlemen, that he would be no longer of theirs. It was expedient therefore to think of other councils.

The Count unboſomed himſelf to Mr. Fielding. There had happened to the honourable friend of Sir George Paradyne's a ſmall change of fortune. His grandmother's funds had flown at the commands of play and pleaſure. Senſible of the growing defect in his purſe, and of his want of ſome arcana in the myſterious avocation of a gameſter, he had cultivated the Count's acquaintance with much aſſiduity; and at length had formed with him a league offenſive and defenſive, againſt the ſons of wealth. To gentlemen who follow the ſcience of gaming with the diligence and abilities of its higheſt profeſſors,

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it is ſometimes expedient to change their place, and to make ſufficiently long intervals of return. About this time, our friends began to be ſenſible of this expediency.

The Count's ſecret affection then for Mrs. Almon, Mr. Fielding communicated to Mrs. Hammet; and ſhe to her friend. Her friend, to compleat the circle, found the moſt delicate way imaginable to ſhew the Count ſhe was not inſenſible. Confidence was ſoon eſtabliſhed amongſt this partie quarree. They held frequent councils; and the reſult was to leave Sir George Paradyne to his fate.

Your cunning people are ſo accuſtomed to bye-paths, that they ſeldom chuſe the open road, even when it leads to their direct end, by the ſhorteſt and eaſieſt way. The Count might have aſked his money civilly of Sir George, and, in a very few days have received it. About Mr. Fielding, he was perfectly indifferent; and, with Mrs. Mowbray he had done for ever. But they had in their own breaſts, conſcious monitors of baſeneſs of conduct to Sir George; there was ſomething in him which they had wiſdom enough to fear: and they choſe to get out of his way with all poſſible ſpeed and ſecurity. This ſecurity the Count had the legal means of obtaining. He put Sir George's bonds into proper hands; and the moment they had intelligence of his being ſafe in priſon, Mrs. Mowbray returned to the hotel to take away all the moveables ſhe choſe to call her own; and at break of day, this virtuous party, paſſed the Baſtile, and took the road to Orleans.

Unleſs the man or the matter be of peculiar eminence, every thing in the law and juſtice way in France is performed with ſo much quietneſs,

etness, that a genius of the ton may disappear, and, except by his creditors, little enquiry be made after him. His friends think on a fair incognita, rather than a prison; and the rest of the world think not of him. So it was with Sir George. They spoke not of his retreat at Versailles, nor at the table of the English ambassador. As for Monsieur Volney and the Marquis de la Fayette, they doubted not but he was going to make out a future title to their esteem, in the arms of some Lucretia of the opera. Sir George was very differently employed.

For the discovery of truth, when a man seeks it against himself, the gloom of a prison is better adapted than the gilded saloon with its thousand lustres, provided he is disposed to seek it. This necessary preliminary is the gift of God to judges and mathematicians. Divines do very well without it. Had Sir George been now possessed of it, he might have seen with great perspicuity the folly of taking the grinning courtesies of a gamester for friendship, or the blandishments of a wanton for love. But he did not chuse to look inward. He saw his friendship, his confidence betrayed; his imagination had fixed upon wretches who could smile to deceive; allure to destroy; upon the man, by whose incitements he had left the paths of virtue and happiness, for those of voluptuous pleasures and remorse.

In this train of sentimental fury he was found by Mr. Lindsay. In vain did this friend of man endeavour to allay the storm by arguments drawn from religion or philosophy; Sir George could only feel. It was not without difficulty

he

he could be brought to attend to his ſituation, and do what was neceſſary to regain his freedom: At length, having ſettled with the Count's agent, juſt at the door of the Conciergerie, he was ſaluted by other officers of law, who reconveyed him to his ſilent manſion, again to indulge in the luxury of ſentiment. This was the work of a combination of thoſe traders who ſupplied his houſe.

My readers, if I have any, will remember one of the quarrels betwixt Sir George and Mrs. Mowbray. In it he had touched obliquely upon the extravagance of his houſehold expences. The lady, on the reconciliation had requeſted him to allot a certain ſum for this purpoſe; and if he had ſufficient confidence to truſt her with the arrangement, and payment, it ſhould be her care, that the ſum ſhould not be exceeded. Confidence is never greater than in ſuch tender moments. Sir George acceded; and 100 Engliſh guineas was the weekly allotment. The uſe Mrs. Mowbray made of this ſum was to lodge it in her own name at a banker's; to pay ſmall ſums when ſhe could not avoid it; and leave the reſt for time and accident. This was another reaſon why ſhe choſe the unoſtentatious mode of retreat before mentioned.

I know not why we ſhould dwell on diſagreeable particulars. Four thouſand pounds were wanting to releaſe Sir George. He had little to ſell, for the hotel was furniſhed by the proprietor. It was not practicable to raiſe the ſum at Paris without diffuſing more widely Sir George's diſgrace, and its cauſe. On the other ſide, it was terrible to think of ſpending in priſon the tedious interval, of Mr. Lindſay's journey to England and return.

Before a reſolution was taken, it occurred to Mr. Lindſay that common politeneſs demanded he ſhould pay his reſpects to Miſs Colerain. Theſe tranſactions had taken place whilſt her friend was confined by her lying in, and the circumſtance of Sir George's confinement, had reached her only the evening before in a whiſper. It had coſt her ſome tears, the traces of which were ſtill viſible when ſhe came down to Mr. Lindſay. His melancholy air ſeemed to her a confirmation of the rumour. But it was of Miſs Carliſl he ſpoke, and of their agreeable meeting at Calais, not of Sir George. This was not what at preſent ſhe moſt deſired to hear. "You have ſeen Sir Gorge, I preſume, Mr. Lindſay," ſays ſhe; "he is well I hope." Mr. Lindſay bowed his anſwer.

"There has been," ſays Miſs Colerain, "a report about town—I heard of it laſt night. Ah! Mr. Lindſay! It is to your friend's indiſcretions I fear, you owe the ſadneſs I ſee upon your face. But is it true Mr. Lindſay? Good heaven! a priſon! "He has madam," Mr. Lindſay replied, "like many other young men, been the dupe of impoſtors, and is now impriſoned by their villainy." Mr. Lindſay now related all the circumſtances, always taking care to repreſent Sir George in the faireſt light his errors would permit. He ended with their preſent dilemma.

"Out of that," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "I have it in my power to relieve you. Monſieur Laborde has in his hands a much larger ſum of mine. Command what you pleaſe of it, and haſte to releaſe your friend."

Mr.

Mr. Lindſay did not expect this. It was for two reaſons a moſt agreeable ſurprize. It extricated him from an embaraſſment; and gave him hopes Sir George had a friend in Miſs Colerain's boſom. For now, he wiſhed nothing ſo much as Sir George's allying himſelf to ſuch a woman as Miſs Colerain. This ſentiment he ventured to hint in the moſt delicate manner.

"I do not wiſh, Mr. Lindſay," Miſs Colerain ſaid in anſwer, "to diſguiſe from you what paſſes in my mind reſpecting Sir George. I know your friendſhip for him. I know your integrity. How amiable he once was, I cannot forget. I loved him as he was. I ſee him as he is with ſorrow. Do not imagine I will yield to the weakneſs of my heart; or think more of him, than as of a loſt friend; for ſo indeed he is. I could have pardoned his connection with Mrs. Almon; the common frailty of young men. I could have found excuſes even for his gaming. But for the waſte of all his hours I can find no excuſe. The ſtate of a young man is hopeleſs, who ſtops ſhort in the progreſs of virtue, or of knowledge. The mind that does not advance, will pretty certainly recede; and of all characters, not abſolutely vicious and depraved, none has ſo much of my contempt as the mere idler. Do not therefore imagine, Mr. Lindſay, that my deſire to aſſiſt Sir George is with a view to the conſequences you hint at. No, Sir,—I have no hope,—for never will I unite my fate with that of a man for whoſe actions it is probable I may bluſh."

Mr. Lindſay would have ſaid a great deal; but Miſs Colerain with an obliging ſmile, beg-

ged he would excuſe her; that her reſolutions were taken; and that it was painful to her to talk upon the ſubject. She then gave him a letter of credit upon Monſieur Laborde, and wiſhed him a good morning.

CHAP. LXXV.

IT was late in the morning before Mr. Lindſay went to the Conciergerie. Sir George had thought it unkind to be thus abandoned for the whole day, and reproached his friend with a ſullen dignity. Mr. Lindſay anſwered the reproach by taking his hand and leading him with ſilent pleaſure to the outward gate of the priſon, where ſtood his charriot.

Arrived at Sir George's hotel, Mr. Lindſay laid before him receipts for all the claims which had yet appeared. "But how, my dear Lindſay," ſaid the aſtoniſhed Sir George, "how is it? To whom beſide yourſelf am I obliged?" "To Miſs Colerain," replied Mr. Lindſay. "Good God! ſaid Sir George, with infinite amazement. His pulſe beat high; he was even riſing into rapture, when Mr. Lindſay thought proper to check it by relating the whole of his converſation with Miſs Colerain, as well as that with Miſs Carlill. Sir George with a ſilent ſigh, ſigned the bond to Miſs Colerain, and then ſaid, "I cannot ſtay a day in Paris, when I have met with ſuch diſgrace; I cannot yet return to England, where the news of it will be received according to the laudable cuſtom of Engliſh people——perhaps of all people——with the moſt malignant joy. This kind office,

fice, dear Lindſay, you muſt add to the many you have done me; you muſt ſtay here to ſell me up, as they ſay; to diſmiſs my houſehold, and finiſh the payment of my debts. Then if there happens to be a concurrence of inclination and convenience, join me in Italy. I intend to devote three years to the buſineſs of regeneration; the remainder of my life to my country, to friendſhip, and if I can obtain her, to Miſs Colerain."

"Very well," anſwered Lindſay, "theſe ſentiments I muſt applaud. Apropos—do you know which way the Count and Mr. Fielding have ſteered their courſe?"

"No," Sir George replied, I do not. To Turin, I ſuppoſe; the Count's caſtle in Piedmont."

"You will have the goodneſs to call upon them there?" ſaid Lindſay.

"Why not?" replied Sir George, with quickneſs; whilſt a fine bloom dyed his cheek. Mr. Lindſay ſuſpected Sir George's views, and this confirmed his ſuſpicions.

"And is it with revenge," ſaid he, "Sir George Paradyne chooſes to begin his work of regeneration?

"Prithee Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "ſpeculate after thy manner; but ſuffer me to act after mine."

"It is true then. You go to ſeek them?" ſaid Lindſay.

"It is certain," ſaid Sir George, "I will not go a yard to avoid them."

There was a fervor, an animation almoſt to wildneſs, when he ſaid this. Mr. Lindſay ſaw this was not the hour for reaſoning. He therefore wiſhed only to detain Sir George in France, till

till he could attend him to Italy; and therefore propoſed to him to viſit the South of France, and meet him in one month at Lyons. "I conſent," ſaid Sir George. "I will meet you there."

CHAP. LXXVI.

IT is an eaſy thing in France, to trace the foot-ſteps of thoſe travellers who go poſt; for there is always a complaiſant gentleman, who pays his compliment in the king's name; and requeſts a few livres by way of friendſhip. Guided by this intelligence, Sir George followed the road of his friends as far as Lyons. Here the clue failed; for though they paid the poſt beyond, it did not appear that they went it. He however had not the leaſt doubt but he ſhould find or hear of them at Turin. As he paſſed over one of the mountains of Dauphine, he ſaw a handſome and ſtately chateau. Enquiring of a peaſant to whom it belonged, he was anſwered, "To the Marquis de Valine." Then, thought Sir George, Harcourt was miſtaken. Neither the Marquis de Valine, nor the Count Coiliano were borrowed titles; and I ſhall find the latter, by birth at leaſt, worthy of my ſword. Sir George thought it probable the whole party might be now at the chateau. He inquired of the peaſant if there was company there? who replied, "There had been, but were gone." Having further learned that the Marquis bore a very good character, Sir George thought their acquaintance in London intitled him to call and pay his compliments at leaſt. He drove up to the

the houſe, and hearing the Marquis was at home, ſent in his name. Being requeſted to walk in, he found in the parlour a gentleman of middle age, but of a very different aſpect from the Marquis de Valine he knew in London. Sir George in ſome confuſion explained the miſtake, and aſked if there was any other perſon in France, who bore his title? "None," anſwered the Marquis, "who has any right to do ſo. "But," added he, I have heard that a valet-de-chambre of mine, whom I parted with for certain dexterities, not much to my taſte, did me that honour in England. Poſſibly you may have ſeen him there." Almoſt with a bluſh, Sir George ſaid "He had; that he was accompanied by one who called himſelf Count Colliane, from Turin; and that he was eaſy and polite in his manners." "Yes," returned the Marquis, "the manners of the great are eaſily copied, proud as they are of them; and my fellow was clever. There," continued he, pointing to the declivity of a hill where ſome cottages were built,——"there lives his lady, whom my ſervants call the Marchioneſs. I aſſure you, a pretty woman. I am kind to her, becauſe ſhe has had bad fortune in the world, without having deſerved it."

"He is married then," ſaid Sir George? "Yes, certainly," the Marquis anſwered. "She was the Marchioneſs's woman. I gave her a ſmall portion, which is very common here, with Lords of pariſhes; and ſhould have been godfather to her firſt child; but ſhe never produced any. As to your Count Colliano, I ſuppoſe he is ſome ingenious Italian."

The marquis detained Sir George to dinner; after which he purſued his journey, and arrived without accident at Turin.

So

So far, he had travelled, blind to the works of nature or of art; deaf to wit, and dead to beauty. He was totally engroſſed by the wretches who could dupe him with ſuperlative fraud. His mind was irritated by this mortification of his vanity. But when he thought of his impriſonment, how was this inſulting death-wound to his pride aggravated by the probability of it's being inflicted by one of the loweſt, vileſt of mankind. No, ſays he, I will ſeek them through the univerſe. No power but of death ſhall ſhelter them from my rage.

This reſolution was taken at Turin, where Sir George was aſſured the name of Count Colliano was totally unknown; and taking it for granted, that though he had miſſed them at Lyons, they had undoubtedly gone for Italy; and knowing that ſome ſplendid capital muſt be the theatre of their vices, he determined upon ſeeking them at Rome or Naples.

Sir George, when he choſe to indulge himſelf with a retroſpect, was too clear ſighted not to ſee his own eccentricities, and too candid not to acknowledge them. He wrote Mr. Lindſay as follows.

LETTER.

"I honeſtly own, dear Lindſay, I left Paris full of revenge. It is not in the leaſt abated by the knowledge I have acquired, that the two foreigners calling themſelves at London, the Marquis de Valines and Count Colliano are impoſtors of the loweſt claſs; the Marquis certainly; and the other with the higheſt probability. You would infer from this, that they ought to be deſpiſed, and left to the fate that uſually waits

waits upon villainy. But my good friend, the gallows never comes to a rogue upon his own accord; ſomebody muſt take the trouble to perform the ceremony of introduction; and I know no claim I have to exemption.

"Perhaps, had I been merely a dupe, ſo many great men have been dupes before me in the ſame way, I might have laughed it off, and have ſatisfied myſelf with the promiſe of more wiſdom in future; but to be thrown into priſon, Lindſay, by theſe abandoned reptiles! That indignity I cannot brook. The thought of it, inflames my head and heart. But I will endeavour not to write in the ſtile of a madman.

"Fielding is a gentleman, and muſt have a gentleman's treatment. He ſhall know his companion. If then he thinks proper, quitting their ſociety to make me a gentleman's apology——it is well; if not——No more of that.

"I do not travel now, dear Lindſay, with motives which would induce you, or any man of ſenſe, to be my companion. I ſhall merily fly from place to place till I have found my prey. Do not therefore think of coming to Lyons. Think rather of returning to England, to the "calm lights of mild philoſophy." If I live I will write often to you; and when I can call myſelf my own, aſſuredly I am yours,

"G. PARADYNE."

Leſt Mr. Lindſay, whoſe quickneſs in the diſpatch of buſineſs Sir George well knew, ſhould have left Paris before the arrival of this letter, he wrote him another to Lyons; after which he proceeded upon his moſt wiſe and promiſing expedition.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXVII.

THIS letter gave a ſevere check to the flattering hopes of Mr. Lindſay. He had relied with conſiderable certainty upon Sir George's having, from the late tranſactions and their conſequences, ſeen the folly of giving the reins to paſſion, and ſuffering its influence. He had flattered himſelf that his own attentions would have reſtored him to his uſual place in Sir George's affections; and that his influence, added to Miſs Colerain's, would not merely have diſpoſed, but impelled him into his old habits of manly virtue.

The ſouls of men, dear ladies, what are they made of? Something extremely odd, no doubt, ſince they have hitherto eſcaped all eyes, microſcopical, metaphyſical, and divine. With the fair ſex, to ſee evil and avoid it, is the ſame thing. But men! I wiſh their ſouls were made of honeſt matter, if ſpirit is ſo perverſe.

Mr. Lindſay had called frequently upon Miſs Colerain, and had began almoſt to adore her; for, to the faireſt body, ſhe joined the faireſt mind. He had, by Sir George's deſire, preſſed her to accept the White houſe at Combor. She declined it in a tone at once mild and peremptory. He wiſhed to know if ſhe deſired to have it upon any terms? "Certainly," ſhe anſwered, "I deſire it. It was the place of my happieſt days. But prudence does not permit me to indulge that wiſh. In caſes wherein two cauſes of any action, a good and a bad, preſent themſelves to the human judgment, I ſee, and I ſee it

it with ſorrow, the bad is ſeized upon with an unhappy avidity; and this is ſo common, one is almoſt forced to call it natural. All would know the houſe had been Sir George Paradyne's. Few would believe it was not ſtill ſo; or that it had not been obtained by improper compliances. Over and above this conſideration, ſhe continued: "I ſhall not chuſe that any local ſituation ſhall expoſe me to his acquaintance."

"You muſt be Lady Paradyne;" ſaid Mr. Lindſay with eagerneſs; "Sir George Paradyne's happineſs depends upon it; mine depends upon it; and, pardon me, I hope your own;

"It will always be a pleaſing conſideration to me," replied Miſs Colerain, "to have been thought deſerving that honour by Mr. Lindſay. But Sir George is too volatile, too gay, too much the ſlave of his paſſions, (too much indeed, thought Mr. Lindſay), for me to indulge myſelf with the hopes that we ſhall meet, on the only terms we ever will meet—his return to the dictates of wiſdom, and the practice of virtue. If this effect is not produced by feeling and reflecting upon his late errors, I ſhall ſuppoſe it an effect which cannot be brought about by any human means; in conſequence, I ſhall think, or (with a ſigh) endeavour to think of him no more; and take care to fix myſelf ſo, as not to be expoſed to his ſudden converſions, his ſudden penitences."

"As Sir George is not here, madam," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "give me leave to plead in his favour, that your hand would be perhaps the moſt infallible of all earthly things, for making him what you and I muſt wiſh him"

"Hap-

"Happineſs, ſir," Miſs Colerain replied, is too important to be made the ſubject of experiment. I will be candid with you Mr. Lindſay, and to prove to you that I am not without my ſex's weakneſs, I own I love Sir George, fondly love him; ſo much the more neceſſary is it to guard againſt the errors of my heart. That heart ſhall break, as perhaps it will, before I marry a man to whom I cannot give my entire eſteem. But this eſteem muſt not be upon credit. I cannot admit as a plea, the poſſibility that he may one day deſerve it."

"You are ſevere, madam; but perhaps you are juſt;" Mr. Lindſay replied. "Permit me to ſay, the more I know you the more your happineſs is dear to me. And if you allow me to avow myſelf your friend, I alſo will be convinced Sir George deſerves you, as well as man can deſerve you, before I will adviſe you to be his."

"You are my friend, my brother," Miſs Colerain anſwered with tears. "I beſpeak your affection in each of theſe relations; and ſhall think myſelf far more ſecure in your care than in my own."

This was the concluſion of their laſt converſation. They took a ſolemn and affecting farewell; Mr. Lindſay permitting her to believe he was going to join Sir George; although upon the moſt mature conſideration and knowledge of his temper, he had determined to go for England.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

I Am ſorry to forget any thing of importance; but I really cannot tell whether it was Meudun or Chamblay at which Mr. Lindſay ſtopt to repoſe for the night. He, I dare ſay will remember it to the laſt hour of his life. For no ſooner was he ſhewn into a parlour than Madam Fretteau, a widow, miſtreſs of the houſe, came in to pay her compliments with tears in her eyes. Mr. Lindſay civilly enquired if any thing had happened to diſtreſs her? "Yes, indeed," ſhe anſwered, the moſt diſtreſſing circumſtance in the world. About a week ago, Sir, an Engliſh lady came in with her daughter, attended by one man and one maid ſervant. Not one of them able to ſpeak one word of French, except Miſs, who I ſuppoſe ſpeaks pretty good Engliſh French; but we have always difficulties with your young ladies who learn our language at an Engliſh boarding ſchool. Well, ſir—the demoiſelle is ſaid to be in a deep decline, and madam her mother was having the goodneſs to take her to Montpelier. But in the middle of the night of her arrival, the old lady was taken ill, and Malgre, our phyſician and aporhecary, both gentlemen of great ſkill. She died yeſterday.

"Not far off, we have a convent of Franciſcans; and the good fathers hearing of the lady's danger, came to offer up prayers for her, and would even have indulged her with St. Francis's cowl, which has the gift of freeing the happy ſouls who die in it, from all their ſins; or which is the ſame thing, it makes St. Francis

their patron; and all catholics know that this good saint never leaves asking and asking till he has got pardon for all who die in his cowl. But the old lady was stubborn—indeed, Sir, you English people are very stubborn heretics—its almost a sin to ask mercy of God for you—for you shut your ears to all that our holy father the pope—"

"I grant it madam," said Mr. Lindsay, "we are stubborn; it is not worth your while to trouble yourselves about us, as you say, madam, our ears are shut to your holy father, but mine are open to you, Mrs. Fretteau, upon the subject you were speaking of."

"So it is," answered Mrs. Fretteau; "the English are mighty impatient people; if one affronts them, they do so storm and swear; and if one speaks to them for their own good, they won't hear a word of it."

"And so the lady died last night, you say, Mrs. Fretteau. And how does the poor young lady her daughter?"

"Why, Sir, she has not taken a morsel of refreshment ever since; and she does so lament her mother; and stays by the corpse; and kisses it; and indeed looks more like a corpse herself than a living thing. But she must be told tomorrow, that she must think of burying it; and yet I suppose the good father Franciscans won't let it be laid in holy ground."

"Why so, dear madam?"

"Because—being a heretic."

"Won't your worms eat heretics, Mrs. Fretteau?" Are they good catholics too?"

"Mon dieu! but the English are so droll. Its pity."

"Per-

"Perhaps, Mrs. Fretteau, the young lady may chuſe to carry back her mother's body; to inter it in the tomb of her anceſtors."

"But then there's the tax, Sir, you know that comes heavy; and I don't think they are over and above in pocket; for they have been but ſhabby for Engliſh people. Beſides, there is the droit d'aubane. So they have ſealed up madame's trunk's; and God knows whether any thing will be left for us after all."

"That is a tax to puniſh the preſumption of a foreigner for dying in France,—is it Mrs. Fretteau?"

"My poor dear huſband uſed to ſay that all laws were good at court, ſo they brought money; and ſure enough we have plenty of them in France. I keep a book of taxes. If Monſieur has any curioſity."

"Some other time, Mrs. Fretteau; at preſent my curioſity is confined to my poor country woman."

"Poor thing! I'm quite diſconſolate about her; ſhe is ſo helpleſs. If ſhe ſhould die here too, Mon dieu! what troubles I ſhould be in."

"And ſhe is very likely," ſaid a perſon as he entered the room, for the door was open; "they have told her indiſcreetly that the king's ſeal is upon her mother's trunks, and ſhe is in fits about it."

"C'eſt Monſieur l'apoticaire," ſaid Mrs. Fretteau

"You think your patient in danger, Sir," ſaid Mr. Lindſay.

"Tres grand Monſieur;" replied the other. "Mon dieu! Elle eſt mort."

"Is the danger immediate?" aſked Mr. Lindſay.

"Sir,"

"Sir," ſaid the apothecary, "ſhe is far advanced in the true Phthiſis; and yet it is ten to one ſhe will not live to die of that diſtemper. It is more likely ſhe will die of grief."

"Mrs. Fretteau," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "will it be proper to ſend in a meſſage, that an Engliſh gentleman requeſts the favour to ſee her."

"Tres propre—Mais, Mon dieu! She is in the room with her mother. But I will ſee."

"I think," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "I ſcarce ever heard of greater diſtreſs than this poor young woman muſt be in."

"Nor I, indeed. Young and unexperienced, in a foreign country, without friend or acquaintance, encumbered rather than aſſiſted by two ignorant ſervants, embarraſſed by our laws, her mother dead, herſelf dying, Mon dieu!" ſaid the apothecary.

Mrs. Fretteau returned. "I have delivered your meſſage, Sir," ſaid ſhe. "Poor thing! A faint gleam of pleaſure ſeemed to ſhew itſelf in her eyes, when ſhe heard it: She is preparing to receive you in the next apartment, and will ſend to you in ten minutes." Accordingly the man ſervant came down.

The young lady, ſupported by the maid, aroſe from a ſettee on Mr. Lindſay's entrance; but as he approached nearer to pay his compliments, gave a faint ſcream, and ſunk down again upon her ſeat, and hid her face in her maid's boſom. "It is Mr. Lindſay," ſaid ſhe.

"My name is Lindſay, indeed," anſwered he, taking her hand; "I hope it is not hatred of me gives you this alarm. I know not that I have deſerved that from any lady."

"Oh, no, no," anſwered ſhe, "it is you muſt hate me."

"Im-

"Impoſſible, madam," returned he.

"Not when you know I am Sukey Robarts."

"And are you indeed Sukey Robarts?" ſaid he.

"Oh, yes—yes—I knew you could not bear my name."

"Dear Sukey," returned Mr. Lindſay, in a ſoftened tone, "diſmiſs your apprehenſions. You never injured me. If you had, your preſent unhappy ſituation would obliterate hatred from the breaſt of a ſavage."

"Oh, how good! Yes indeed, Sir, I am indeed in affliction. May it expiate my poor mother's faults. May you and heaven forgive?"

"Moſt ſincerely, Sukey—if that will ſooth your affliction."

"Oh, yes, yes," ſaid ſhe, preſſing his hand faintly, but ſeeming ready to faint.

"I will do every thing I can to comfort you Sukey," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, with infinite tenderneſs; "you ſhall be all my preſent care."

"Won't you leave me then?" aſked ſhe, feebly.

"No,—if you deſire I ſhould not, till you are ſafe with your family and friends."

"Oh," ſays ſhe, "I have no family." And ſhe ſunk into a gentle ſwoon—but for an inſtant only.

Mr. Lindſay rang for Mrs. Fretteau, who, indeed, and the apothecary alſo were very near; but who, for want of knowing the Engliſh language loſt the pathos of the ſcene.

"Mrs. Fretteau," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "I muſt have a boiled chicken to ſupper; and my fair friend here the broth. In the mean time, pleaſe to ſend up a biſcuit, with water and wine. Since you give me a right of protecting you," ſaid

ſaid he to Miſs Robarts; "you muſt give me the authority of a protector, and ſubmit to my directions."

She ſmiled approbation, as well as ſhe could ſmile.

As ſhe ſeemed faint and exhauſted, Mr. Lindſay would not permit her to ſpeak any more that night. He made her eat a biſcuit, and drink half a glaſs of wine and water; engaged her afterwards to ſwallow a few ſpoonfuls of chicken broth; prevailed upon the apothecary to give her an opiate and cordial; and left her to repoſe with her maid, in the apartment in which they had met.

CHAP. LXXIX.

MISS Robarts had ſome reſt in the night, and met her benefactor at breakfaſt, her eyes beaming gratitude. So delicate a figure, ſo beautiful a bloom, Mr. Lindſay had never before ſeen; and eaſily in the day recognized the general features of the girl he had known at fourteen—for this was the middle ſiſter.

"How ſenſible I am of your goodneſs!" ſaid ſhe. "Of all mankind, from you it was leaſt to be expected."

"Why ſo, Sukey?" ſaid Mr. Lindſay, tenderly.

"Becauſe—becauſe," ſhe anſwered, bluſhing, "you know our family was the cauſe of the loſs of your inheritance."

"You, dear Sukey," Mr. Lindſay replied, "did not, could not injure me. Do not ſuppoſe

poſe me capable of an undiſtinguiſhing reſentment."

"To be ſure my poor mother was to blame—I have—"

"I will not permit this retroſpect, Sukey. I am here only to ſerve and comfort you."

"God bleſs you, dear Sir. I fear I muſt not hope to enjoy the comfort you give me long!"

"I have not at preſent any engagement ſo ſtrong as to force me away from the common duties of humanity. Unknown, I ſhould have offered you my ſervices. Now, Sukey, command them freely.

Miſs Robarts was affected; ſhe could not ſpeak.

"Firſt of all," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "it is neceſſary to enquire whether your mother left directions as to her interment, reſpecting either the place or manner?"

"Not any, Sir," Miſs Robarts replied, "indeed my dear mother never once thought of dying. Her diſeaſe affected her ſenſes early."

"Have you any deſire ſhe ſhould be carried to England."

"I deſire," ſhe anſwered, not to fail in my reſpect to her. Otherwiſe, I know not in England, where ſhe would have choſe to lie. My father lies at Berwick. I never heard her intimate a deſire to be buried there. Nor indeed in your native place; for our late reſidence has been at Stockton. But I am told there are diffic here, onaccount of our being heretics. Indeed I ſhould not be eaſy if my poor mother did not lie in conſecrated ground. Pray tell me freely what you think?"

"That is immaterial to the deceaſed. It is our own deſires, our own vanities, which we uſually conſult in funeral ſolemnities."

"Pray then adviſe me," ſaid ſhe, "as to the proper and decent. I really have no deſire, no vanity to conſult; for well I know at whoſe expence all our vanities——"

"Stop that pretty acknowledging mouth, Sukey," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "or I muſt. But with regard to yourſelf, what do you intend or wiſh to do? Return to England or proceed to Montpelier?"

"How can I go to Montpelier now? without a friend or relation of my own ſex?"

"Have you not ſiſters?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Lindſay, they are dead. The youngeſt of a ſcarlet favour, four years ſince. My eldeſt was very unhappy. She had like to have broke our hearts. She was ſeduced by Mr. Brander, a rich gentleman, who deſerted and left her upon the town. My poor ſiſter," ſaid ſhe, weeping, "died in a hoſpital. Ah! Mr. Lindſay, I have often thought our miſery might have been a puniſhment from heaven for——"

"You thought wrong then, dear Sukey. Pray think more favourably of heaven, than that it would puniſh the innocent; and of me too. But this queſtion: Do not let us have it to debate again."

"I ſhould be happy to be guided in this, as in every thing, by you."

"In your weak condition, it is impoſſible you ſhould attend her to England; do you wiſh that I ſhould."

"Oh—no—no.—If you leave me, I cannot live."

Mr.

Mr. Lindſay then determined to conſign the old lady to the conſecrated earth of France. As to the matter of hereſy, he knew how to prove her a truly good catholic, though ſhe had had the misfortune to die without confeſſion. It coſt only 20 louis d'ors to convince the parochial prieſt; and 40 to open the eyes of the Franciſcans. Nor were the fermiers of the droit d'alibane, a people inſenſible to reaſon; ſo in a few days, all was well——except the young lady herſelf.

I believe I need not enter into the delicacy of Mr. Lindſay's ſituation; my fair readers will conceive it. After balancing the decorums of ſociety againſt the duties of humanity, he thought he might reconcile both, by conducting Miſs Robarts to Paſſy, a pleaſant village near Paris, and intreating for her the countenance and friendſhip of Miſs Colerain.

Miſs Colerain, never able to reſiſt the plea of diſtreſs, complied with Mr. Lindſay's deſire. Her friend at Paris being now recovered, ſhe even took apartments in the ſame houſe at Paſſy.

Mr. Lindſay lodging at an adjacent hotel.

Penetrated with this goodneſs, all the ſimplicity of Miſs Robarts's tender heart was ſoon open to her. Its predominant feeling was gratitude, or a ſentiment ſtill warmer than gratitude for Mr. Lindſay.

So ſoothing were his attentions, that, added to little excurſions to Paris, and ſuch amuſements as were proper for Miſs Robarts to take, ſhe believed herſelf better. She even talked with pleaſure of her journey to Montpelier, her two friends having promiſed to accompany her thither, when ſhe was ſufficiently ſtrong. But to Miſs Colerain her fine bloom and airy ſpirits, were only certain ſymptoms of approaching mortality. In-

deed the hour of her diſſolution was much nearer than this lady's expectation. Six weeks after her arrival at Paſſy, ſhe had lain down, as uſual, one afternoon upon her couch. Miſs Colerain and Mr. Lindſay were obſerving, with mingled pain and pleaſure, the ſmiles that played around her lovely mouth, denoting an agreeable ſlumber. She awoke, and with ſweet placidity, ſaid, "Sure never girl was bleſſed with two ſuch friends." "You have had pleaſant dreams, my dear Sukey;" ſaid Mr. Lindſay. "Yes," ſhe anſwered, "very ſweet indeed. I thought I was in heaven, and you with me; and ſo happy." "And how do you feel yourſelf, my ſweet friend?" aſked Miſs Colerain. "Oh charmingly," ſhe anſwered. "I think I will riſe. She made a gentle effort to do this, ſunk back again upon her pillow, and died in an inſtant, without diſcompoſure, or any motion that denoted pain.

CHAP. LXXX.

MISS Robarts had once expreſſed a wiſh, if ſhe ſhould die in France to be buried by her mother; and it was regarded by her friends as ſacred. They attended her to the grave. Returning to Paſſy, Miſs Colerain put a packet into the hands of Mr. Lindſay. It was Miſs Robarts's will, accompanied with an affectionate letter. In this letter ſhe thanked Heaven, that by the kind aſſiſtance of Miſs Colerain, ſhe had been enabled to reſtore Mr. Lindſay his rights; it was an act of juſtice by which her mind was rendered more eaſy, and more reſigned to death. This will, unknown

unknown to Mr. Lindſay, and unſuſpected, had been drawn up in Paris, by an Engliſh Attorney then at that place; two Engliſh gentlemen of rank were preſent, and witneſſed the ſigning and ſealing of three wills, copies of each other; each gentleman had one copy in truſt; the third was for Mr. Lindſay. The merchant who had married Miſs Beauvaloir, and who had an extenſive acquaintance amongſt the Engliſh at Paris, had conducted the whole. "I knew," ſaid Miſs Colerain to Mr. Lindſay, "that had we made you a confidant in Miſs Robarts's intentions, your delicacy would have been much in our way."

This will rendered Mr. Lindſay's preſence neceſſary in the North of England. Not that he had any oppoſition or even murmur to apprehend, for Miſs Robarts had no near, nor any expecting relations. As Miſs Colerain's buſineſs was ſettled in Paris, and her friend recovered, ſhe took the opportunity of Mr. Lindſay's conduct, and returned, with her faithful Molly, to join Miſs Carliſl in England.

There, upon the principle of detur digniſſimæ, our firſt reſpects ought to be paid to Mrs. Birimport, now a widow. Death, not ſuddenly, not inſidiouſly, had taken away Mr. Birimport, whoſe teazing and contradictory temper was the laſt of him which died. It was but three days before this final event, Mrs. Birimport, ſitting ſilent and penſive by his bedſide,—"And ſo," ſays he, "you would perſuade me now that you ſhall really grieve when I am gone?"

"If," ſhe anſwered, "you are not already perſuaded of this, Mr. Birimport,"—ſome feeling or other ſtopt the completion of the period.

"How ſhould I?"——he aſked.——"Have not I been your tyrant?"

"Did I ever give you cauſe to ſuppoſe I conſidered you as one?"

"I cannot deny," he anſwered, "but that you have diſſembled tolerably well."

"Diſſembled! Mr. Birimport."

"So I ſhould imagine. In reckoning up how many cauſes of hatred a reaſonable good wife, as times go, might find in me; I think three are capital. Firſt cauſe, I am old. That is to ſay, old enough to be thy father, Emilia; and infirm enough to be thy grandfather. Then Emilia, I have put thee in a nunnery, and barred thee the ſight of men; for nuns are frail Second cauſe. Thirdly and laſtly, I have controuled thy actions and derided thy opinions."

"I am glad," ſaid Mrs. Birimport, "to ſee you in ſo good ſpirits."

"May be ſo," he replied. "Would it not be difficult to convince a woman, that either the Lord or her huſband chaſtiſed her for pure affection."

"Piety," ſhe anſwered, "might do much in the former caſe."

"But in the latter, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Mr. Birimport, "there is no foundation for faith? Yet why may not huſbands be as good ſchoolmaſters as fathers are ſuppoſed to be?"

"Few women chuſe to be treated as children," replied Mrs. Birimport."

"What pity," ſaid he, "they do not chuſe to ceaſe to be ſo. The vanity now, that begun in the frock and is continued in the gown, at what inſtant of its progreſſion does it change its childiſh nature, Emilia? Vanity, which makes ſuch terrible ravage in the female mind, for the cure

cure of which, or the prevention, heaven ſent the ſmall pox. We are wiſe enough to deſtroy the antidote by inoculation, and let the diſeaſe make its own way. So ſmooth ſkins and looking-glaſſes overflow the land. So women are—— what they are."

Mrs. Birimport ſmiled, but did not anſwer.

"Perhaps," continued he, "you think, that for this dove-like diſpoſition of yours, I ſhall make a ſwinging addition to your jointure. There, Mrs. Birimport, you will be miſtaken."

"I aſſure you," ſhe anſwered, "you are miſtaken in the ſuppoſition."

"After having taken uncommon pains to *preſerve* thee from the follies of the age, I ſhould be a very unwiſe confectioner, to deſtroy the preſerving quality, and put in its place the ingredients of corruption."

I think, for a dying man, this is enough; and yet it is but a ſpecimen; for Mr. Birimport to his dying hour, had an alternate ebb and flow of ſpirits, though it muſt be owned the ebb tide was far the moſt prevalent.

His funeral being over, his will was read in the preſence of ſome friends which he himſelf named, and run thus:—

WILL.

"I, William Birimport, of the pariſh of ——————do make this, my laſt will and teſtament, in manner and form following—for in this lower world, manners and forms muſt be followed, and not the leſs for wanting common ſenſe.

"Inprimis, I give my ſoul to him that gave it me, hoping in trembling humility, that it

will be dwelt with more according to his mercy than its deserts. Secondly, I give my body to the worms, and direct it to be put into a thin deal coffin, without lead, that they may have their legacy the sooner. Thirdly, I give my temper to the devil. And whereas, I married a wife, that I might not be too much obliged to that said temper, which I have charitably disposed of as above, for the needful plagues of this life; and having been disappointed by her most hardened and obdurate patience; and by a long catalogue of qualities which the foolish world has been pleased to call virtues; and of which, in the actual existing course of things, she has as much as would be a decent provision for any twenty of the best wives in this good metropolis; and as I hate all monopolies——except Eastern monopolies, therefore I do give and bequeath to my said wife, all my worldly wealth, of what kind or description soever; hoping it will dispose her to give away a few of these things called virtues, to her poor neighbours of the high born breed; or to exchange them for those more sublime ones which distinguish these distinguished mortals. Probatum est. As to relations——if she can find any of mine worth her notice, which I confess I have not been able to do, she may be kind to them if she will."

"God bless her."

This whimsical statement was accompanied with another, drawn up in all the forms, by Mr. Birimport's attorney, bearing date the same day. Whether the kind intentions of the owner were answered, it is for time, not me, to shew.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXXI.

AT Lady Mary Paradyne's, things went on differently; Lady Mary had not death to contend with, ſhe had only gout. It is certainly a very unlady-like diſeaſe; yet it falls to the lot of ſome very diſtinguiſhed females in this iſland; upon ſome by inheritance; upon others, as the lawyers ſay by purchaſe. The firſt attack was triſling, the exacerbation fell leſs upon her foot than her head; for it broke a thouſand magnificent engagements. However, a ſlipper or a ſnuff-box thrown at the head of her nurſe or her woman, gave her tolerable eaſe.

The ſecond attack was terrible. Every body who has the tranſcendant happineſs of knowing what animal magnetiſm is, know that the criſis into which a patient may be thrown by it, renders to that patient all bodies diaphonous. Whether Lady Mary's gout had a redundant magnetiſm; or whether the nurſe, who was of the firſt rank of nurſes, had been initiated in this ſupreme of all exiſting myſteries, it is certain, Lady Mary ſaw as clearly into the bodies, and I believe ſouls, of every ſervant who approached her, as if they had been caſed in chryſtal. And ſhe ſaw ſo many foulneſſes there, and ſo many aberrations, that Lady Mary's language was almoſt wholly moral and vituperative. The nurſe herſelf was not at all times exempt from this inſpection; but did not demean herſelf under it ſo ſubmiſſively as ſhe ought. One day ſhe was under the neceſſity of enforcing her obſervations with a caſe knife, which happened unfortunately to fall upon the

fleshy part of the nurse's arm, and caused a small solution of continuity. The wound indeed was neither so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, yet it served to draw forth all the nurse's powers of oratory, which were great. It was a long time since Lady Mary had heard so much truth respecting herself. Amongst other things, she did not forget to say, that she had drove the finest young gentleman in England out of the kingdom by her abominable temper. The conclusion of the oration, the peroration I think the classic folk call it, was—but the d—l may nurse you for me.

Lady Mary was astonished at an eloquence so superior to her own; and lost the inclination of entering the lists with so great a mistress. She only gave a certain toss with her head, and said, "a woman of my rank!" "Rank!" replied the nurse——"it rank would save people from the gout, it would be worth something. For my part I see no difference between a duchess and a washerwoman. If fine folks could learn any thing but pride, a sick bed would teach them that they are but flesh and blood, as well as poor folks."

"Left, in such powerful hands, the knife, so unluckily thrown, might swell into a sword, or at least a dagger, Lady Mary thought proper to endeavour to bring the nurse to reason. Kind words, aided by a bank note, at length succeeded; and nurse said,——"That when people were in a passion, they said things that they never thought on before; and that she would sooner bite her tongue off, than it should ever speak another syllable against so kind-hearted a lady." So the blessings of peace were restored.

I know not why I wrote this chapter, unless to shew that Lady Mary was Lady Mary still. It must

muſt be owned, and I did own it, which is a great effort in an author, to a critic, from whom I condeſcend to hear of my faults now and then after dinner, that there is nothing in it to the purpoſe of my book. "Pray," ſays my friend, "what may be the purpoſe of your book?" "What," ſays I, "you have forgot the exordium. Is it not to ſhew how little felicity young men are like to get, and how much they loſe, by an indulgence of their paſſions." "If that be all," my friend anſwered, "make yourſelf eaſy. The preſent chapter is full as much to the purpoſe as half the chapters in the book; but if you had ſaid old women inſtead of young men, it would have been directly to the point."

CHAP. LXXXII.

SINCE epiſodical matter is liable to this weighty objection, I will ſay nothing of the lovely Miſs Fluellen; nor of Mr. Lindſay who may ſettle his affairs in the North how he can; nor even of Miſs Colerain—except that this young lady was again going to return to the continent, at the requeſt of Miſs Carlill, who had ſtill affairs to ſettle at Ghent. No—for the future let us think only of our buſineſs.

Sir George Paradyne had not been many hours at Milan, when, at the ſame hotel, arrived the honourable Mr. Bardoe, brother to Lord F. His ſuite conſiſted of eight ſervants; a major domo, his gentleman or valet de chambre, two French horns and four footmen. The honourable Mr. Bardoe's mother was the daughter of a duke;

duke; and the partiality of an aunt had rendered him one of the wealthieſt men in England. He was entering in his fortieth year; was tall, graceful, of polite but reſerved manners. He ſeldom gave himſelf the trouble to ſpeak; when he did, his ſentiments were uſually ſingular, but his diction elegant. He had the reputation of being one of the firſt ſcholars in Europe; and indeed from twelve to thirty years of age, his rage for books was unbounded. Whilſt his aunt lived, he principally reſided with her in the country; at her death, he burſt into the great world, and for a few years partook of its pleaſures with unbounded rage. But his taſte was too good, his mind too active, to be long ſatisfied with the mere pleaſures of ſenſe, and he found the beau monde in purſuit of no other. He never ceaſed therefore to cultivate the ſciences; but at this period, he had reached the ſummit of refinement; no book could now be wrote with ſufficient perſpicuity, ſtrength, and elegance; no painting that fell not far ſhort of excellence; no modern muſic ſpoke to the ſoul. In ſhort, hi faſtidious delicacy ſaw every work of art with unadmiring eyes; and this, his ſecond journey to Italy was with a view to draw, if he could draw, any amuſement from the more ſplendid ſcenes of nature.

As is uſual, ſignior Mavini, hoſt of the hotel, went to pay his compliments, and take his honour's commands. On the latter ſubject his honour replied in the beſt Italian,—My major domo will do himſelf the honour to conſult with you, ſignior, when he chuſes to think it expedient.—Signior Mavivi was ſcarce a ſtranger to Engliſh pride in any of its forms; but he knew it was commonly well paid for, ſo made his bow and retired.

The

The habit of courteſy is ſo confirmed in ſome of the keepers of inns and hotels, that it is as difficult to deprive them of it, as to give it to others. Signior Mavini thought, as the honourable Mr. Bardoe was alone, he would undoubtedly be glad of ſociety. He took the liberty therefore to wait again upon the honourable Mr. Bardoe, juſt to ſay, that an Engliſh gentleman, the Chevalier Paradyne, was in the houſe and alone. If Milord choſe company, he durſt ſay the Chevalier———

Signior Mavini—ſaid his honour—do me the favour to let me provide for myſelf. I do not chuſe company. Leaſt of all, that of the cubs of my own country, led by their bears.——Signior Mavini did not quite comprehend the cubs and bears; but he felt very intimately the awful tone of the honourable Mr. Bardoe, and retired very haſtily; croſſing himſelf at the door of the apartment, and reſolved to devolve the payment of his future courteſies upon his waiters.

All the inn was quickly engaged in the ſervice of the honourable Mr. Bardoe, whoſe major domo ordered a ſupper, which for plenty and variety might have ſerved the Duke of Tuſcany at leaſt. In the three hours taken in preparing it, his honour had walked a little in his apartment, lounged a little upon his ſofa, looked a little in the mirrors, read a little in each of half a ſcore travelling claſſics, and at length was taken with a little fit of ennui, which he thought very impertinent and provoking.

"Paradyne!———ſaid he to himſelf——Paradyne! he whoſe father was loſt in his paſſage from Ireland. The young fellow whom Harcourt called out the day after he had received a Captain's commiſſion. I have ſeen him, I think, at Boodle's.

dle's. Stepped out of Chriſt-church into his eſtate. Deſigned for a parſon. Knows all the biſhops and deans, and the value of all preferments. No——I will not ſend to him. I ſhall be overwhelmed with academic ſtuff; and repartees of fellows of colleges. But—continued his honour mentally—He was a winter in London, dangling after Lady Ann Brixworth; and I think I heard of him in Paris, making a ſtupid eclat in matters of gallantry. It is poſſible he may be endured. Then calling for his major domo, he ſent his compliments to Sir George Paradyne, requeſting the favour of his company to ſupper.

Though his honour knew ſo little of Sir George, Sir George knew pretty much of his honour, and was not ſorry to meet in Italy, a man ſo ſingular in England. He accepted the invitation, and after the ordinary ſalutations, ſat down to ſupper.

This ſupper conſiſted of three courſes; each of which might have ſatisfied Apicius; and was ſerved with as much pomp and ceremony, as if the Prince of Wales had feaſted the whole diplomatic corps. It is true, his honour had no appetite; he piddled indeed of twenty diſhes; whilſt Sir George who finiſhed early in the firſt courſe, waited the concluſion with an impatience bordering on diſguſt. In the mean time, the countenance of the honourable Mr. Bardoe was grave and ſolemn; his orders monoſyllabic, and his converſation the moſt laconic poſſible, conſiſtent with good manners.

When all was taken away, and the ſervants had withdrawn, this liberal entertainer gave out his toaſts to the royal family, ſeemingly with more promptitude and alacrity than he had performed any other part of the buſineſs of the evening.

"You

"You liked your ſupper, Sir George, I hope," ſaid he.

Sir George bowed. "Nay," anſwered his honour to the bow, "As you ſay, it had little to recommend it; but I dare ſay it was the beſt my major domo could procure.

"Pardon me," ſaid Sir George, "I had not the leaſt fault to find with it, except its too great excellence."

"You are of opinion then," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "a thing may be too good."

"I muſt anſwer," replied Sir George gaily, "in the words of an Engliſh proverb, there may be too much of a good thing."

"Yes——that's true——" ſaid Mr. Bardoe. "But a large fortune lays us under the inſupportable neceſſity of ſpending it ſome how or other. One muſt keep fellows about one. One muſt exerciſe them in their ſeparate capacities, or the ſtupid blockheads would ſoon forget how to perform their inſignificant nothings."

"So large a train," ſaid Sir George, "I ſhould think, muſt incumber you on a journey."

"So they would," replied his honour, "were I to travel with the expedition of a light-horſeman. But to me it is the ſame thing whether I travel ſwift or ſlow, or not at all. They ſerve to ſpend money. They procure us external reſpect at leaſt; and one is in leſs danger of being robbed. Not that I think any one of my ſcoundrels would endanger his own perſon for my ſake; but the number is ſufficient to deter an ordinary gang of banditti."

"Although," ſaid Sir George,—"you may be indifferent as to the ſpace you meaſure in a given time, you are not ſo I ſuppoſe, with regard to the places at which you would chuſe to ſtop?"

"I ſhould

"I ſhould not," replied Mr. Bardoe, "like to eat the dainty repaſt of the prophet Ezekiel, nor lie in a barn upon ſtraw. Let my wants, or if you chuſe to call them ſo, luxuries be provided for, to the reſt I am totally indifferent."

"What!" ſaid Sir George, "a Swiſs village with good fare, would it pleaſe you as well as Rome?"

"Much better," replied his honour. "There was indeed a time, when I thought pictures pleaſed me, and ſtatues, and old coins, and all the trumpery of virtu, but when I came to canvaſs my ſenſations, I found I had been egregiouſly deceived; like other fools, who fancy they are pleaſed, when they are not."

"Really," ſaid Sir George, "this is new; I imagined when a man thought he was pleaſed, he was ſo."

"I maintain, Sir," anſwered Mr. Bardoe, "that phyſical ſenſibility, is the ſole ſource of all exiſting pleaſure, and that a man who thinks, may make a ſcale of it for himſelf, and determine for himſelf, to a very ſmall matter, the degree of pleaſure, he can receive from any given ſubject."

"It muſt be owned," ſaid Sir George, "this is a moſt curious ſpeculation. What then is phyſical ſenſibility?"

"A motion impreſſed upon the nerves, and thence communicated to the brain," replied Mr. Bardoe.

"Is phyſical ſenſibility concerned in the reading of Homer's Iliad?" aſked Sir George?

"Certainly," Mr. Bardoe replied, "the optic nerve is firſt ſtruck, or perhaps the auditory; then follow a ſeries of motion accompa-

nied

nied by their appropriate associations; ideas, as they are commonly called, are formed in the brain; and pleasure comes, if pleasure can come, by the stupid operation of reading."

"But," said Sir George, "if reading were not accompanied by pleasure, if it were labour merely—its uses are so great, it does not deserve the name of a stupid operation."

"It is my way," replied the honourable Mr. Bardoe, "to call things by the names they seem to me to deserve; and it is my way, never to give myself the least concern whether I think like other people or no. What is it to me, what men did a thousand or two of years ago? What is it to me, whether Saturn has five moons or five hundred? Or what—whether morality is founded on the will of God, or general expediency? To those whose nerves are apt to be titillated by the fly flaps of vanity, these may be pleasant lucubrations; but for me, there must be stronger strokes."

"You will oblige me much," said Sir George, "by giving me your opinion, what are the principal pleasures of life?"

"My opinion, Sir George Paradyne," replied Mr. Bardoe, "is that there are no pleasures in life at all. There is indeed, a sort of stupid enjoyment in eating and drinking; but if you attempt to make pleasures of them, what follows but a ten-fold proportion of pain."

"Love at least," said Sir George.

"May have a few pleasurable sensations," answered Mr. Bardoe; "but who dare take them? Venal love——what is it but poison? That, flowing from the warmth of two fond hearts, is so hedged about by canon laws, and civil laws, and laws of decorum, that the ten plagues

plagues of Egypt are in its train. And for wedded love——does any wiſe man marry?

" ———Uxorum poſthum ducis
" Dic, qua Tiſiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?
" Ferre potes dominam, Salvis tot reſtibus ullam?"

" You quote, Sir," ſaid Sir George, " from a moſt inhuman ſatiriſt. I think better of women."

" Do ſo ſtill, Sir. I never trouble myſelf whether any one thinks as I do," ſaid Mr. Bardoe.

" Are all women alike in your eyes?" aſked Sir George. " Is there not one who could change your ideas?"

" I hope not," replied Mr. Bardoe. " I hope I have paſſed the ordeal. I accidentally indeed fell into the company of a young Engliſh woman at Paris, as I paſſed through, a Miſs Coſerain, who ſeemed very capable of inſpiring thoſe little voluptuary emotions, dignified by the name of love. A few hours I was rather in danger; but on reflection, how very ſmall is the ſum total of pleaſure in the power of woman to beſtow; with how many attentions it muſt be bought; what ſacrifices are commonly made to it.—I left Paris early the next morning.

The honourable Mr. Bardoe might now have railed in the language of Juvenal for an hour unheard; he had conjured up a ſpirit in the mind of Sir George; which forbade a thought to enter there injurious to the dear ſex. Nor was it long before Mr. Bardoe perceived himſelf unattended to. He yawned—the diſcovery that they were no longer agreeable to each other was ſoon made, and they wiſhed one another a good night, with all the ſigns of polite nonchalance.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXXIII.

WHEN I came to the notes which exhibited the honourable Mr. Bardoe, I half ſuſpected Sir George to have been amuſing himſelf with a portrait a la fantaiſie. I knew indeed, a man might deſpiſe ſome things, but all——and above all——woman! Theſe dear beings, which heaven, in its hour of greateſt benevolence, gave us to ſmooth our cares and our linen; and without whom, what is there indeed in this world that can deſerve the name of pleaſure. Heavens! what a capacity for contempt muſt the honourable Mr. Bardoe have had.

But, in ſpecimens of converſation, one gives only that which is ſtriking and remarkable; and I thought this faſtidious gentleman ought to be hung up for the terror of thoſe, who ſhould hereafter dare to blaſpheme the dear deities of my adoration; otherwiſe it muſt be owned, there did things drop from the lips of Mr. Bardoe, that denoted acute obſervation and a cultivated mind.

Sir George thought thus; and that, could his intolerable pomp be avoided, ſuch a character might be borne with, nay, even prove amuſing for a ſhort time. He began even to think, that there was not ſo violent a neceſſity for riding poſt through Italy. If the wretches he ſought were in Italy, as he had too much cauſe to fear they were not, he was leſs likely to miſs them by ſlow travelling, than by ſwift; and it was a thouſand pities ſuch a country ſhould be gone through without being looked at. Some months

ſince

ſince, the idea of treading this claſſic earth, gave him a moſt ſenſible delight. With its Virgils he had been charmed; inſtructed by its Livies; warmed by its Ciceros; and excited to public virtue by its Scipios. For Popes indeed he had no violent reverence; but he loved muſic and painting. Why then ſhould he renounce the pleaſures which Italy could ſo abundantly beſtow.

With theſe reflections Sir George roſe at his uſual hour, and ſent a note to the honourable Mr. Bardoe, requeſting the favour of his company to breakfaſt. Not one of this poliſhed Engliſh family was yet ſtirring. At eleven the major domo became viſible, and informed Sir George, his maſter took chocolate in bed at twelve and roſe at one. That he never dined, for Italian hours were abominable. That if he travelled, he threw himſelf into his chaiſe and went one poſt. If he did not travel, he uſually ſpent the hours in his apartment; for he could not give himſelf the trouble to ſee things which gave him no pleaſure to ſee.

About the hours of eating, Sir George was totally indifferent; ſo requeſted by the major domo, the honour of Mr. Bardoe's company to ſupper; which invitation being accepted, he ordered two ſmall courſes, and then went out upon his uſual enquiries.

From this ſupper every appearance of parade was purpoſely baniſhed. Its character was neatneſs, elegance, and comfort. In an hour it gave way to a table furniſhed with the beſt wines of Milan. Sir George, as hoſt, exerted himſelf to entertain; he was this evening more than uſually ſprightly; and, aided by the beſt wines of Milan, drew from the honourable Mr. Bardoe

Bardoe ſome unequivocal ſigns of pleaſure, and changed a little his air of ſtately indifference.

He condeſcended to aſk if Sir George was going the tour; or had buſineſs in view? As this was not the hour of retenù, Sir George's anſwer was a little hiſtory of himſelf for the laſt year; in which, as uſually happens to people who tell their own tales, ſome part of his own folly ſlipt behind the curtain. "So," ſaid Sir George, at the concluſion, "my buſineſs is of ſuch a nature, as to require rather more expedition than your mode of travelling will admit of, otherwiſe I ſhould have been happy to have become your companion de voyage."

"As to that," Mr. Bardoe replied, "it is to me perfectly indifferent whether I travel ſwift or ſlow. When I am in bed I have ſeldom any motive for riſing; when I am in one place, I have ſeldom any motive for going to another. I call this the indolence of wiſdom. But as I have little to induce me to motion, I have almoſt as little to induce me to reſt; ſo that I ſhould accept your offer, provided you would take the trouble to govern my motions—only that, of all the cauſes for travelling that I have yet heard or read of, yours is the worſt."

There was a ſomething like rudeneſs in this reply, which gave Sir George ſome ſmall confuſion, and perhaps a little offence.

"I am afraid," ſaid the honourable Mr. Bardoe, who perceived this; "I am afraid, were I to accept your offer, I ſhould be troubleſome to you. It is true, I never mean to offend; nor do I regard whether my ſentiments do or do not accord with thoſe of other people. But I am fond of freedom of ſpeech; and when truth riſes, or ſeems to riſe, ſpontaneouſly to my lips, I can-

I cannot give myſelf the trouble either to ſuppreſs it, or ſeek for circumlocutions."

"No words," anſwered Sir George, "will give me offence, when I am convinced it was not the intention of the ſpeaker to give it. Your general apology is ſufficient to give a currency to a freedom of ſpeech. But why is my motives for travelling of the worſt ſpecies?"

"I pay a little regard to human opinions," replied Mr. Bardoe, "not even to my own. Conſider it, if you pleaſe, as a ſentiment, that was juſt born and died."

"Do me the favour to believe," ſaid Sir George, "that truth accompanied with friendlineſs of intention, can never be diſagreeable to me."

"You travel then," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "with your head full of the wrongs you have received; that is, goaded by a perpetual anger. I have felt this ſenſation formerly, but cannot ſay I found it ſo agreeable as to deſire it for a conſtant inmate of my boſom. One of your former aſſociates is probably a fellow of the loweſt order of raſcals. An Engliſh gentleman cannot think of the ſtilletto, even in Italy: What can you do with him?"

"Cane him—" anſwered Sir George.

"And has not he alſo a cane? aſked the honourable Mr. Bardoe.

There was ſomething in this anſwer which did not quite pleaſe Sir George; but he was upon honour not to be offended.

As he did not reply, Mr. Bardoe ſaid, "the other is a gentleman. Him you call out to an equal conteſt, aſſured of victory though, no doubt; and depending upon the favour of heaven, which cannot fail to intereſt itſelf in a cauſe of ſo much conſequence."

This

This was a new ſtrain in the honourable Mr. Bardoe; and Sir George could not help feeling himſelf pleaſed with it, though it wounded him. —"What!" ſays he, after a minute's pauſe,— "What would you have me do?"

"Nothing;" quietly anſwered Mr. Bardoe.

CHAP. LXXXIV.

THE gentleman left Milan the following day, taking the road to Rome, where they arrived in great ſafety, and in little more than four times the time in which it is uſually performed. For the honourable Mr. Bardoe, with his perfect indifference to reſt or motion, could ſeldom be induced to riſe before eleven; nor quit his apartment, till he had recovered the fatigues of ſleep, by an hour or two of repoſe upon his ſofa, in the light undreſs of a morning gown, with his ſnuff-box and his tooth-pick-caſe. But the greateſt grievance to Sir George was the ſtill too ſuperb ſupper, the only thing which ſeemed to give the leaſt animation to Mr. Bardoe. In vain Sir George threw certain oblique glances at the indulgence of a luxurious appetite, and ſupported them by Greek and Roman authority. The honourable Mr. Bardoe would never give himſelf the trouble to talk till towards the concluſion of the evening. The laſt they ſpent on the road he thanked Sir Geo. for having taken the pains to collect for his uſe the wiſe precepts of the ancients, ſo venerable for long beards, and ſhort ſaws. But if they, ſaid he, or you for them, would condeſcend to give reaſons as well as precepts, I ſhould like to know, ſince nature has ſpread papillas all over my tongue, why it ſhould be thought more indecent to derive pleaſure

pleaſure for impreſſions made upon them, than upon any other of the numerous nerves of the human body? Or why is the vanity of being ſerved with a reſpectful attention, more reprehenſible than a thouſand other vanities?—

Sir George admired the facility with which men varniſh over their foibles; he might have admired his own; but he reflected alſo that if he could reaſon away the only feelings his new friend ſeemed to poſſeſs, he would ſcarce be conſcious of his exiſtence.

There was in Rome a Scotch gentleman of the name of Cameron, a dealer in vertu, and a maſter of the ceremonies to young Engliſhmen, on their arrival at this once reſpectable capital. Letters of recommendation to this gentleman were unneceſſary. No foreigner of diſtinction can come to Rome without his knowledge; no one can complain that his ſervices are not offered at leaſt, if not accepted. By Sir George however their firſt viſit was to the famous gallery of the Cardinal de B———.

They found there a lively French-man, a Monſieur or an Abbe Dupaty, I think, who was perhaps more entertaining to the majority of the company than Raphael or Titian. He convinced them of the ſublimity of his own conception, by every attitude of aſtoniſhment in which human bodies can be thrown; and by every epithet which the French language has provided to expreſs admiration. Quelle grace! quella beaute! que touchant! que brillante! que divine! que raviſſante! Sir George caught a little of this divine flame; felt ſome very inexpreſſible impoſſible feelings, and lamented that he was not maſter of the connoiſſeural language.

As to the honourable Mr. Bardoe, he threw a careleſs glance upon the paintings; obſerved with

with more attention the tones and geſtures of Dupaty; but kept undiſturbed his tranquillity and his ſilence.

"You were not much entertained to-day, I fear," ſaid Sir George, at ſupper.

"Much more than I expected," replied Mr. Bardoe, "I ſhould have been extremely ſo, had I had the ſame taſte for comedy I had once. Monſieur Dupaty is an excellent actor."

"Actor!" ſaid Sir George. "Don't you then think he felt the raptures he ſeemed to feel ſo lively?"

"Pray Sir George inform me—what idea had you of the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, when you were told it was divine, it was grand beyond conception. Did you learn any thing?"

Sir George did not reply.

"I," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "uſed to take it into my head formerly, that I was amuſed with looking at hiſtorical pieces. To the fair daughter of Jephtha judge of Iſrael, one painter had given a face of ſteady and heroic piety. Another, more naturally perhaps, had given her only half this, and mingled it with a terror, ſhe ſtrove, but in vain, to conceal. One ſoldier hides his face; another looks at the ſacrificing prieſt; a third at Jephtha, with indignant grief. I ſaw what the painters meant. The ideas which paſſed thro' their minds were viſible; juſt as would have been thoſe of a poet or a hiſtorian, who had related the ſame thing, with all the embelliſhments his imagination could give. But what of divine is there in all this?"

"Some gentlemen, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Mr. Cameron, "find their conceptions too exalted for common words to reach.

"Had you ſaid confuſed," replied his honour, "your ſuppoſition might have been nearer the

mark. Every one however has a right to ſuppoſe what he pleaſes; and I ſuppoſe that ignorance and vanity copulate theſe exalted epithets between them."

"By my ſaul," ſaid Cameron, "but ye are muckle ſevere.

"You will be better entertained at the Opera to-morrow night, I hope," ſaid Sir George.

"Sir George Paradyne," anſwered Mr. Bardoe with great ſolemnity, "I cannot now be pleaſed with any thing that violates nature, or degrades it. Eunuchs, like ſwans, ſquall and die. I cannot forget that they are eunuchs, and that men do not die ſinging."

"The muſic, however," ſaid Sir George.

"Is extatic, no doubt," replied Mr. Bardoe; "but I have been raviſhed ſo often, that I can no longer expire upon a thrill."

"There is however," ſaid Sir George, "one entertainment, with which, as a ſcholar, you muſt be pleaſed. Mr. Cameron has a tolerably accurate map of old Rome. To ſee how much of it is now Rome, how much in ruins, and to contemplate thoſe ruins."

"By heavens!" ſaid the honourable Mr. Bardoe, with emphaſis, "the human mind is in ruins, I think. Or could it contemplate with pleaſure, the wreck of all that is great in human kind; and all that is little riſing on its ruins. Nothing certainly can be a greater burleſque on the importance of this vain animal, Man, than the ſacred college iſſuing out its bulls as from the chancery of heaven. Nothing a greater proof of the fatuity of the ſame animal, ſo proud of its intellect, to bow the knee to ſuch ridiculous gods. The ſacred college! with the vicar of Jeſus Chriſt at its head! all reverend! all venerable! red-hatted, and heaven-born ſenate!

nate! whoſe ardent devotion it has been for centuries after centuries, to diſſeminate lies and blaſphemies over the face of the earth; to cheat the feeble race of man with indulgences; and deſtroy it with inquiſitions!"

This phillipic laſted a long time. When they ſeparated, Mr. Cameron ſaid to Sir George:—this is a prodigious genius. What a pity, there is nothing in this world can pleaſe him!

CHAP. LXXXV.

THE knowledge Mr. Cameron poſſeſſed as a Roman antiquarian, was only exceeded by his obliging diſpoſition. Every thing that was old in Rome and nine leagues round; every thing that could elucidate the hiſtory of that ſpirited nation, was pointed out to Sir George; and in particular, coins and medals; with which the young baronet ſtocked himſelf much to his own edification, and Mr. Cameron's ſatisfaction. "But," ſaid the latter, "it is na reet to confine oorſelves aw and intire to arms and republics; arts ought to ſhare our attention. You ha ſeen the venus, the hercules, the laocoon, and the gladiator. I allow that the age of the revival of the arts, produced no ſculpture like unto theſe; but for painting, we canna ſay ſo much. Gin you have a taſte that way, I think it may be in my pooer to ſarve you."

"My taſte in painting," replied Sir George, "is in its infancy. I ſee pictures with pleaſure, but have not ſtudied the art."

"Whenever ye do," ſaid Mr. Cameron, "begin wi the beſt maiſters."

"I am ſenſible," anſwered Sir George, "that this is the proper mode to form a good taſte;

but my father's inclinations leading to other purſuits, I am not poſſeſſed of any of the firſt maſters, and imagine they muſt be purchaſed at an expence which at preſent I do not chuſe to incur."

"It is vary reet," Mr. Cameron ſaid, "to be prudent; it is the grand foundation of a' the virtues. The beſt pieces, when they are publickly known, ſell exceſſive high. But there is lately dede here, a rich burgeſs, whom I was very eentimate with. The mon was na' oſtentatious; he had a moſt exqueeſete taſte, to be ſure; but he looed batter to enjoy it in private, or with a vary few freends, than to ſeet up a muſæum for the amuſement of avery body mare than the owner; ſo it happened that his collection is known to few. It coſt him upwards of twenty thooſand poond; and his axecutors are noo debating, whether they ſhould make a private ſale or a ſale by auction. For ye muſt know, Sir George, that auctions are expeenſive; and when the gudes are na' celebrated, ſeldom anſwer. I think for aboot five thooſand poond ye might come in for the hale; and let me tell you, ſic an opportunity does na' fa' to the lot of avery gentlemon once in aw his leef. I canna' ma' the leaſt doot, but in England you may ſell the worſt moiety o' the collection for mare money, and get the reeſt for nathing."

"But," ſaid Sir George, "I cannot command ſo much caſh here."

"Ah,"—replied Mr. Cameron,—"ſay nothing aboot that, there is na' banker in all Rome, that knows his leeters, who wull refuſe Sir Geo. Paradyne's bills to any amoont."

Such an opportunity to be rich in virtu was not to be reſiſted; eſpecially as Mr. Cameron oblig-

obligingly undertook not only the purchaſe, but engaged to ſee the whole carefully pack'd, and ſent to Naples, there to be embarked for England. "But," ſays the Scotchman, "all this muſt be done in four days; for I am under the neceſſity of going to Florence on Sunday next."

Sir George complied, and the whole buſineſs was concluded in the given time with the ſtricteſt privacy. "For," as Mr. Cameron obſerved, "if it was known, Sir George would be plagued oot of his leef by ſolcitations to ſee it; and it wad be weel if difficulties were na' thrown in the way of its embarkation by men in pooer."—Mr. Cameron went the day after its completion for Florence.

In the mean time the honourable Mr. Bardoe had ſpent his time more to his own taſte; for his apartment was large, magnificent and well furniſhed with ſofas and eaſy chairs. Soups, macaroni and vermicelli, were always at hand, juſt to titillate the papillæ; ſome books, antient or modern, juſt to exercile his contempt. In the grand area of St. Peter's, he found ſomething to look at, though not to admire; and when he viewed a proceſſion or the Pope's guard, he would ſay,——heavens! what things now are Romans!———

The amuſements in which Sir George had been lately engaged, was requiſite to prevent a certain degree of dejection which had gradually taken the place of the anger, which, though it tormented, had hitherto animated him. He had loſt Mr. Cameron too, that uſeful friend; Rome had no longer any attractions; he wiſhed, nay he ſighed to be again in England, and at the feet of Miſs Colerain; and having communicated his deſire to Mr. Bardoe, that placid and

truly good-natured man, agreed to return home by way of Venice; and proceed to Venice by the coaſt of the Adriatic.

CHAP. LXXXVI.

THE character of the honourable Mr. Bardoe is yet open to us only on the ſide of his apathy, and of that ſeeming contradiction to it, a certain degree of Epicuriſm. But my fair and penetrating readers will ſcarcely give him or any man credit for an apathy ſo total as his pretenſions to it; nor indeed did Mr. Bardoe poſſeſs it. He had indeed endeavoured to perſuade himſelf that there were few things which ought to give a wiſe man concern; but the maxim had not been able to eradicate certain habitual propenſities. Betwixt theſe propenſities therefore and this maxim, he had made a kind of league. As a matter of indifference, if it fell in his way, he might as well oblige as not oblige; and, as he was not enamoured of money, if it fell in his way he might as well be charitable as otherwiſe. This diſpoſition being once known, it had fallen in his way to be liberal and obliging as often as moſt men would deſire.

The preciſe fact, with reſpect to Mr. Bardoe, was, not that he was totally deprived of pleaſure; but that two circumſtances of his life had rendered pleaſures leſs vivid in him, than in moſt men. The firſt was, that having, before he became a favourite with fortune, addicted himſelf almoſt ſolely to intellectual pleaſures; he could not long bear the more common inſipid, nor the more groſs and ſenſual; though at firſt, on account of their novelty, he entered into them with extreme avidity. The other circumſtance,

ſtance, common as it is, no delicate mind has yet learned to bear——a diſappointment in love, ariſing from deceit. Yes——he was upon the point of being happy with a young lady of more beauty than fortune, when the young Earl of H— ſtepped in betwixt him and happineſs; and with a title in poſſeſſion, changed the current of the lady's affection.

This was the more provoking, becauſe Lord H—— was his political rival; and upon a certain occaſion they had once met as men of honour meet; but having been prevailed upon to make mutual conceſſions, the affair finiſhed without powder or ball, and ever ſince they have hated each other with abundant cordiality. It was a long, long reflection upon this ſimple and very common accident, which convinced Mr. Bardoe there was nothing in this world worth being pleaſed with.

Our travellers ſet out from Rome, and bent their courſe towards Peſcara. When they approached the Adriatic, they fell in with ſeveral bands of pilgrims going to, or returning from Loretto. Sir George, whoſe taſte it was to ſee man in all his attitudes, alighted oft' to mingle and converſe with them. For the moſt part he found them merry, pert, ignorant, and ſomething addicted to obſcenity. The honourable Mr. Bardoe thought nothing of them, but amuſed himſelf with a gentle ſlumber. One day Sir George ſaw before him two female pilgrims, who had joined no band. One of theſe, dreſt neatly in the Hungarian mode, but in deep mourning, walked ſlowly and ſilently along, either buried in thought, or abſorbed in grief. She was handſome, had a genteel figure, and though young, an air of dignity in her mien,

Sir George alighted, and accoſted her reſpectfully in Italian. She ſeemed to have enough of that language, to anſwer that ſhe did not underſtand it. "Vous parlez de Francais Mademoiſelle peutetre," ſaid Sir George. "Non—non," ſhe replied, with ſome confuſion and timidity—"non omnino inteligo." Sir George was aſtoniſhed. He ſpoke to her in Latin with increaſed reſpect: "He feared," he ſaid, "he owed the ſeeing her in her preſent ſituation to ſome diſtreſs on her part."

To this ſhe replied, with a ſweet pretty accent, "ſhe had ſeen diſtreſs enough."

"May I preſume," ſaid Sir George, "to enquire of what country you are?"

"De Tranſylvania," ſhe anſwered, "I am of the houſe of Zaporo, and poſſibly the only individual of it, now left to lament its ruin."

"I have heard of the Count Zaporo," ſaid Sir George; "he was engaged againſt the emperor."

"He was," anſwered the lady; "he fought to relieve his country from oppreſſion, in his own language and that of his friends;—in that of his enemies, he was a rebel. But, ſaid ſhe, burſting into tears, he was my father. I am going to pray the Virgin Mary to obtain his pardon if he erred; and mine, if I have erred in believing he was engaged in a juſt cauſe. But, continued ſhe, ſince I have arrived in Italy, this is the firſt time I have had occaſion to ſpeak of my family; the firſt time curioſity has been excited on my account."

"If," ſaid Sir George, "you impute to mere curioſity, the deſire I have to know and o ſerve you, you do me injuſtice.

"Curioſity,"

"Curioſity," ſhe replied, "is ſometimes one of the moſt innocent of the motives, by which men are guided in their conduct to women."

"You are happy," ſaid Sir George, "you may be in the right to indulge ſentiments of caution. If not———I am an Engliſhman——— capable, I hope, of feeling reſpect and compaſſion, and you inſpire both. If you cannot prevail upon yourſelf to believe me, I ſhall be ſorry; and bidding you farewell, content myſelf with wiſhing you all poſſible happineſs."

Again ſhe burſt into tears. "Too ſure," ſhe ſaid, after a minute's pauſe. "Too ſure I need protection, but by whom, or for what it can be given, is equally unknown to me."

"I know not," Sir George returned, "how I can obviate a diſtruſt, which, tho' it diſtreſſes me, I cannot but applaud. All men may make profeſſion; yet it would hurt me much if I ſhould know hereafter, that mere attention to decorum had robbed me of ſo ſincere a pleaſure as that of ſerving an unfortunate and, I think, deſerving young lady."

"That," anſwered ſhe, with a faint ſmile, "you muſt take upon my word. However, as the latin language is not I think ſpoke at all in England, this converſation ſhews me you are learned, and the politeneſs of your manners, that you are a gentleman, (homo civilis.) I owe ſomething to your courteſy at leaſt, and will if you deſire it, ſee you again in Loretto."

Sir George anſwered, "ſhe would much oblige him," and wiſhing her a pleaſant pilgrimage, returned to his carriage.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

WHEN this converſation was related to the honourable Mr. Bardoe, he liſtened attentively, without offering the leaſt interruption; and then obſerved, "it was rather wonderful we had had none of theſe Tranſylvanian Counteſſes in England. Sir George, not comprehending exactly the nature of this obſervation, did not reply to it.

"But," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, after a minute's pauſe, "no body with us, underſtands Sclavonian; and Latin cannot be ſo ſoon learned, as the wants of impoſture require."

"Is it poſſible," ſaid Sir George, "you can poſſibly ſuſpect this lady to be an impoſtor?"

"No, by heaven!" Mr. Bardoe replied, "for I hate powder and ball. Otherwiſe, ſuſpicion is poſſible.

"A man muſt take uncommon pains to create it here," ſaid Sir George.

"No," replied his honour, "it requires no violent effort. One may ſuſpect in Rome itſelf; within the precincts even of the holy father."

"I ſhould ſooner," ſaid Sir George, "ſuſpect it there, than on a pilgrimage."

"Oh—it has gone its pilgrimage often enough," Mr. Bardoe anſwered, "even to Mecca."

"I cannot," ſaid Sir George, "ſuſpect it in ſuch a form."

"Nor in any form I believe; ſuſpicion is no part of the character of Sir George Paradyne," replied Mr. Bardoe.

"I am glad of it," returned Sir George; "It is but a mean quality."

"Ufe-

"Useful too, on certain occasions," Mr. Bardoe replied. "Sometimes it may save money; sometimes prevent one's being laughed at."

Rather than lodge so mean an intimate in my bosom," said Sir George, with emphasis, "I would pay any price."

"Then it is to be hoped," Mr. Bardoe returned, "that when you arrive in England, you will not repent your private bargains at Rome."

"Sir!" said Sir George.

"Nay, prithee, Paradyne, spare me the big look and frowning brow. Simple truth does not deserve it. Though I own I have drawn her ladyship out of the well sooner than I intended," said Mr. Bardoe.

"I beg an explanation," said Sir George."

"In your secret transactions with Mr. Cameron, did suspicion never once intrude upon you?"

"If it ever did," replied Sir George, "I soon drove it away."

"Too soon perhaps," said Mr. Bardoe. "It is not exactly known what the expulsion cost you; it is only said that Mr. Cameron makes the most of his opportunities. The worst of it will be, if, when you make your exhibition in Grosvenor-square, there should not be found any thing to establish your character as a connoisseur."

"With that," said Sir George, "I can easily dispense. But, for heaven's sake, Bardoe, how came you to know all this?"

"From heaven, no doubt; by the mouth of father Lodoto."

"And you believed him piously?" asked Sir George.

"No," answered Mr. Bardoe, "at first I was

was impious enough to doubt; for father Lodoto and Cameron were intimate, and called each other friend; so I suspected it was a monkish malignity, arising from a success he was not permitted to share, or not to share sufficiently. So," continued Mr. Bardoe, "I sent for Rosewaite; that modest young English painter who dined with us twice, and attracted the attention of the company. This young man hesitated to speak of Cameron; said he had not the honour of his acquaintance, and eluded my curiosity prettily enough. I turned the discourse upon himself, and asked concerning his expectations and appointments. Here he was ingenuous and explicit; and I found he was rather in an embarrassed situation. I was not sorry it fell in my way to be of service to him. He laid aside his reserve, and gave me the character of Cameron; a very amiable one indeed; for he cautiously avoids giving any affronts; assents to my proposition; flatters with skill; and cheats so obligingly, that a generous Englishman can scarce take offence. It is whispered, said he, in our academy, that he has sold Sir George Paradyne the collection of a rich burgess of Rome, who never was rich, and never had a collection. It is true he died, and Mr. Cameron took his house; which he has made a repository of lumber; a large quantity of which is packed and sent off to Ostia, as it is said, for Sir George Paradyne. This is all I know of the matter."

"But pray," said Sir George, endeavouring to conceal the agitation into which this narrative had thrown him, "why did you not extend your kindness so far as to let me know this?"

"Because," replied Mr. Bardoe, "the very first minute I saw you, after this elucidation, you

you began to lament the loſs of your friend, who, you told me, was gone to Florence.'

"But why ſhould this have hindered you?" aſked Sir George.

"Becauſe," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "you ſeem to have laid it down as a rule for your own governance, that no man ſhall deceive you with impunity; and I was not willing to give you a freſh motive for roaming the earth in queſt of ſcoundrels."

"Florence," ſaid Sir George, rather ſullenly, "was not much out of our way."

"It is time, Paradyne," replied Mr. Bardoe, "that you ſhould begin to learn experience, either from yourſelf or others. Did you find Count Colliano in Italy? Or do people, when they are running away, uſually tell where they are going? Rokewaite, whom I conſulted on this very head, told me, it was not the firſt time he had gone to Florence on a ſimilar occaſion; though without ſtirring out of Rome; where he knew how to conceal himſelf more effectually than in any part of Italy. When Sir George Paradyne," ſaid he, "takes his departure, which Cameron will know in an hour, he will arrive poſt from Florence; and lament that he was too late to bid adieu to his dear friend."

"And you think," ſaid Sir George, reſtraining his anger with difficulty, "you think, ſuch fellows ought to go unpuniſhed?"

"Puniſhed for a little innocent ingenuity!" ſaid Mr. Bardoe, ſmiling. He has ſold you goods for more than they are worth. In what civilized country is this forbidden? Or, if forbidden, obeyed? The property was his; he told you what would make it yours. You accepted the condition. Should you ſucceed in fixing

fixing the imputation of knavery upon him, how will you avoid that of credulity upon yourſelf?"

"He made me," ſaid Sir George, "a thouſand profeſſions of friendſhip."

"And you believed them;" ſaid Mr. Bardoe. Was there any neceſſity for that? Or do you think friendſhips ſpring into exiſtence like muſhrooms?"

"You take great pains to ſhew me my folly," ſaid Sir George.

"Not I indeed," returned Mr. Bardoe. "It is nothing to me, whether you ſee it or not. One muſt talk; and though I acknowledge the ſuperior value of politeneſs, I got in my earlier days ſuch an abominable habit of ſpeaking truth, or that which ſeemed to me to be ſo, that I fear I ſhould be unable to refrain it—even at court. This is *my* folly."

"For all this," ſaid Sir George, "I don't think my pretty Tranſylvanian will prove an impoſtor."

"She will prove a woman I ſuppoſe;" replied Mr. Bardoe.

"What do you infer from that?" Sir George aſked.

"That you will be kind, and ſhe grateful;" returned Mr. Bardoe.

Bardoe!" ſaid Sir George, "your words uſually imply more than they ſeem. I may be kind, I intend to be ſo. I may, I do expect gratitude. But if you think I would take an advantage of that kindneſs, or her unprotected ſituation to betray her, to ſink her into infamy; you honour me with principles which I hold to be execrable. Curſe me if I would make her an immodeſt propoſal, for——— Damn the ſuppoſition! I almoſt

moſt hate you, Bardoe, for making it. Me! deceive an unſuſpecting innocent!"

"You may be a man of the niceſt honour in the world," Mr. Bardoe replied, without being in a paſſion. The firſt bleſſing of life is tranquillity; and a very good way to procure it is—not to fall in love."

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

I Hope I ſhall have fair readers of all religions, for in all religions there is beauty. Some, may have even been to ſee our lady of Loretto.----She who once liv'd in a ſmall houſe in Paleſtine; but not liking her neighbourhood, moved herſelf and habitation through the air to Dalmatia. Something neglected there, ſhe took wing acroſs the Adriatic, and ſat down in Loretto. I know not where ſhe could have been treated with more kindneſs. Queens came to ſee her and kings. She was dreſſed as fine as a ducheſs at a court ball. She eat and drank,---that is, her ſacred ſervants eat and drink for her----the very beſt of this globe's productions. Beſides all this, they have covered her little cottage with a ſuperb temple; ſo that ſhe has nothing to fear from ſtorms —except ſuch ſtorms as Dr. Prieſtly, and ſuch magicians, are pleaſed ſometimes to raiſe.

To this temple Sir George repaired on the ſecond morning after his arrival, I fear with a heart more devoted to the virgin daughter of Count Zaporo, than to the virgin mother.---- However, as any devotion is better than no devotion at all, if Miſs Colerain forgives him, I hope my fair readers will do the ſame.

Miſs Zaporo was already at the altar, whence, having

having paid her duties, ſhe retired, to ſeek with her maid ſome humble lodging, meet forpilgrims. This, Sir George had already provided; and requeſted permiſſion to attend her thither; ſhe conſented; thanked him with eyes that ſeemed to beam celeſtial fire; and having taken poſſeſſion, deſired the remainder of that day to finiſh the duties which brought her thither.

On the next day, little of the pilgrim remained. A ſimple neatneſs preſided over her dreſs. Sir George ſaw beauties in her which he had not ſeen before; beauties which did not create any revulſion in his ſentiments of compaſſion; beauties, which piety alone, I ſuppoſe can give; and which is probably the reaſon why we ſee them ſo ſeldom.

When Sir George had gazed till it would have been unpolite to have gazed any longer, aſſuming a peculiar ſoftneſs of voice, he made her a very pretty latin oration, not quite ſo long or quite ſo elegant as Tully might have done; but the purport was to gain her confidence, to beg permiſſion to ſerve her; and to be informed how he might beſt do it.

Her anſwer, tranſlated as well as I have been able to tranſlate it, was as follows:

"It is a duty I owe to your humanity, to give you the outlines of my ſad, but inſignificant ſtory, if you will give yourſelf the further trouble to hear it.—My misfortunes originate in the inſurrections of Tranſylvania; too recent to have been yet much the ſubject of hiſtory; and on a ſcene too remote perhaps to have intereſted the generous Engliſh, who, free themſelves, wiſh freedom to mankind.

My father, Count Zaporo, had two ſons and myſelf. I was about twelve when theſe troubles began.

began. My brothers old enough to take a fatal ſhare in them. There is no doubt but my father had an original part in the inſurrection, for he was one of the firſt characters in the province, had caught the glow of liberty from an abundant peruſal of Greek and Roman writers, which his travels into England, a country he ſpoke of with rapture, had fanned into an ardent flame.

The caſtle in which my father had uſually reſided, was at a diſtance from Hermanſtadt, the capital. My father left there my mother and myſelf, and recommended us to the care of his vaſſals in the vicinity, who loved him, for he had meliorated their condition, and never uſed his privileges to oppreſs. At firſt, the inſurgents were ſucceſsful; my father had the command of a large body, and defeated the Auſtrians in three engagements. He was therefore peculiarly obnoxious to the Emperor, who came in perſon, with a force which rendered reſiſtance vain.

Hitherto, we had been alarmed only by our apprehenſions, for the Auſtrians had not yet advanced ſo far as our caſtle. But calamity had been only deferred that it might accumulate; and it came to overwhelm us at once. My father was defeated with great loſs, his troops ſcattered, himſelf fled, one of my brothers killed in the battle, the other a priſoner, and the enemy within a day's march of the caſtle.

In ſuch a ſituation, to reſiſt would only give our enemies an excuſe for rude or brutal treatment. My mother therefore ordered the gates of the caſtle to be thrown open; of which the enemy took poſſeſſion. She was ill and confined to her bed; perhaps ſhe eſcaped all perſonal ill treatment from this cauſe; for drunken brutality pays but little regard to rank. I was too young,

and

and indeed too wretched an object to draw attention. The reſt of my mother's women ſuffered the common fate of ſuch ſituations.

We had been about twenty days in this miſerable ſtate, expecting orders to leave the caſtle; for my mother knew my father's poſſeſſions would be confiſcated, when one night, when all was ſtill, except ſome Auſtrians rioting upon the remaining plunder of the caſtle, a noiſe was heard, which we ſuppoſed had ariſen from a quarrel amongſt themſelves. Preſently, ſome fire arms were diſcharged, the tumult grew loud and ſhocking; there was no one to tell us the cauſe, till my father himſelf, all bloody, entered our apartment. Having tenderly embraced my mother and myſelf, he informed her, that immediate flight was neceſſary, if it was poſſible for her to bear it. My mother anſwered, ſhe could bear any thing, ſo ſhe could have his company. We left the caſtle then with all poſſible haſte, and had the good fortune to get in two days into the Turkiſh territories; after which, we took the road to Adrianople, where we arrived without accident.

This releaſe had been effected by the zeal and fidelity of my father's vaſſals, amongſt whom he had taken a concealed refuge ſince his defeat.—Some of theſe had acceſs to the caſtle for the purpoſe of ſupplying the garriſon. They took advantage of drunkenneſs and relaxed vigilance, and introduced my father as I have related; then eſcorting him to the borders of Tranſylvania, ſome went back to brave their fate, others followed the fortune of my father, and obtained a ſettlement amongſt the Turks.

To the miniſters of the grand Signor my father was well known, for they had treated with him,

him, and even advanced him money in support of the insurrection. Having settled us therefore at Adrianople, he hastened to the Porte to solicit an employ; but misfortune is not a proper title to respect at any court; and it was long before his solicitations were regarded. At length he obtained a government in Albania.

My mother's health had been long upon the decline. She died in his arms at Adrianople, whither he had come in order to convey her to the seat of his new government. I was now his only care. He was not avaricious; but having exhausted all that he had been able to save from the wreck of his fortune, he lived with more frugality perhaps than became his station, in order to save a competence for me. He had indeed the good fortune to please the Albanians, all but the poor nobility, every where accustomed to share the plunder of a court, but not the ministers of the Ottoman court; for at the end of five years, he had remitted the tribute *only* which was required of his part of Albania. They were surprized at the double novelty of a governor's living without state, and resting content with his salary. They had also secret intelligence that what he could save out of this, he placed in the bank of Venice. What could they do? on the one side was a governor of confirmed integrity, and a people satisfied. On the other, a government without douceurs; and no sponge to be squeezed. They invited complaints. The turbulent nobles, and the heads of the clergy, neither of whom my father regarded as they regarded themselves, were soon ready to obey the call of power.

As the Ottoman ministry wanted only a pretence to recall my father, any complaint was heard;

heard; and an order that he ſhould repair to the imperial city was ſoon expedited. He reſolved to obey; for he would not give real cauſe for perſecution; but as events of this kind are at the Ottoman court pretty uncertain, he ſent me to Sebenico in Dalmatia, a town belonging to Venice, to the care there of a Mr. Shugrow, a Tranſylvanian, who had ſettled there as a merchant; was reputed affluent; and had been my father's agent in money tranſactions, both with the bank, and with private individuals. He was a widower, and had one daughter, ſhe who is now my companion and my friend.

At this Porte, my father had the good fortune to defeat his enemies; but juſtice there is expenſive. War was now declared againſt Ruſſia and Auſtria; and as they did not chuſe to ſend him back to his government, he was offered a command in the Turkiſh army. He accepted this, becauſe his finances were much ſunk, and becauſe it was againſt the Auſtrians. It is ſaid that his firſt efforts were ſucceſsful; and that he was conſtantly victorious whilſt he had a ſeparate command. But being ordered to join the grand Vizier, a great battle was fought and loſt. My father undoubtedly fell in it, for he has not ſince been heard of, though two years have elapſed.

I was now truly an orphan. It is poſſible I may have a brother, but it is more probable I have not. To crown my affliction, Mr. Shugrow, on whoſe friendſhip I relied, and who was the ſole agent, and indeed maſter of my little fortune, diſappeared from Sebenico about three months ſince, and has not ſince been heard of. Failing circumſtances were the cauſe. His credi-

creditors ſeized all, leaving his daughter deſtitute.

It was now neceſſary to ſeek a freſh agent, and I applied to a merchant of eſteemed probity, who ſeemed to regard me with pity and concern; but at our firſt interview, he only ſaid he would write to Venice, and I might depend on his beſt ſervices. He came again in a few days, and with a friendly anxiety told me, it was as he expected. Shugrow had drawn the greateſt part of my money out of the bank to ſupport his own credit.

This was terrible news, for it opened my boſom to deſpair. It was ſome days before I was able to converſe again with my friendly merchant, who had been conſtant in his inquiries after my health. He told me that my remaining fortune was very inadequate to my ſupport; and that to be miſtreſs of it, I muſt find ſome means to identify my perſon before the bank directors. That the beſt way would be to go to Venice with all the proofs I could collect; and that he would attend me there to aſſiſt, and to corroborate my evidence.

"But," ſaid he, "what will Miſs Zapora then do? Can ſhe forget the rank and affluence ſhe was born to; and ſtoop to live—almoſt to drudgery?" "It may be difficult," I anſwered, "but it is neceſſary. The greater difficulty will be to find a ſituation wherein my poor abilities can be made ſo uſeful to others as to deſerve ſupport." He anſwered, "I muſt not flatter you, madam, it will be difficult; but will you have the goodneſs to liſten to a propoſal I have to make, and hear it without reſentment?" Certainly, ſir," I anſwered, not without a degree of ſurprize.

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"The daughter of Count Zaporo," he said, "may be allowed to resent the proposal of an obscure merchant, though made with all humility. It is the offer of myself in marriage.

"I see," continued he, "your surprize; perhaps your disdain."

"No—no—" I answered; "certainly not disdain."

"Let me not," he continued, "deceive you in any thing. I am not rich, but I have enough. Nor do I pretend to love you with the rapture of youth. At my age it would be ridiculous. But I admire you; and propose marriage as a mode by which I may with propriety secure you from many distresses, I fear, in your present unhappy situation you may be exposed to. I do not require your answer till after consideration; whatsoever it may be, I shall submit to it, and be always, if I can, your friend."

The generosity and good sense of this proposal would have inclined me to accept it; nor does the difference of our ages give me any repugnance. And yet I have repugnance, though I know not whence it arises I have not decided.

In the mean time, the words of my mother upon her death-bed, often occurred to me. "I fear," said she, "I fear your father may have crimes to answer for in which war may have involved him. You are by my means, though your father is of the Greek church, a strict and pious Roman Catholic. You know well, the value of our works of supererogation. My father died, as your's may do, in the actual commission of war. My mother took proper care that prayers and masses should not be wanting; but to secure his salvation, I undertook a pilgrimage to Loretto. If ever you have it in your power,

power, do you the ſame. You will derive a bleſſing from it, which will be a balm in all afflictions; perhaps expedite your father's term of purgation. The holy virgin will not deny any thing to prayers offered up in virgin purity.

"Now then," continued Miſs Zaporo, was a proper opportunity and a proper cauſe, for performing my mother's command. It is executed. If I have not derived from it the peace to myſelf which my dear mother promiſed, I have the more hopes the merit of it may devolve upon my father. I go from hence to Venice, to meet the worthy merchant, and determine, if I can determine, upon my future fate."

CHAP. XC.

"YOU have very much obliged me by this confidence, madam," ſaid Sir George; but it would oblige me much more if you would put it in my power to ſerve you."

"I think myſelf already much obliged to you," Miſs Zaporo anſwered. "Your humanity has intereſted itſelf in the concerns of a ſtranger."

"To you," ſaid Sir George, "this humanity is profitleſs."

"No," ſhe anſwered, "I am conſoled by finding that there are, in whom my misfortunes can inſpire pity. This obligation I can bear, and can acknowledge with gratitude. This is all the daughter of Count Zaporo can deſire or can accept."

"I am ſorry for it," ſaid Sir George ſmiling, "then I fear you will not accept the half of my chaiſe to Venice?"

"You make the propoſal in jeſt, ſir," ſaid the lady, rather indignantly; "ſo I have no right to reſent it."

"Oh,

"Oh, yes," ſaid Sir George, "certainly in jeſt—pray how do you intend to go?"

"By ſea," replied the lady, "if I can. If not, I propoſe going in a band of returning pilgrims, but without joining their ſociety; for ſome of them have manners incongruous with piety."

"Neither of theſe ways," ſaid Sir George, "can be agreeable to you."

"I muſt not," ſhe anſwered, "conſider the agreeable."

"I travel," ſaid Sir George, "with an Engliſh gentleman, ſometimes in the ſame, ſometimes in a ſeparate carriage. It would therefore be no inconvenience to us, if you and your friend would occupy mine as far as Venice."

"And go in your ſuite?" ſaid the Lady with quickneſs.

"No," replied Sir George with another ſmile, "we will go in yours."

"I make no diſtinctions," anſwered ſhe, "where there is no difference."

"After us then," ſaid Sir George, "at your own time and leiſure; only permit me to charge a ſervant to procure you thoſe advantages which female travellers ſcarce have it in their power to promote for themſelves"

"I acknowledge," ſaid Miſs Zaporo, "the politeneſs and delicacy of your offer, whether I accept it or no. Allow me to conſider."

Sir George then inviting himſelf to afternoon coffee, took his leave.

CHAP. XCI.

THIS little hiſtory Sir George had to relate to the honourable Mr. Bardoe. He did it circum-

cumſtantially; not forgetting as proofs of her truth, the genuine ſigns of paſſion and feeling exhibited by the fair relater.

"It is poſſible it may be true," Mr. Bardoe ſaid, after a few minutes reverie; "It is poſſible. But after all, what does the girl want? She wont have money you know, Paradyne; ſhe told you ſo. Set that down to the affair of dignity. What then would ſhe have?"

"Compaſſion and attention," replied Sir George.

"If," anſwered Mr. Bardoe, "a thouſand guineas or ſo, would be acceptable to the girl, ſhe's welcome to them out of my purſe. But really I have no turn for uſeleſs compaſſion. Nor can I take the trouble to ſay polite but inſignificant things, which can anſwer no end —except that perhaps of putting into her head, things, which had better not come there."

"What things?" aſked Sir George.

"Love, perhaps," Mr. Bardoe anſwered, "or ſome of his near relations. Do you think a young fellow like you, with a handſome leg, an embroidered coat, a ſoft ſmile, and abundance of compaſſion and attention, will not oblige her to draw compariſons betwixt you and her old merchant? Which will ſhe prefer, think you? So in zeal for her ſervice, you will poiſon the little felicity ſhe might have been able to draw from him. She might have remained tolerably ſatisfied with the goodneſs of his heart, as ſhe will call it; though ten to one, like ſtateſmen and biſhops, he has two reaſons for what he does, one for ſhew and one for uſe."

"So ſuſpicious a man as yourſelf, Bardoe, I never knew," ſaid Sir George.

"Yes—I have been in the world ten years, and have thought of what I have ſeen there."

"And you ſtill, perhaps, entertain doubts of the truth of her relation?" ſaid Sir George.

"I have allowed it may be true," replied Mr. Bardoe; "excuſe me if I tell you I think one may depend with more firmneſs upon the goſpel."

"Oblige me Bardoe," ſaid Sir George. "Do take the trouble to open your eyes upon her. She is not a baſiliſk."

"Well ſir, I will go with you; I mean I will do myſelf the honour to attend you to your coffee aſſignation. Though after all, it is nothing more than a fooliſh endeavour to enliſt my ſenſes, for war againſt my reaſon."

CHAP. XCII.

SIR George, in his encomium of Miſs Zapero, had not forgot her fine underſtanding. "Of which," ſaid the honourable Mr. Bardoe, "one proof is this pilgrimage to Loretto."

"As it," anſwered Sir George, "you did not in every country ſee the beſt underſtandings embrued with the ſuperſtitions they drank in with their mother's milk."

To eludicate this point, Mr. Bardoe enquired of Miſs Zapoto, what were the cauſes of the revolt of Tranſylvania.

"The higher ranks," ſhe anſwered, "were impelled by two cauſes, a proximate and a remote. One may date the origin of the latter from certain books which had found their way into the province from Holland and France. I believe alſo from England. Theſe books treated of the nature of government, inſtituted, as they ſaid, ſolely for the good of the people; and of the

the rights of men; and of the rights of kings; I ſhould have ſaid of the wrongs; for kings, according to them, were ſeldom right. Theſe pernicious books, and the ſtill more licentious converſation which followed their peruſal, laid no doubt the foundation of the future rebellion. But the more immediate cauſe to the nobility, was depriving them of certain privileges; and the emperor's known deſign of aboliſhing feudal tenures."

"What,"——aſked Mr. Bardoe,——"might be the reaſons to the people?"

"The emperor," Miſs Zaporo anſwered, "had ſuppreſſed ſome monaſtries; had made ſome alteration in the public forms of worſhip; had granted toleration to ſectaries; and was ſaid to have projected the ſeizing the revenues of the clergy; part for the uſe of the ſtate, and the remainder to be divided more equally amongſt the individual members of the clergy. This at Vienna, was called reformation. I ſhould call it ſacrilege."

"So, I dare ſay, did the biſhops and the monks," ſaid Mr. Bardoe.

"Yes," Miſs Zaporo replied, "they proved that the ſtate had no right to meddle with eccleſiaſtical concerns——That their poſſeſſions were jure divino—that if the clergy poſſeſſed the whole land of the province, ſo much the better; they made the beſt of landlords—that property diffuſed was not ſo uſeful to a community, as in large maſſes—and that when it was once acquired, it was nonſenſe to talk of little and much—that the Tranſylvanians had flouriſhed long under the preſent ſyſtem——that all innovations were dangerous—and in religious matters, im-

pious as well as dangerous, for the clergy were his ſervants, and obeyed his will."

"I preſume, Miſs Zaporo," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "from ſome of your expreſſions, you incline to the opinions of the clergy."

"My mother was an Auſtrian lady," Miſs Zaporo replied, "a ſtrict and pious Roman catholic; my father was of the leſs rigid greek church. I imbibed my mother's principles, the only ones, ſhe ſaid, which could lead me to ſalvation. It is not permitted us to form our own opinions on ſacred ſubjects. I have had, during my ſucceſſive misfortunes, ſeveral father confeſſors; every one of whom lamented the daring wickedneſs of theſe times; and foretold that the propagation of ſuch deteſtable opinions, would deſtroy the holy catholic church, and conſequently all religion, and all good government."

"And you believed them, Miſs Zaporo?" ſaid Mr. Bardoe.

"It was my duty," ſhe anſwered. "Contrary notions, I own, would ſometimes ſuggeſt themſelves; but I aſked God pardon for them; and confeſſed to my directors; who told me, they were the greateſt crimes I could commit, and enjoined me for them my heavieſt penances."

"You think then, the revolt juſtifiable on this account?" ſaid Mr. Bardoe.

"Yes, Miſs Zaporo anſwered, "on this account ſolely; for temporal ought to cede to ſpiritual things. In other reſpects, kings, I believe, partake of the eſſence of omnipotence; and ought to be ſubject to no power but of God or his miniſters. Mere temporal objects cannot juſtify rebellion."

"In this cenſure, do you not involve your father?" aſked Mr. Bardoe.

"I loved

"I loved my father as a child," answered Miss Zaporo; "but of religion or politics he never spoke to me. I fear he imbibed wrong opinions. I pray to God for him. It is all I can."

"I pity the poor Transylvanians with all my heart," said Mr. Bardoe: Every man had half a cause for rebellion; no man a whole one. But your nobility seemed to have been desirous of liberty themselves; but unwilling to grant it to their vassals."

"That respectable series of veneration from the vassal to the monarch," replied Miss Zaporo, "would then have been lost. We should have seen no more of that generous loyalty to rank."

The landlady of the house came in to inform Miss Zaporo, it was the hour of evening mass. She begged pardon of the gentlemen, who politely submitted their temporal to her eternal concerns, and took their leave.

CHAP. XCIII.

THESE enlarged and liberal sentiments of Miss Zaporo's, have always struck me as being the true foundation of most of the existing governments of this our globe. A book which has lately enchanted all kings, all queens, all bishops ——save one——all good old women, and half an university, has been wrote to amplify, and to sublime them. Sure never were the rich powers of eloquence so displayed! The apotheosis of the lovely queen into a star, is an instance of the sublime and beautiful, for which you may seek in the wide world of authors, a parallel in vain. That sweet lamentation too!——In the whole

book of lamentations there is nothing like it. "Never—— oh never———— ſhall I again ſee that generous loyalty to rank and ſex!" What would I not have given to have been a lord, or a lady, in thoſe loyal and undegenerate times.

There is however an ebullition of generous poetry ſtill ſuperior, even to theſe. "I thought ten thouſand ſwords muſt have leaped from their ſcabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with inſult."

I was quoting this with a generous enthuſiaſm to an old friend who lives a very retired life, and troubles himſelf but little about the politics of this world. The muſcles of his face contracted into a ſort of grin——"Ten thouſand pens," ſaid he, "muſt ſtart from their ink-ſtands, to puniſh the man who dares attempt to reſtore the empire of prejudice and paſſion. The age of chivalry, heaven be praiſed, is gone. The age of truth and reaſon has commenced, and will advance to maturity in ſpite of cants or biſhops. Law,—active, invincible, avenging law, is here the knight-errant that redreſſes wrongs, protects damſels, and puniſhes the baſe miſcreants who oppreſs them."

When Palmerin of England and Amadis of Gaul, alarmed by piercing ſhrieks iſſuing from ſome ſequeſtered part of ſome unfrequented foreſt, pierced the thicket and the heart of ſome foul monſter, on the point of diſhonouring the moſt beautiful and moſt accompliſhed princeſs in the world; no doubt the valorous knights were animated by principles that did honour to the human heart. But their glory owed its birth, and all its luſtre to the diſorders and miſeries of the times. Then, the chief, ſuperior to law, knew no rule of conduct but his paſſions. He

ſaw

ſaw around him, nothing but fawning ſervility and ſlaviſh obedience. An obedience always compulſive, which had its origin in neceſſity, and paſſing by degrees into habit and ſentiment, ſunk the human mind to its loweſt degradation. His ſmiles were joy, his frowns terror. Violence was then the road to diſtinction, for violence was the characteriſtic of the times. As was the chief, ſo were his vaſſals. Blind attachment uſurped the place of diſcriminating friendſhip. A few individuals only, the exceptions of the age, aſſumed to themſelves the arduous taſk of oppoſing violent wrong, by violent right.

All this is now happily changed. Philoſophy and commerce have transformed that *generous loyalty to rank*, into attachment to peace, to law, to the general happineſs of mankind; that *proud ſubmiſſion* and *dignified obedience*, into an unaſſuming conſciouſneſs of natural equality; and that *ſubordination of the heart* into an honeſt veneration of ſuperior talents, conjoined with ſuperior benevolence.

I did not invite my friend to dinner.

CHAP. XCIV.

MY fair readers, I hope, will be glad to eſcape with me, from theſe trivial ſpeculations; and return to the fair Zaporo, who, during the contention of the laſt chapter, has ſtolen away to Venice. How ſhe got there is not very material; certainly by no mode of travelling which could wound her honour; or, what is of a ſorer nature ſtill, her pride.

The daughter of Count Zaporo had ſo far conquered this obſtinate quality, as to deliberate at leaſt whether ſhe ſhould give her hand to a

merchant. She prayed the Virgin Mary to determine for her. But whether the Virgin thought it better young ladies ſhould chuſe for themſelves, or had not yet ſufficiently weighed the matter, Miſs Zaporo arrived at Venice in as fluctuating a ſtate of mind as ever. Here indeed her doubts were cruelly determined. The merchant returning one evening from a tavern to his lodgings, ſlipt into a canal, and was drowned. To render her calamities compleat, when Sir George Paradyne had cauſed the proper enquiries to be made, it was found that Shugrow had withdrawn the laſt penny of Miſs Zaporo's fortune from the bank.

In ſuch a ſituation, moſt lord's daughters would have ſat themſelves down to weep. Not ſo, the daughter of Count Zaporo. Sir George had too generous, too feeling a heart, not to be moved with extreme compaſſion for ſo illuſtrious, and ſo fair an unfortunate. He offered her an aſylum in England. I know not exactly in what terms; perhaps they were not guarded with ſufficient delicacy; for ſhe anſwered with a ſort of dignified phrenzy; "No Sir, no. I will go to Auſtria; I will periſh in the eyes of my mother's relations; I will periſh at the foot of the emperor's throne, rather than diſgrace the houſe of Zaporo.

This noble ſentiment did not appear to Sir George in all its luſtre. He thought it merely a diſdain of being under pecuniary obligations to a ſtranger; but I believe Miſs Zaporo had included in the word diſgrace, ſome ideas which were not born of money. In this however, ſhe did Sir George injuſtice.

I will not tell my fair readers, that he had been inſenſible to Miſs Zaporo's beauty; for I will

will not lie for any man. I will not even say that he had never been surprised into emotions of soft desire. But he had fought against them with all his powers of reason, aided by sentiments of honour. Events are unknown to mortals. I do not presume to say what would have been that of reason contending against sensation. It must be owned she is not always victorious in this kind of conflict. But, at Venice, Sir George had received a new supply of force against the voluptuous enemy. He had directed his letters from England to be addressed there. There he first learned that Mrs. Birimport was a widow. Her letter breathed the very soul of sisterly affection; and her wishes for his speedy return were urgent. Mr. Lindsay spoke his usual language; a language which would seldom fail to animate the human heart to virtue, if the human heart was always disposed to hear.

But the most efficacious of all were a few words from the pen of Miss Colerain.——— "I learn," says she, with a pleasure I cannot express, "that Sir George Paradyne is spoken of at Rome as a gentleman, who does honour to his country. I hope then, he has forgot the unworthy motive which carried him from Paris. Never again will he quit the pursuits of a gentleman for frivolous pleasures, and voluptuous immoralities. His good sense will regulate his inclinations. He will deserve the esteem of the wise and good. If I never see him more, to hear this, will constitute my greatest happiness."

This was only an extract. The whole was wrote with a cautious and tender delicacy, which kept far removed all appearance that the fair author had in her mind any thing but a sincere and lively friendship.

CHAP. XCV.

"IT is pity," ſaid the honourable Mr. Bardoe, in anſwer to Sir George's relation of the ſpirited, and as he thought, extraordinary reply made to his kind offer, by Miſs Zaporo; "it is a pity, ſuch pride ſhould fall."

"Why?"——aſked Sir George,—"where is the injury done to pride, when unmerited diſtreſs accepts an alleviation from the hand of benevolence?"

"Oh——but the payment——" Mr. Bardoe replied. "Pray in what terms might you offer your aſylum?"

"That to make England agreeable, and to be permitted to place her in an independent ſituation, would give me the greateſt pleaſure."

"Young ladies," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "have quick and delicate apprehenſions. Perhaps ſhe had heard her grandmamma ſay young gentlemen were ſeldom diſpoſed to be ſo charitable for nothing. And indeed I can eaſily believe that you yourſelf might one day be induced to think of a reward."

"No——Bardoe,——no—" ſaid Sir George, "I proteſt a thought of this kind never ſeriouſly entered my head."

"No," Mr. Bardoe replied, "not ſerionſly—only in jeſt; but jeſt to-day may be earneſt to-morrow. I give you full credit for the integrity of your preſent intentions; for I know you never ſpeak to deceive. But there are times, when women are ſo beautiful, that men are apt to forget their wiſeſt reſolutions."

"I ſhall

"I ſhall never forget that ſhe is unfortunate," ſaid Sir George; "and if I could be baſe enough to take advantage of her ſituation, I ſhould abhor myſelf——"

"Yes,"——replied Mr. Bardoe,—"men are apt to abhor themſelves. But to prevent the neceſſity of this terrible abhorrence, marry her Paradyne; if the ſon of a ſimple Britiſh knight may preſume to raiſe his thoughts to the daughter of a noble hun."

"No, Bardoe," ſaid Sir George, ſmiling, "my thoughts have not quite taken ſo preſumptuous a flight."

"She muſt expire then at the foot of the Emperor's throne, as far as I ſee, ſince your boaſted benevolence will not gratify her in ſuch a trifling article as marriage. You, who have been ſo laviſh in praiſe of her beauty and underſtanding! In your eyes, ſhe can want nothing but money, of which you have enough."

"Amuſe yourſelf Bardoe," ſaid Sir George; "my failings are much at your ſervice; but ſpare the unfortunate Miſs Zaporo."

"You think me in jeſt then," replied Mr. Bardoe. "I am not. Her affections are yours. This is an addition to her misfortunes."

"Dear Bardoe," ſaid Sir George. "You ſpeak as if you really intereſted yourſelf in the fate of Miſs Zaporo."

"Misery," Mr. Bardoe anſwered, "is no gratification to me, in any ſhape or form."

"To be candid and explicit with you," ſaid Sir George, "my affections and my honour are both engaged to an Engliſh lady."

"It is very well," anſwered Mr. Bardoe. "Forbear your viſits then to Miſs Zaporo. They affect her peace. Leave her to me."

"But,"

"But," said Sir George, smiling, "there are hours when women are so beautiful——"

"She is perfectly secure," replied Mr. Bardoe; "I would not take the trouble of seduction, for ten times the trouble seduction ever yet produced."

CHAP. XCVI.

SIR GEORGE was engaged the following day in a party of pleasure up the Brento, which Mr. Bardoe had declined for his usual reason, because it did not present to his imagination any thing pleasing. This opportunity he took to converse with Miss Zaporo, and he began pretty much in this manner:——

"I am a very odd man, madam, I hope you know it, and are prepared to pardon my follies in consideration of my frankness and sincerity. Reflection, Miss Zaporo, has made me a humourist, and has taught me to set a very small value upon the things of this world. Politeness, you know, requires I should except women." He said this with a smile; which the lady returning, said, "I will excuse the politeness" He then continued, "you are unhappy, Miss Zaporo. It gives me pain when I think of it; and I wish to relieve myself. You have two sorts of wants which give you this unhappiness, one created by nature, the other by the artifices of society. The first is curable, for corporeal wants are easily satisfied; the wants of the imagination take a stronger hold; the most fixed are those that arise from pride."

"Those

"Thoſe I ſuppoſe," ſaid the lady, "you judge to be mine."

"Are they not, Miſs Zaporo?" aſked Mr. Bardoe.

"I hope not Sir," anſwered ſhe.

"Then my taſk will be eaſy," returned Mr. Bardoe; "you will have the goodneſs to permit me to accommodate you with the common comforts and conveniences of human life, and all will be well."

"It will not," replied ſhe, "be eaſy for the daughter of Count Zaporo, to ſtoop to be ſo ſupplied."

"I expected," ſaid Mr Bardoe, "to find the daughter of Count Zaporo poſſeſſed of this ſentiment; but," continued he, ſmiling, "does it ariſe from humility?" The lady bluſhed.

"I know, madam, the artificial wants of ſociety are as productive of unhappineſs as any wants whilſt they poſſeſs the mind; and my wiſh is that you ſhould have no want. Yet there is one cauſe not yet mentioned, perhaps of unhappineſs. It may appear impertinence from my lips, but I muſt be plain, for I muſt be ſincere. You love Sir George Paradyne." The lady ſtarted.

"Before you indulge your anger," continued Mr. Bardoe, "condeſcend to examine your ſenſations. Certainly I mean it not as a reproach. Any lady might love Sir George Paradyne without a bluſh. But he is engaged. Had it been otherwiſe, you would have engaged him; for he is warm in your praiſe."

"You muſt have a mean opinion of my delicacy, ſir," ſaid the lady, "to ſuppoſe this; Sir George almoſt a ſtranger."

"He

"I do not ſuppoſe your delicacy concerned, nor even yourſelf, madam; for ſentiments of this ſort ſteal into the mind imperceptibly. I advance it as a conjecture ariſing from probabilities. If true, that you may recall an affection which honour will not permit Sir George to return; if not true—it is without conſequence. And now, permit me to come directly to the point which brought me here. I deſire your happineſs, and am willing to be the inſtrument to promote it, in any way you wiſh. If, as an individual, you deſire the ſolid comforts which mere money will procure, money is at your ſervice. But as man is the creature of education and habit; if theſe inſpire you with any delicate ſcruples which marriage will obviate, my hand is yours. It is not that I pretend to love you, according to the uſual acceptation of that term; but kindneſs comes of kindneſs. You will not offend me by rejecting this propoſal; nor muſt you expect any violent profeſſions of rapture, if you accept it. My habits of living are peculiar perhaps, but I aſk no conformity from you. My fortune will enable each of us to chuſe our own. This is the whole of what I have to ſay. Conſider it, if it is worth your conſideration: and if you form a reſolution, favour me with the knowledge of it."

CHAP. XCVII.

IT muſt be owned this declaration of love was rather of the embarraſſing ſort. It was kind, it was honourable; but it was cool, and unimpaſſioned. No doubt, the advantages were great

great to Miſs Zaporo; but how could ſhe ſacrifice her delicacy to a man who had told her that he was indifferent.

Sir George returned from his excurſion the next day, and called upon Miſs Zaporo in his way home. He was the ſubject of her thoughts when he arrived, and, though it muſt be confeſſed it coſt her ſome ſighs, ſhe had almoſt perſuaded herſelf that Mr. Bardoe's conjecture was totally groundleſs; and that ſhe never entertained ſentiments of Sir George, but ſuch as friendſhip would warrant. "He may be my friend ſtill," ſhe ſaid, "notwithſtanding his engagement." But a few tears would flow, when ſhe thought that engagement might weaken the force of that friendſhip.

"I have had a moſt extraordinary viſit," ſaid ſhe to Sir George; "it is no breach of confidence to acquaint you with it, for no confidence was enjoined; and indeed your friend ſeems to give himſelf little ſolicitude about the opinions of others."

Miſs Zaporo then related her converſation with Mr. Bardoe; ſuppreſſing only that impertinent inſinuation reſpecting her love for Sir George Paradyne. She concluded by aſking Sir George's advice.

He—in the moſt diſintereſted manner in the world, ſaid, "that, to be ſure, his friend was a man that—that—in ſhort, it was a peculiar caſe; and he deſired time to conſider of it."

Sir George was evidently embarraſſed. It could not eſcape Miſs Zaporo's obſervation; but ſhe had not the leaſt idea of the cauſe. Indeed I muſt own it is inexplicable, and muſt for ever remain ſo; unleſs ſome one of my twenty thouſand

fair

fair readers, whoſe buſineſs, being to govern the hearts of men, it is to make themſelves acquainted with the tortuoſities of this all trembling viſcus, will take the trouble to inveſtigate and explain its operations in this inſtance.

All his affections were Miſs Colerain's. He had never once thought of Miſs Zaporo as a miſtreſs; ſtill leſs as a wife; he wiſhed her happineſs, and would have done much to promote it. What then could give him a ſeries of cold, chill, uncomfortable ſenſations, when ſhe requeſted his advice. Dear ladies, how is it?

CHAP. XCVIII.

SIR GEORGE went immediately to Mr. Bardoe; and the following dialogue paſſed between them:

Sir G. I have ſeen Miſs Zaporo.

Mr. B. Very well. By your diſſatisfied air, it is probable you do not approve the propoſal I made her.

Sir G. It has much aſtoniſhed me.

Mr. B. Why?

Sir G. You! the moſt cautious, the moſt ſuſpicious, the moſt indifferent man alive! you marry Miſs Zaporo! a ſtranger! whom you took pains to make me ſuppoſe might be an impoſtor!

Mr. B. And you took pains to ſhew me that was impoſſible. You ſucceeded. Would you convince me back again?

Sir G. The world will wonder at your conduct.

Mr.

Mr. B. I ſhall oblige it. It is never happy but when it is wondering.

Sir G. Your friends will ſay you have been drawn in.

Mr. B. They will ſay right.

Sir G. Reflections may be thrown upon me.

Mr. B. No doubt. Every man of conſequence pays this tax to the public.

Sir G. You will not underſtand me.

Mr. B. I believe I do. You imagine you ſhall have the credit of ſuperior abilities. With all my heart.

Sir G. You give things ſuch unexpected, ſuch uncommon turns. What do you propoſe to yourſelf by marrying Miſs Zaporo?

Mr. B. A wife.

Sir G. Your laconics are admirable. How can you think of marrying, with ſo much nonchalance about you?

Mr. B. Is it ſettled that a man who marries muſt always be in a fever?

Sir G. You are the ſtrangeſt animal. I wiſh you would reaſon.

Mr. B. Why here is a girl you have picked up upon a pilgrimage; "an honeſt wench, that let me tell you." Of her wiſdom I ſhall ſay nothing. She embarraſſes you very greatly; for you have a moſt generous loyalty to ſex; eſpecially to ſex of rank and beauty; how to provide for her without injury to her dignity of ſentiment. Well! I free you from this embarraſſment. Where is your gratitude?

Sir G. Loſt in my concern for yourſelf. Marriage, you know, is a ſtate of great bliſs, or great miſery. If I am the cauſe of the latter to you, it will make me moſt unhappy.

Mr.

Mr. B. Never trouble yourself Paradyne. If the bliss comes, I cannot reasonably be angry at it. As to the misery—if I put it in any woman's power to create it for me——I shall deserve it.

Sir G. How can I be her friend, and advise her to marry such an insensible?

Mr. B. Will not she be an insensible also? I dare say she will, if her head is not stuffed with romance.—Then, if mutual kindness comes it will be welcome; and probably more lasting than if it came the common way. It is so easy to raise the expectations of silly women, and so difficult not to disappoint them.

Sir G. Perseverance in this species of generosity does not reconcile me to it.

Mr. B. Poor girl! what else can we do with her? Can we return her back upon the naked world, without a single being to assist her? Can we settle her in a competent independence without shocking her prejudices, and taking away more happiness than we give. You cannot marry her, for you are engaged. I can for I am not. And what is the difference to me? I shall still live as I like. So will she. For I shall devolve upon her all the monkey tricks of stateliness and etiquette which I am weary of; and when did you ever know a woman who was not pleased with this kind of tinsel? My friends too say that I must have an heir of my own begetting. I was once inclined to take that trouble; but the lady for whom I felt all those ridiculous sensations we dignify with the name of love, found out a fellow, not twice her age, who gave her a hundred a year more jointure, and a coach with a coronet upon it. So, to tell you a secret, this very journey is made principally to avoid the importu-

nities

nities of ſome of my female friends on this ſubject of an heir. Is there amongſt my fair countrywomen, one—one, ſound of mind and body? One not nervous, or hypochondriac, or not enſlaved by that ſupreme folly, the folly of faſhion? No—not one.—From theſe, our epidemics, Miſs Zaporo is at preſent free; and as ſhe ſpeaks only latin, the very ſound of the language will terrify the whole ton; ſo that it is poſſible ſhe may be two or three years before ſhe is much corrupted. After all, Paradyne, if you can find a way to diſpoſe of her more to your liking, be it as you will. Not one minute's anxiety ſhall I feel for the pro or the con.

In what odd and ſingular envelopes does nature ſometimes incloſe noble hearts! was Sir George's reflection, when in the ſilence of his apartment, he ran over the honourable Mr. Bardoe's actions ſince he became acquainted with him. "I muſt acknowledge him my ſuperior in friendſhip and in virtue."

CHAP. XCIX.

ALL that was neceſſary to inform her judgment, Sir George communicated to Miſs Zaporo, who ſighed and ſaid, "if ſhe could hope to inſpire ſuch a man with any degree of tenderneſs, ſhe might be happy with ſuch a man." It was frequently canvaſſed between them, and once, Miſs Zaporo ſaid, with a tremulous voice, a ſoftened accent, with tears in her eyes, and a gentle touch with the hand that Sir George held in his, "You are the author of my felicity, if any is reſerved

reſerved for me; how I wiſh I could owe it to you alone."

Is there in all England a coxcomb, who would not have conſtrued this into a tender confeſſion? A man of gallantry who would not have endeavoured to make the moſt of it? So coxcombs miſtake motives, and the dear ſex is calumniated. Undoubtedly it was nothing more than a mere impulſe of gratitude. I will not affirm, for I will not affirm any thing I do not know, that Sir George's pulſe might not be raiſed by it ten beats a minute; if ſo, the more his praiſe, to call the angel conſideration ſo quick to his aid. Certainly it was ſimple gratitude, and Sir George anſwered it accordingly.

Miſs Zaporo had given her conſent; Mr. Bardoe, an obligation for a proper ſettlement; the marriage day was fixed. Two days before, the Britiſh conſul gave a ball. Amongſt many diſtinguiſhed characters, there was an elderly man, an Auſtrian baron, who was at Venice in a public capacity. The baron, who loved converſation, eſpecially Engliſh, had ſingled out Sir George, and had engaged him in a diſcourſe, chiefly political. Sir George's replies to the baron's queſtions were open, candid, and liberal; and the baron expreſſed his ſatisfaction. Sir George, in return, wiſhed for information concerning the Emperor Joſeph's temper; his private and public turn of mind; his paſt politics; his future deſigns.

The ſum of the baron's anſwers went to ſay, that the emperor was undoubtedly a man of good underſtanding; that he had a paſſion for glory, but more for the glory of a legiſlator than of a conqueror. He ſaw abuſes every where. He ſaw

ſaw the nobles hold the bodies of his poor ſubjects in chains; whilſt prieſts enſlaved their minds. He wiſhed to relieve them. He wiſhed to do every thing, but every thing at once. This is his error; and this will be his death. He ſickens to ſee the people blind to their own intereſt; and that his efforts to open their eyes, are unavailing. He has true and liberal ideas of the rights of the people. He propoſes reform——is reſiſted——threatens——ſeems on the point of acting vigorouſly——underſtands it is the general will of the people, not to be happy in his way ——yields to the general will——remits the execution of his deſigns——and will go down to future ages, as a bad politician.

"He did not I think, yield to the general will of the Tranſylvanians?" ſaid Sir George.

"Not wholly," anſwered the Baron, "They were in rebellion. He was under the neceſſity of taking arms to ſubdue them. This appeaſed,—they were left pretty much to their own ways."

"His mind, however liberal," ſaid Sir George, "was not liberal enough to riſe above the uſual mode of vengeance. Heads and confiſcations followed juſt as they would have done at the Ottoman or Perſian courts."

"Some few," the Baron replied, "deſerved their fate."

"Was Count Zaporo of this number?" Sir George aſked.

At the name of Count Zaporo the Baron ſtarted. "Is it known to you," ſaid he, ſternly, "that Count Zaporo married my ſiſter?"

"This is my firſt information," anſwered Sir George. "It has happened to me to hear much of him; and if I have heard the truth, he deſerved better fortune."

"He

"He was brave," the Baron replied, "but he was raſh He had many virtues and many faults. May the memory of the latter be buried with him.

"He is dead then?" aſked Sir George:

"He is dead;" the Baron anſwered.

"Did he leave offspring?" aſked Sir George.

"One of his ſons," the Baron replied, "died in battle, the other was cut off in a purſuit. Nothing remains of the count but a daughter, if ſhe ſtill lives. But tainted as the family is in its honour, we think not of reviving its memory. We think not of her."

"And would it not afflict you," ſaid Sir George, "to know that there was in the world, a niece of Baron Zoollern, not unworthy of her birth, deſtitute, and obliged to ſtrangers for the ſupport of an unhappy exiſtence."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the Baron.

"There is," ſaid Sir George, "now in Venice, an accompliſhed young lady, who calls herſelf the daughter of Count Zaporo; and whom a ſeries of misfortunes has reduced to unmerited diſtreſs. Permit me to wait upon you to-morrow, I ſhall have the honour of relating you all I know of this lovely young perſon. After a pauſe, the Baron conſented.

CHAP. C.

THE Baron heard Sir George's narration, on the next day, with the air of a man who knew the world. Sir George's rank and character indeed placed him above the ſuſpicion of deceiving, but not of being deceived. The Baron thanked him politely for his humanity, deſired the lady's addreſs, and invited him to renew the conference in the evening.

The

The Baron had reſided ſome years at Hermanſtadt, and knew the country and language well. He introduced himſelf to Miſs Zaporo under the name of a Tranſylvanian family; he knew he could aſk queſtions which an impoſtor might find it difficult to anſwer; and he thought himſelf ſecure of being known, becauſe the young lady was but nine years old when he ſaw her laſt. He remembered then, ſhe had the features of her mother. He now recognized the perfect reſemblance of a much loved ſiſter; and a very ſhort converſation removed all ſuſpicions of duplicity.

He then diſcovered himſelf. His life had been principally converſant in war and politics; and yet he had not loſt the ſocial affections. He wept over the image of his ſiſter, and promiſed her his protection through life. She on her ſide, diſſolved in tears of joy and gratitud, vowed eternal love and duty.

When the ſtronger emotions had ſubſided, ſhe gave, at his requeſt, a diſtinct account of her firſt acquaintance with Sir George Paradyne and Mr. Bardoe, with all the occurrences in conſequence. She owned ſhe revered Mr. Bardoe; his virtues required it. But his offer of marriage aroſe from pure benevolence, not affection; and had therefore engaged her gratitude but not her heart. Of Sir George Paradyne, ſhe ſpoke as of a man of the niceſt honour; and requeſted the Baron to take his advice reſpecting the propriety or neceſſity of compleating her union with Mr. Bardoe.

To this gentleman Sir George imparted his meeting with Baron Zoollern, and the ſubſequent converſation.

"Then," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "I have loſt my wife." But he did not ſay this with a tone of ſo great

great deſpondency as ſo ſad a caſe ſhould ſeem to have required.

"And why, pray?" Sir George aſked.

"For what ſhould ſhe marry me now?" aſked Mr. Bardoe, in return.

"Is ſhe not bound in honour?" ſaid Sir George.

"Can honour oblige her not to entertain new ideas, and form new wiſhes?" Mr. Bardoe aſked.

"If ſhe ſeems to deſire it then," ſaid Sir George, "you are content to reſign her?"

"Certainly, Paradyne, you know I am devoted to her will," replied Mr. Bardoe.

"It is a very bad compliment you pay her, even by indulging her inclinations," ſaid Sir George.

"Oh," replied Mr. Bardoe, "I am ready to die of deſpair, if the lady thinks it neceſſary."

"Suppoſe," ſaid Sir George, "ſhe ſhould determine for the nuptials?"

"Heaven forbid!" returned Mr. Bardoe.

"You are the ſtrangeſt mortal," ſaid Sir George. "Your lady now brings you fortune and noble alliance. Are theſe motives for reluctance?"

"To a man of my taſte, Paradyne," Mr. Bardoe replied. "Stemmata, quid faciunt? I ſhall be plagued with Auſtrian quarterings; with Auſtrian religion; and, good heaven! with Auſtrian relations. No—if I do marry—I ſwear I will marry nothing but the little pilgrim. I will have none of their money, their pride, or their acquaintance."

"From this animation," ſaid Sir George, "I conclude you conſider this ſeparation as a deſirable event."

"I leave gentlemen," returned Mr. Bardoe, "and ladies too, to draw their own concluſions."

CHAP.

CHAP. CI.

MISS Zaporo was removed immediately to the Baron's hotel, and was ready to receive Sir George in the evening. In a gentle progreſſion, and with a ſuperlative delicacy, ſhe told him ſhe was, no doubt, bound in honour—that is—if Mr. Bardoe inſiſted on her fulfilling her engagements; but, ſhe hoped, when he conſidered all circumſtances———Miſs Zaporo had never before ſpoken with ſo much heſitation, and ſo little conſiſtence; ſo Sir George took the liberty to interrupt her, which was a piece of very obliging ill manners. He ſaid that circumſtances were undoubtedly altered; that Mr. Bardoe, his friend, muſt feel his diſappointment; but, as a gentleman, he ought, and Sir George ventured to hope, he would ſubmit his own wiſhes to that of the lady. That he would take the earlieſt opportunity to converſe with his friend on that ſubject; and that Miſs Zaporo's honour, her delicacy, and her happineſs ſhould be his leading conſiderations.

From the preſent complexion of this buſineſs, my fair readers will conclude that Sir George did not meet with inſuperable difficulties in his negotiation. There did indeed ariſe two matters for contention, ſuch as might have embroiled very able members of the diplomatique corps; but by the wiſdom and moderation of the parties, were amicably ſettled.

The firſt was reſpecting the paraphernalian bijoux, with many of which Mr. Bardoe had preſented Miſs Zaporo, after ſhe condeſcended

to honour him with her hand. The Auſtrian cabinet was clear that theſe muſt be returned? the Engliſh, that they ought to remain as memorials of friendſhip. But as Mr. Bardoe intimated that he ſhould ſuppoſe the lady angry at the turn affairs had taken, if ſhe perſiſted in her propoſition, Miſs Zaporo was ſo good as to give up the point.

The ſecond reſpected the point of politeneſs. It was Sir George's opinion that this required Mr. Bardoe to wait upon the lady, and take an affectionate farewell. In anſwer to this Mr. Bardoe ſaid, he made it a rule to take juſt as much trouble about a thing as it required and no more. This was already done. It was quite unneceſſary that he ſhould go tell Miſs Zaporo a dozen of polite lies, or that ſhe ſhould be put to the bluſh in anſwering them with equal ſincerity. "You, Paradyne," ſays he, "who have no objection to ſaying agreeable things to ladies, without ſtanding upon the empty forms of veracity, may tell Miſs Zaporo that I am ſo worn down with grief and deſpair, that I have not ſufficient ſtrength to carry me to her; if I had, I ſhould certainly do myſelf the pleaſure to come and die at her feet."

Before I part with Miſs Zaporo, let me make ſome reparation for the injury I have been doing her Since the firſt hour of our acquaintance, I have given her the title of Miſs ——— and ſhe is a lady in her own right. This injuſtice I have been induced to commit for the ſake of a majority of my fair readers, who, I know, love not hard words; and would perhaps never have been in charity with the fair Zaporo, had they been forced to pronounce her chriſtian name. Thoſe, however, whom this im-

impolite neglect offends, will have the goodneſs to ſubſtitute every where for Miſs———Lady Xulicrangeſtein Zaporo.

CHAP. CII.

LET us now ſtop to reflect a little. Since the principal part of our buſineſs is to conduct a rich high blooded young Engliſhman to the temple of wiſdom, no ſmall undertaking, let us ſee if I may venture to congratulate my fair readers on the happy proſpect of our affairs.

The ſtormy paſſions which drove him from Paris, ſeem to have vaniſhed. If he thought of Mrs. Mowbray, of Mr. John Lake Fielding, of Count Colliano and the Marquis de Valines, it was with cool contempt. To Lady Xulicrangeſtein Zaporo, he had acted with the moſt conſummate honour. He appears to be no longer allured by imprudent pleaſures. It is to Miſs Colerain he now ſteers, as to his haven of happineſs. Mrs. Birimport inſpired him with all the ſoftneſs of fraternal affections. Mr. Lindſay with all the ardour of friendſhip. Can he again fall? No.

But, except his connoiſſeurſhip at Rome, my fair critics will tell me, he does not appear to have made much improvement by his travels. With all ſubmiſſion, I apprehend this to be erroneous. He muſt, at Paris, have loſt his mauvaiſe honte; at Paris he muſt have acquired the moſt elegant of all taſtes for dreſs and dance; and what ſchool in the univerſe can equal Paris for eaſe and attitude, addreſs and grace.

Theſe are the eſſentials of a gentleman. If any of my fair readers are unreaſonable enough to deſire more, I have at this inſtant before me all Sir George's remarks and obſervations upon the ſoil, climate, produce, government, and manners of Italy, and upon the heaths of Germany. Theſe I intend to compile in four quarto volumes, with an appendix containing a new ſyſtem of things———my own ſyſtem. But this I reſerve for the melancholy era, when I find my ſervices are no longer acceptable to the fair ſex. Whilſt they are——— I think not of men.

CHAP. CIII.

THE late occurrences at Venice had improved the acquaintance of Sir George Paradyne and Mr. Bardoe, into ſolid friendſhip. Each ſaw, and each reſpected the other's foibles, for they were ſpots only in two ſuns. Both wiſhed to be in England. Mr. Bardoe, that he might look down upon mankind in the fullneſs of eaſe and apathy; Sir George, that he might begin the duties of a citizen, of a friend, of a man——for love is of a man

They took their route thro' Swabia, and as they avoided courts and gallantries, reached Aix la Chapelle without diſaſter. Here they intended to reſt a few days; for Mr. Bardoe found good accommodations; and Sir George, abundant novelty of character; for the baths here bring together ſtrangers of every country in Europe.

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Belonging to the Baths at Aix are many pleaſant walks, in which Sir George, who loved to riſe early, choſe to take the freſh air of the morning, and think of—England, before they began to fill with bathers and water-drinkers. One morning he ſaw reeling before him, two well dreſſed young fellows arm in arm, ſinging, or attempting to ſing, French catches. At the end of the walk they turned full upon him. One was a thin emaciated creature, with eyes which ſeemed ſtarting from their ſockets; his wrinkled ſkin of a dirty ſaffron. This perſonage no ſooner threw his eyes upon Sir George, than he ſtopped; and ſtaring at him a full half minute, advanced with his offered hand, and accoſted him thus. "Hah——my buck! I am glad to ſee thee, d————n me." What was Sir George's aſtoniſhment, when he recognized in this debilitated animal, the features of his late blooming friend, John Lake Fielding, Eſq. He viewed him with a mixture of indignation and concern; then turning off, ſaid, "I have not the honour to know you, Sir."

"Why!" returned the other, "what the devil! thou art not drunk ſo ſoon in a morning? Is Jack Fielding ſo altered?"

"He has been long altered," ſaid Sir George.

"Not an atom, my boy! I'm honeſt Jack ſtill."

"Honeſt!" repeated Sir George. "But it is not neceſſary this gentleman ſhould be amuſed with our altercations."

"He's a jolly Saxon, and don't know Engliſh," replied Fielding. "But what! art thou diſpoſed to call my honeſty in queſtion? Oh, d————n me—now I remember—I believe I

might have a few of thy thouſands. But what's money amongſt friends? hah, boy! Come, forget and forgive. It was only a youthful frolic. And curſe me if I don't think the balance was in my favour at laſt; only for helping to get rid of thy ſhe devil."

"I have to thank you too for the Conciergerie," ſaid Sir George.

"No, d———n me," returned the other, "that was not mine. I always ſaid it was not the genteel thing. It was thy fair friend. Rot me, but ſhe had provocation enough too. It was a damned inſult to bring her own huſband to die under her noſe. A droll incident it was. Then to ſee thee take to godlineſs upon it. We did laugh———Yes, we did laugh ſure enough, and we concluded, that, with thy pious qualms, thou never would'ſt be good for any thing; ſo we conſulted to get rid of thee in the beſt manner poſſible. I ſaid, pink him. That's the genteel thing. But I was over ruled. Come, give me thy hand——forget and forgive. I have revenged thy cauſe nobly. I have ſcoured the country of the whole pack. The Count and our two women I mean. Curſe the unnatural dog! Would'ſt believe it Paradyne, he was juſt upon the point of ſerving me the ſame trick as Polydore ſerved Caſtalio. The very ſame I aſſure thee. I had a pretty girl here—— but mum. I diſcovered the dog, and was going to ſend him to the devil, when he plumpt upon his knees. I did pardon him; but it was only on condition that he never came within fifty miles of my imperial preſence. He decamped with the two women. So far I was obliged to him. But I ſhall diſpatch him to the ſeat of old Beelzebub ſtill, if ever he comes

comes in my way. For I have ſince diſcovered that, by the help of two Calabrians, he chouſed me, out of 5000, at a ſingle ſitting; and d———n him, at laſt, he is nothing but a Neopolitan barber."

"And could you conſider that as an offence?" aſked Sir George.

"Oh, I ſmoak thee, my buck. But he and I entered into an honeſt partnerſhip together to bubble the reſt of mankind; ſo it was an unpardonable breach of contract to turn his arms againſt me."

"May ſuch partnerſhips," ſaid Sir George, "have always ſuch fates."

"If my grandmother had not died before I was worth a gown and caſſock," anſwered this wild reprobate, "I would have made thee a preſent of it, and one hour a week, thou ſhould'ſt have had free ingreſs to batter my ſins. As imprimis, I throwed dice. Eh—well, Parſon Paradyne,—were not dice made to be thrown? Secundo, I kiſſed the woman, And what were the women made for but to be kiſſed. Tertio, I drank my wine. And wine was made to be drank, my boy. I have confuted thee with pure logic, ſo don't ſay I'm drunk. It is true we have been keeping it up. Stuck to the burgundy, my boy, four hours after the pharoah tables broke up; and then came here pour le frais. What deſt ſay to a bottle of burgundy this morning?"

"I ſay," ſaid Sir George, "that my anger is changed into pity and contempt. So to have proſtituted your fine talents. So ſoon to have deſtroyed a healthy conſtitution with intemperance! I am ſorry for you Fielding! I had intended to have honoured you with a gentleman's

notice for the injuries you have done me; but you are fallen beneath my concern. Farewell!"

"Farewell then—and damn your moral pride, Paradyne. When thou art disposed to boast of thy—virtues, remember, twelve months since it was but the throw of a dye, whether thou hadst not turned up, just such another jolly hale honest fellow as Jack Fielding."

"That is too true indeed," said Sir George, with a sigh, as he hastened away. "Alas!" we are all the children of habit, and the sport of contingents."

CHAP. CIV.

SIR GEORGE saw Mr. Fielding no more. He died fifteen days after, and kept it up, as well as he was able, to the last hour. Sic transit voluptas. Sic moritur dementia.

The next place at which our travellers made any stay was at Brussels. They were beginning to talk about liberty here; for the Emperor Joseph had offended the priests, and had not pleased the nobility. These two bodies were the prime movers of throwing off the yoke of tyranny; and they would undoubtedly have produced a liberty, would have delighted the soul of Mr. Burke, and all good bishops; and who would not have prostituted herself to vulgar embraces. They have tried and failed; for when she came to be stripped of her meretricious ornaments, the Flemings found her old and ugly.

But what have we to do with liberty? our business is with Sir George Paradyne. One night at the theatre, entering late, he was shewn into

into a box where a French officer was engaged in converſation with an Engliſh gentleman, a Mr. Brent. Their eyes were directed to a box on the oppoſite ſide, which had in it two ladies only and a gentleman. "That is what I do not know," ſaid Mr. Brent, "for I have not the honour of her acquaintance. She is ſaid to be a great fortune, perfectly independent, and to know the value of freedom."

"Has ſhe declared againſt marriage?" aſked the officer.

"That," replied Mr. Brent, "is not what I mean. It is that ſhe is leſs attentive to character than our more ſober ladies of quality are."

"Sur l'amour," ſaid the officer, "c'eſt raviſſante; I wiſh I knew any one who could introduce me to her."

"Her maſter of the ceremonies, at preſent," anſwered Mr. Brent, "is the Marquis de Pauliere, he who is with her in the box. It is ſaid, that he is her fate. It is even whiſpered, ſhe took this journey on purpoſe to marry him; not chuſing to do it in London, becauſe ſhe has relations of quality, who might be troubleſome with their impertinent obſervations."

"O ciel!" ſaid the officer, "how I admire her ſpirit, but pity her infatuation. You are Engliſh, Brent; your country will introduce you, and you me."

Sir George's eyes were directed by thoſe of the ardent officer to a box, in which ſhone in fulneſs of brilliancy—Lady Ann Brixworth. She was accompanied by the good natured convenient Mrs. Harcourt; and the Marquis de Pauliere was no other than Sir George's old acquaintance,—the Marquis de Valines, who, my fair readers may poſſibly remember, was left

at London, with Count Colliano, en famille at madam Harcourt's.

It had happened that the affair of the duel, and its cauſe, had occupied the converſation of the polite circles a few days, not much to the advantage of Lady Ann. She received in conſequence, ſome ſlights; and at the Counteſs of A's aſſembly, three lords, who had been uſed to contend for the honour, ſuffered her to be handed to her chair by a commoner.

In reſentment of this atrocious behaviour, ſhe became more and more addicted to domeſtic pleaſures. The Count and the Marquis conceived hopes of ſucceſs; but as they knew both could not, they were juſt upon the point of deciding which ſhould be the happy man in the field of honour, when it occurred to one of them that their proper weapons were the dice. So they agreed to throw for her. He who loſt was to quit England till after the marriage; and then to receive one tenth of the lady's fortune in full of all demands whatever. The fortunate lot falling upon the Marquis, the Count retired to Paris, where we had the pleaſure of his acquaintance.

It was not long before Lady Ann's eyes and Sir George's met. He bowed. She bowed. But it was not altogether a bow of graciouſneſs. She ſeemed rather ſurpriſed into it, for ſhe drew up, put on an air of gravity, and turned her eyes upon the ſtage.

"Very true," ſaid Sir George to himſelf, "it does not become Lady Ann Brixworth's dignity to forget injuries; thoſe ſhe does or thoſe ſhe ſuffers, I have nothing to aſk from Lady Ann."

"But," continued he, in this ſilent ſoliloquy, "it

"it would be cruel to permit her to run headlong on her ruin, without endeavouring at leaſt to open her eyes. I will conſider of it."

Returning to his hotel, Sir George communicated to Mr. Bardoe what he had ſeen, and what had before paſſed between himſelf and Lady Ann Brixworth, and aſked his advice.

"Things are going on very well," ſaid his friend, "if your Quixotiſm will permit them their courſe. The lady has a certain portion of the devil in her; and the kindeſt thing you can with her, is a due puniſhment here. Let her alone."

"But," ſaid Sir George, "one cannot for pity's ſake———"

"Her pity for you," replied Mr. Bardoe, "ſharpened the ſword of your friend Captain Harcourt; now perhaps it will ſharpen the ſtiletto of the honourable Marquis. Let her alone."

Sir George could not liſten to an argument drawn from his own ſafety; nor could he withdraw his pity. He therefore ſent his ſervant with the following billet:

"Sir George Paradyne's compliments to Lady Ann Brixworth, requeſts permiſſion to pay her his reſpects."

Lady Ann anſwered thus:

"Lady Ann Brixworth's compliments to Sir George Paradyne, does not know why he ſhould ſeek to renew an acquaintance which he formerly abuſed. She permits therefore his politeneſs to reſt in peace."

Sir George wrote back:

"Something more than politeneſs is my motive for wiſhing to ſee Lady Ann Brixworth—— her peace."

Lady

Lady Ann wrote thus:

"Her Peace! That has already been ſufficiently wounded by Sir Geo. Paradyne. It is not neceſſary to renew the act, or the remembrance."

Sir George anſwered with the following:

"I have alſo ſomething to remember, but which I chuſe to forget when Lady Ann's happineſs is at ſtake.—Though ſhe interdicts me her preſence, I hope, for her own ſake, ſhe will liſten to my remonſtrance. It is whiſpered here, Lady Ann, that you are going to give your hand to the Marquis de Pauliere. Lady Ann—there is no Marquis de Pauliere—

"GEORGE PARADYNE."

"This," anſwered Lady Ann, "is a poor contrivance. I ſhall however keep it from the Marquis's knowledge, for Sir George Paradyne's ſake.

ANN BRIXWORTH."

"Then," replied Sir George, "it will be incumbent upon myſelf to inform him of it. In two hours you will hear of him—in the hands of juſtice.

"GEORGE PARADYNE."

It muſt be owned that Lady Ann's heroiſm was rather ſhook by this laſt billet; but it was ſupported by the ſuperior heroiſm of Mrs. Harcourt. To this good lady indeed, the whole connexion betwixt Lady Ann and the Marquis was owing; and ſhe had ſolid reaſons for promoting it. Her character was become contemptible, and ſhe had diſcernment ſufficient to ſee it. She had loſt the reſpect even of her children; and her fortune was reduced almoſt to nothing. She would have been glad to have exchanged England for any country; but for France

France--the Paradiſe of women—oh, it was delightful. She did not ſuſpect the Marquis to be an impoſtor; but leſt he ſhould, ſhe choſe to ſecure herſelf; and was at this inſtant in poſſeſſion of his bond for ten thouſand pounds, payable in ſix months after the marriage had taken place.

It will not therefore be wondered at, that Sir George's billets ſhould inſpire her with rage; which ſhe endeavoured to turn into contempt. She—for ſhe knew the world—and had heard of Sir George's extravagance at Paris, and of his loſſes at play—believed he wanted to renew with Lady Ann, or rather with Lady Ann's fortune; and ſhe knew alſo that if he ſucceeded, there would be an end of her conſequence and of her hopes.

Sir George's laſt billet, however, had ſtruck deep, and as ſoon as ſhe had ſatisfied Lady Ann by a thouſand aſſurances that the Marquis muſt be a man of honour, ſhe went out to ſatisfy herſelf. At the Marquis's lodgings, things were rather in diſorder; for he had ſat out early in the morning for Dauphine, accompanied only by his favourite ſervant. Two portmanteaus were ordered to be ſent after him; whilſt an old trunk had the charge of keeping poſſeſſion of the premiſes. It was the old Marchioneſs de Valines, his mother, who occaſioned this. She was going to die, but could not die with comfort unleſs her dear ſon cloſed her eyes.

A moſt affectionate letter was left for Lady Ann, to inform of this ſad event, and to requeſt ſhe would ſet out as ſoon as poſſible for Bareges, where the Marchioneſs, his honoured mother, had gone to drink the waters, and to reſign her ſoul into the hands of him who gave it; an event,

event, which, though accompanied by a large acceſſion of fortune to himſelf, he had hoped was at a much greater diſtance.

There was alſo a letter for Mrs. Harcourt. I never knew the contents; for it was conſigned to the flames as ſoon as read. I can only gueſs from the tenor of the advice this wiſe lady gave Lady Ann, that the arguments in it were prevailing.

Lady Ann was not much addicted to reflection; but thoughts will intrude mal-apropos, as they now did to this lady. She could not conceive how mothers could be loved with ſo much ardour; or where was the neceſſity of ſuch precipitation. What difference could a few hours have made?

Mrs. Harcourt, on the contrary, was charmed with this trait of the Marquis's conduct; for a good ſon muſt make a good huſband.

"But where is the neceſſity," ſaid Lady Ann, "of haraſſing me acroſs all France; and ſo near the winter?"

"It was his affection which dictated his requeſt," anſwered Mrs. Harcourt. "My opinion however is, that you ſhould go inſtantly to Paris; and write him that you will wait his arrival there."

"Then," ſaid Lady Ann, "we need not haſten from Bruſſels."

"And ſo be plagued with the impertinence of that Sir George Paradyne," replied Mrs. Harcourt. "But I proteſt I would never admit that meddling young man to my preſence; and and to avoid it, I would not ſtay in Bruſſels—no—not an hour."

To this Lady Ann made no anſwer; her thoughts had taken a little turn. Sir George was always

always eſteemed a man of honour. Could a man of honour aſſert ſo ſcandalous a thing of a nobleman; which muſt overwhelm him with confuſion when the falſity of it was diſcovered as it ſoon muſt be? How if it ſhould be true? What ought to be her gratitude to Sir Geo. if he ſhould really prove the ſaviour of her fortune and her honour? What if he ſhould have views of a more tender nature? Nothing ever could or ſhould convince her, he did not love her once. Perhaps ſhe forfeited his affection by a behaviour of too great levity; and his delicacy would not permit him to aſſign the true cauſe. Oh—if!—if ſhe could return to England Lady Ann Paradyne, how would all her enemies, her ſlanderers be put to ſhame.

Such were the rapid and tumultuous thoughts which now aſſailed Lady Ann; and diſpoſed her to think that at any rate, to ſee and hear Sir George could do no harm. But—after the proud anſwers ſhe had returned him, how could her high ſpirit ſtoop to aſk a favour?

Pride is a very high power. Few of us but know it well. Yet, great as it is, there are men who make it bend to *little* intereſts. Nay, there have been examples of ladies who have ſubdued it on certain tender occaſions. It ſcarce took Lady Ann two hours, after ſhe had ſhut herſelf up in her dreſſing-room to the excluſion of Mrs. Harcourt; whoſe apartments happened to be ſituated at the other extremity of the houſe in which they lodged. The ſtruggle over, ſhe honoured Sir George with the following

NOTE.

"If you have ſufficient generoſity to overlook a ladys petulance I wiſh to charge you with a little

little commiſſion to Lord Auſchamp. If you grant me this requeſt, you will have the goodneſs to call upon me at your earlieſt convenience.

Your moſt obedient,

"ANN BRIXWORTH."

SIR GEORGE PARADYNE.

Amongſt all the bad qualities which have from time to time, to my great vexation, diſgraced Sir George Paradyne, implacability—eſpecially to ladies—thank heaven—was not found. He anſwered the above, that he would wait upon the lady in an hour. This hour he wanted to conſult Mr. Bardoe, who, in conſequence of the little prejudices he had imbibed againſt the beautiful ſex, gave him the ſame advice Mrs. Harcourt had given Lady Ann—not to ſtay in Bruſſels an hour; but it was one of Sir George's peculiarities, never to take advice he did not reliſh.

Lady Ann received Sir George in her dreſſing-room, in a delicate undreſs; and the expreſſion of her pretty face was a ſoft languor, bordering on dejection. There was a time when Sir George would have thought her an intereſting figure; but, to the ſeducing charms of beauty, all but Miſs Colerain's, he had ſteeled his heart.

The interview however was very long, and as it ſhould ſeem, very important. I do not pretend to know all that paſſed in it. It is certain that Sir George convinced Lady Ann that the Marquis de Pauliere had been a valet, and was married; and that Lady Ann ſhed abundance of tears—no doubt, of contrition. It appears alſo that Sir George's humanity was exerted to dry up theſe tears; and that he ſucceeded. How I know not; nor preſume to gueſs; for I have learned, thank heaven, to remain quiet in ignorance,

rance, when I cannot get knowledge; and I recommend it to philoſophers and theologians to do the ſame.

What I do know is, that for almoſt a month enſuing, Sir George was generouſly aſſiduous in alleviating Lady Ann's afflictions. He introduced her to the beſt company in Bruſſels; made agreeable excurſions to the neighbouring cities; and attended her to all the public amuſements. All which time the honourable Mr. Bardoe amuſed himſelf his own way; ſatisfied to throw a few ſatirical darts at his friend, whenever he came within bow-ſhot.

CHAP. CV.

IT is more that I would not leave the curioſity of one of my fair readers unſatisfied, than that I think the matter of any importance, that I write this ſhort chapter, to account for the precipitate retreat of the handſome valet of the Marquis de Valines. It was wholly owing to the importune appearance of Sir George at the theatre.

When this important perſonage left the Chateau de Valines to ſet up a marquiſate of his own, he left a friend in it, who promiſed from time to time to make him acquainted with any occurrences which might affect himſelf; and was to be rewarded with now and then an Engliſh bank note, the value of which is known in every corner of France. By this friend, Monſieur Pritteau, for that was our adventurer's name, was informed of the viſit Sir George had paid the old Marquis; and of his having gained true intelligence

telligence relative to himſelf. This information reached him in London, when his affairs with Lady Ann were very promiſing. All of a ſudden, a ſuperior marquiſate, that of de Pauliere, fell to him by the death of an uncle; and he was under the abſolute neceſſity of going to it for the regulation of his affairs. This marquiſate being ſituate in the Cambreſis, it would lay him under inexpreſſible and eternal obligation if Lady Ann would viſit Bruſſels; for how could he endure life, a long, long ſummer, without her reviving preſence? And Lady Ann had the good nature to keep him in endurance, by a grant of his requeſt.

Monſieur Pritteau had often met his friend too, Count Colliano, the Neapolitan barber, this ſummer at Aix and Spa, and received from him new apprehenſions of the terrible Sir George Paradyne.

CHAP. CVI.

WHEN people are flying on the wings of pleaſure, they ſeldom take much pains to enquire where they are going. And yet, conſidering that, in a mind not habituated to depravities, violations of the laws of prudence and propriety are always attended with remorſe, at leaſt; it might be well if the enquiry was more frequently made.

Not that I mean to bring any heavy accuſation againſt Sir George. His connection with Lady Ann was innocent, no doubt, perfectly innocent —but it was too cloſe. Every body knows that when two motives, a black and a white, offer them-

themſelves to the conſideration of thoſe who are ſitting in judgment on the conduct of their neighbours, they chuſe—which they like beſt. Now as it happened that in Bruſſels, the fautors of the black were more numerous than of the white—I hope Bruſſels is ſingular in this—neither Sir George nor Lady Ann could eſcape the little malignities.—Yes—it was too cloſe. The ne quid nimis of Horace, has almoſt as little effect in regulating a young man's impetuoſities, as the Epiſtles of St. Paul.

But what neither St. Paul, nor Horace, nor the pointed arrows of Mr. Bardoe could effect, was done in an inſtant by an electric ſhock. Not a month ſince, Sir George had given one ſomething ſimilar, in the ſame place, the theatre, to the noble Marquis de Pauliere. This was from a female battery, from a pair of azure eyes, whoſe lambent flames were more awful to Sir George than all the frowning terror that could have been collected upon all the ſtern brows of all the majeſties of Europe and Aſia.

Lady Ann made her appearance this night at her uſual hour, the interval betwixt the third and and fourth act—in all the blaze of diamond luſtre—Sir George at her ſide. The lady threw her eyes round the boxes to collect the homage due to her. Sir George to ſee where his was proper to be paid.

In one of theſe boxes—without a pearl—or any thing to attract eyes, but ſimple grace and beauty—ſat Miſs Colerain; whoſe eyes happened to be thrown upon Sir George the inſtant his were directed to her.

I have ſuppoſed Sir George ſtruck with an electric ſhock. What elſe could have forced the blood with ſuch rapidity into his face; and into the

the ſinuoſities of his brain; ſo as to throw all the intellectual motions into confuſion? I hope my fair readers have compaſſion; and ſure Sir George was now a proper object of it.

Oppoſite to him ſat the woman whom he loved —whom he eſteemed—whom he looked up to as his partner in all the happineſs of his future life. By his ſide ſat the woman he did not love—at his heart—whom he ſtill leſs eſteemed—and upon whom he reſted for no part of his future happineſs. Yet—oh folly!—ſuch are thy effects! She had a preſent claim to his attentions.

Lady Ann ſaw his bluſhing confuſion; obſerved where his eyes were directed; and aſked if he knew the lady in the oppoſite box? It was the eaſieſt thing in the world to ſay yes, and the propereſt. But Sir George ſaid neither yes or no; nor any thing very intelligible.——He thought——he believed——he did not know—but he might have ſeen the lady in England—and he bluſhed ſtill deeper when he ſaid this——for equivocation, with Sir George, was a very unfamiliar practice.

"Yes," ſaid Lady Ann, "I fancy you have ſeen her before. Pray—if it is not a ſecret—what is her name?"

"Her name? Lady Ann—it is—I am endeavouring to recollect it—" ſtammered out Sir George.

"Bleſs me," ſaid Lady Ann, laying her hand upon his, "for a lady you cannot recollect——ſhe has a vaſt influence upon your nervous ſyſtem."

"Mine! dear Lady Ann, how you talk!" ſaid Sir George.

"But have you recollected the lady?" aſked Lady Ann.

"Yes,"

"Yes—yes—" Sir George replied, "ſhe is a Miſs Colerain, a ſtranger in Bruſſels Common politeneſs requires I ſhould go to pay her my reſpects."

"It is a trembling politeneſs," ſaid Lady Ann, with a ſort of an hyſteric laugh, "but very well—I ſuppoſe I ſee you for the laſt time. Adieu, Sir George."

"Dear Lady Ann! how you talk! ſure common complaiſance does not deſerve ſuch ſeverity of reproof."

"Common complaiſance! Does common complaiſance ſhake people like an ague?"

"Dear Lady Ann———you quite miſtake the matter—— quite!—

"There is a way to convince me of it ——— an eaſy way. For ſure, the ſacrifice of a little common complaiſance is no great matter—conſidering———

"I would make you a thouſand ſacrifices. But dear Lady Ann let your commands be founded on reaſon.

"Of which, you will be the judge. Well! you ſee we are the only occupiers of this box. I am not diſpoſed to give Miſs——what's her name, the appearance of a triumph."

"A triumph! how can ſuch a thought enter your head. I will not ſtay ten minutes. But not to go ——juſt to ſpeak to Miſs Colerain —ſtranger as ſhe is—would be ſuch a ſoleciſm in good manners—that—really Lady Ann—I never knew you ſo unjuſt before."

"Your

"Your duplicity is admirable! and I am fated to be eternally its dupe. GO."

This little monoſyllable, Lady Ann ſeemed to heave up with the whole force of her expirative powers, aided by anger, or diſdain. Sir George did not go. For a playhouſe is not a good place to think in, and to take wiſe reſolutions. So he ſat the remainder of the entertainment like——like a man who had affronted himſelf, and was quarrelling with himſelf for the injury.

Poor Sir George! Not a ſingle deviation from the ſtraight unamuſing line of rectitude, without a puniſhment! How hard a fate!

CHAP. VII.

WHEN Sir George had eſcorted Lady Ann home, ſhe hoped he would ſtay ſupper. He begged to be excuſed. He was not well. She ſuſpected the diſeaſe to be Miſs Colerain; and not having lately read that excellent treatiſe, the government of the tongue, ſhe was extremely liberal of her epithets, many of which were new, at leaſt to Sir George; and which I would have detailed for the uſe of my fair readers, if I could have thought any of them were unprovided. Not that I would much recommend the uſe of them, becauſe, as in the preſent caſe, they do not always ſucceed; but becauſe

cauſe I would always have the fair ſex perform in the beſt manner poſſible, whatever they undertake.

I am ſorry I cannot exhibit Sir George as a pattern of genteel Socratic patience. On the contrary I find him, this night, much too irritable. He retorted upon the lady. I cannot pardon this. Nay, in the midſt of a moſt eloquent declamation, which ſhe poured profuſely out for Sir George's benefit, he tore himſelf away; and without the common ceremonies of politeneſs, left Lady Ann to the cold conſolations of Mrs. Harcourt.

Not in a humour for ſociety, Sir George went to bed. There, inſtead of ſleeping, he amuſed himſelf with making philoſophical reflections—Medicines, ſaid to be invented to allay the fever of the mind; but which, in this inſtance, failed of their ſalutary purpoſe.

Miſs Colerain and Miſs Carlill, for ſhe alſo was there, were accompanied to the theatre by two ladies and two gentlemen, one of whom a Mr. Follis, Sir George happened to know. To this gentleman's he went in the morning, as early as propriety would admit; and from him he learned that Miſs Carlill and her friend, whom he knew only by name, had been his gueſts. That the firſt lady come to ſettle ſome accounts reſpecting John Carlill of Ghent, her uncle; that they had been at Bruſſels a week, and had gone for Ghent that morning. "Gone!" ſaid Sir George. "Not an hour ſince," replied Mr. Follis. This gave Sir George a diſturbance he was ſcarce able to conceal; but he had other matters of enquiry.

"May

"May I aſk," ſaid he, "how the ladies amuſed themſelves here?"

"An indiſpoſition took Miſs Colerain the ſecond evening; from which ſhe can ſcarce be ſaid to be recovered. It was with difficulty ſhe was perſuaded to go to the theatre laſt night. We thought it might be of ſervice to her. But I think ſhe came back worſe than ſhe went It was only laſt night ſhe declared her reſolution, as Miſs Carliſl had finiſhed her buſineſs, of leaving Bruſſels this morning."

"Did ſhe ſee any Engliſh families," Sir George aſked, "or make enquiry after any?"

"She ſaw ſome Engliſh gentlemen at my houſe," Mr. Follis replied, "but I do not remember ſhe was particular in her enquiries."

"I knew her in England," Sir George ſaid, "and ſhould have been glad to make my ſervices acceptable to her But I ſuppoſe ſhe did not know of my being in Bruſſels."

Mr. Follis ſmiled.

"By that ſmile," ſaid Sir George, "you ſhould ſeem to think otherwiſe."

"Your name, Sir George," Mr. Follis replied, "was certainly made uſe of by a tea-drinking party, Engliſh principally, at my houſe, the ſecond evening after the arrival of our gueſts; the ſame evening in which Miſs Colerain was taken with her indiſpoſition."

"If it is not improper to aſk," ſaid Sir George, "I ſhould wiſh to know, if any thing was ſaid to my prejudice?"

"Oh no," Mr. Follis anſwered, "not in the leaſt. You were only ſpoken of as un gentilhomme de bonne fortune; happy in the ſmiles of Lady Ann Brixworth."

"Good

"Good God!" ſaid Sir George, with impatience, "Mr. Follis, I beg you will contradict this report. It is injurious to the honour of Lady Ann Brixworth. There is nothing in it."

"If you deſire it, Sir George," anſwered Mr. Follis, "but really, from the general character of Sir Geo. Paradyne, I know not how to ſpeak of his addreſſes reflecting diſgrace on any lady."

Sir George bluſhed at his own faux pas, which aroſe from his underſtanding the full force of the French expreſſion, de bonne fortune, better than Mr. Follis ſeemed to do."

"My addreſſes to Lady Ann then," ſaid Sir George, "was the only idea meant to be conveyed by your tea-drinking party?"

"I ſuppoſe ſo," replied Mr. Follis. "But men you know, like to treat ſuch ſubjects with hilarity; and a little equivocation gives them a peculiar zeſt. However, the ladies, our gueſts, did not ſeem much entertained. Indeed Miſs Colerain's indiſpoſition ſeized her ſoon after; and ſhe was obliged to retire."

How many ſtabs for Sir George!

CHAP. CVIII.

ARRIVED at his hotel, he ſought the apartment of his friend; and having unloaded himſelf, appealed to him, whether he was not the moſt unfortunate?

"Not quite," Mr. Bardoe anſwered, "for you have meat, clothes, and fire; according to our great poet, the three unpoetical requiſites of life. The bowl of pleaſure indeed has not always run upon the ſmootheſt ground. But nature has

made no ground quite ſmooth. Nor did ſhe chuſe to fabricate roſes without thorns; I ſuppoſe, leſt men ſhould be eternally ſmelling."

"You are the d————ſt comforter," ſaid Sir George. "Have you began to think of leaving this curſed place?"

"A few days ſince," returned Mr. Bardoe, "Bruſſels was a delightful city; clean, well paved, and well policed. What ſecret metamorphoſis has happened; for I ſee no change?"

"You delight to plague one;" Sir George anſwered; "however, I muſt go off for Ghent directly; and will either return hither, or wait your coming there, which you chooſe."

"Have you communicated this agreeable fancy to Lady Ann Brixworth?" Mr. Bardoe aſked.

"No——the devil—" Sir George anſwered. "How can you be ſo provoking? Have I not told you how ſhe uſed me? No—I will never ſee her more."

"It may, anſwered Mr. Bardoe, "be a wiſe reſolution; but it is hardly a gallant one. But that, thank heaven, is your buſineſs, not mine. I ſhall be ready in an hour."

"It agreed ill with Sir George's impatience to wait this hour; and it prevented his overtaking the ladies upon the road; and made it improper to viſit them that evening. In the morning Sir George ſought their lodgings, and ſent in his name to Miſs Colerain. Miſs Colerain was indiſpoſed and could not ſee any body. He went away rather bilious; but having walked half round the town walls, the bile began to return into its proper channels; he returned, and ſent in his name to Miſs Carliſl, who received him with a quaker-like civility, which almoſt froze his blood."

A man

A man———except he is a lawyer——who is conſcious of a defect in his cauſe, will begin his pleadings with a defect of conſidence. Sir George—but not with the readineſs of a man at his eaſe—opened the cauſe by ſaying, "How extremely unfortunate he was not to know of the ladies being at Bruſſels."

The fair quaker anſwered, "man cannot reaſonably expect to be fortunate in all things."

At preſent Sir George did not chuſe to underſtand this; ſo went on to complain of Miſs Coletrain's cruelty, and Miſs Carlill's want of friendſhip, not to honour him with notice of their arrival.

"We learned," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "thou wert otherwiſe employed."

"I muſt have been employed in a buſineſs of more importance than life or death, not to have relinquiſhed or deferred it, on ſuch an occaſion."

"Friend Paradyne," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "let us leave inflated language to poets; it will ſhorten our labour, to be explicit. Thou wert engaged with Ann Brixworth."

"I knew Lady Ann in London," replied Sir George; "and it would have been the extreme of unpoliteneſs, not to have taken ſome notice of her, in a foreign country."

"One is not prepared to admire the politeneſs of renewing an acquaintance in Bruſſels which did thee ſo little honour in London."

"I happened to be able to do her an eſſential piece of ſervice; not to have done it, would have been an inhumanity for which I could not have forgiven myſelf. Her gratitude impoſed upon me the obligation of attending upon her more cloſely than otherwiſe I ſhould."

"I dare say it did," said Miss Carlill.

"You have heard some Bruſſels ſcandal, my dear Miſs Carlill."

"Bruſſels has talked of thee, no doubt."

"And what has it ſaid?"

"That which I ſhall not repeat. What moſt grieves Cornelia Colerain, is thy indifference to all things but Ann Brixworth. Thou haſt cultivated the acquaintance of no man of letters. Thou haſt been in purſuit of no ſcience. Ann hath been thy ſole paſſion.'

"I do aſſure you, Miss Carlill," ſaid Sir George—"

"Let me interrupt thee," returned Miſs Carlill. "I aſk thee no queſtions; I require of thee no aſſurances. Do not debaſe thyſelf."

"Is there no convincing you?" aſked Sir George.

"What wouldſt thou ſay? Not that thy engagement with Ann Brixworth is of the light kind—that would be treachery to her. Not that it had been honourable — that would be a forfeit of the faith thou ſtill profeſſeſt for Cornelia. Not that it has been neither one nor other—for who would believe thee?"

"You would make a moſt admirable judge, to decide the cauſe before you have heard it."

"Have I not heard it?"

"Only one ſide, I think."

"All that ingenuity could ſay on the other, I have heard, for Cornelia was thy advocate, till circumſtances preſſed too ſtrong upon her. When this happened, I ventured to become thy advocate; till——thou ſaweſt Cornelia at the theatre I think.'

"I did."

"Then

"Then ſay, George Paradyne, to what cauſe could it be owing, that thou cameſt not to her? But beware of an anſwer calculated to prevaricate or to deceive. If it would have been the extreme of unpoliteneſs not to have noticed Ann Brixworth in a foreign country——what was it to Cornelia? To Cornelia—who loved thee with ſuch ſanctity of affection; all her prayers to heaven are for thy happineſs, thy glory. This it was that brought conviction home to the boſom of Cornelia. For of what nature ſoever might be the bonds by which thou wert bound to Ann Brixworth; no act of thine, could more ſtrongly demonſtrate that they were ſuperior to thoſe by which thou wert bound to Cornelia."

There was in this reproof, a ſomething, beſides ſolemnity and emphaſis, that ſtruck Sir George to the heart. He had no longer the leaſt inclination to prevaricate; for he had none to ſpeak. He ſat down upon a ſofa; his pale face declared the ſickneſs of his mind; and made Miſs Carlill pity ——though ſhe could not excuſe him.

At length, "I am guilty of folly," ſaid he; "but of abatement of affection to Miſs Colerain I am not guilty. May I be permitted to throw myſelf at her feet, to aſk her pardon, and ſubmit to her mercy?"

"Thou canſt not ſee her," replied Miſs Carlill; "it would be cruel, and it would be impolitic alſo, ſuppoſing thou ſtill loveſt her, at preſent to deſire it. She is ſick at heart, and thou art the cauſe."

"May I ſtay at Ghent, with hopes of ſeeing her?" Sir George aſked.

"By no means," Miſs Carlill replied. "It would retard her recovery, and do thee no ſervice."

"May I," asked Sir George, "depend upon your friendship?"

"Depend upon thyself," answered Miss Carlill. "Cornelia Colerain has not changed her manner of thinking. She loves thee. That is a weakness she cannot conquer. But she does not at present esteem thee. Never will she be any thing to the man whom she cannot esteem as well as love. Since she has known thee, thy life has been a series of ebbs and flows. Thou hast been able to make wise and virtuous resolutions; but not to keep them. Thy nature is ingenuous; weigh thyself; make thyself estimable in thy own eyes. Till thou art so, attempt not to see Cornelia Colerain. This is thy only way."

This tone brought on a more confidential discourse, in which Miss Carlill convinced Sir George, that she was his friend, that she gave him the best advice possible, when she advised him to trust to time, his own merit, and Miss Colerain's affections. He only wrote his fair inexorable a note of sad contrition, and took his leave.

CHAP. CIX.

EVERY thing in this world is the best possible. Lebnitz taught this grand truth, and every body believes it—but the unhappy. Hitherto Sir Gorge Paradyne had little cause to impugn this consolatory system; for few clouds had yet intervened to shade the sunshine of his days. For him, nature was all loveliness. Her flowers and her fruits——all exquisite. Man—whose expansive mind could measure the celestial spaces, and read greek.—Man approached the divinity. Woman—was divinity itself.

This

This approach of man to divinity, (I diſpute not that of women) ſeems to me to be rather an amplification; and with regard to one attribute, that of immutability, rather an error of conception; for one hour, one ſingle hour, had made Sir George diſcover this ſyſtem of optimiſm to be falſe. When he left Ghent, the earth's green livery was faded; the towns were filled with men who made cheating each other the important buſineſs of their lives; and with men who murdered their fellow creatures ſcientifically, at the rate of ſix-pence a day, Engliſh. Man, no doubt, had a ſoul, but in what did he exerciſe it? To ſpeculate in ideal worlds——to involve mankind in darkneſs and inflame them with deſtructive animoſity, for words. Nay, women——————ſtop, dear, Sir George. A biographer muſt ſacrifice every thing to truth. What is beauty? Sir George began to aſk, and to anſwer,—a gaudy flower made to pleaſe the eye of man————and plague his heart. The caprice of the ſex is intolerable. At heart, every woman is—a tyrant. This blaſphemy, thank heaven, is none of mine; let Sir Geo. anſwer it.

From this general and unfounded accuſation of the lovely ſex, he did not exempt even Miſs Colerain. On what mighty offence of his did ſhe found her inexorability? A ſuppoſed connexion with Lady Ann Brixworth; which nothing but the malignity of the world would reſolve into any thing but the mere ardor of politeneſs. Suppoſe it not ſo, are theſe the times to reject a man for a little matter of mere temporal gallantry? Or could Miſs Colerain doom him to miſery for the offence of not going round the theatre to welcome her to Bruſſels? a mere etiquette, in which as much politeneſs would be loſt on one ſide, as gained on the other?

After all, cauſes ſhould at leaſt be as great as their effects; but this effect is much greater than its aſſigned cauſe; much greater. Perhaps he knew the oſtenſible cauſe only. Perhaps the real one is of a different nature. Miſs Colerain has ſeen other men. She likes France. Some Count or Marquis, perhaps. This is the probability. Yes—— this is certainly the truth. Such is woman!

Alas! ſuch is man!

CHAP. CX.

THUS endeavouring, according to the laudable cuſtom of man, to throw his own faults and follies upon ſome other perſon, or ſome other thing, Sir George Paradyne arrived from his travels at his houſe in Groſvenor-ſquare. Lady Mary received him with all the tenderneſs ſo fond a mother could be ſuppoſed to feel; but Lady Mary's tender ſenſations were always under the controul of reaſon, and never interfered with her dignity. In the firſt hour of his arrival, ſhe gave him a lecture that might ſerve as a comment upon the paſt, and a leſſon for the future. She had heard of Paris, of Mrs. Mowbray, and of Count Colliano. Not that Lady Mary's cenſures were directed againſt the immoralities of gallantries and gaming, for theſe are ton, and ton admits not of immorality; but againſt Sir George's unſkilful application of them. The object of the firſt was a woman of no conſequence in life; with whom he could never arrive at any degree of eclat. Of the ſecond, a mere adventurer, when ſo many of the real French nobleſſe would have been

been glad of his money, and have given him celebrity in exchange. So Lady Mary might have exclaimed with Mr. Pope—

"Virtue, we grant, is but an empty boaſt
"Gods! ſhall the dignity of vice be loſt?"

Notwithſtanding the little rebuffs Sir George had met with in his travels, he had acquired—I believe it is a proceſs of nature—a higher opinion of himſelf than he ſeems to have ſet out with. He had acquired alſo a certain higher degree of irritability, the work of Ghent, I preſume, and the union of theſe was incompatible with the patient endurance with which he had been accuſtomed to hear Lady Mary's readings; he told her therefore, when ſhe gave him leave to ſpeak, "That he muſt for the future take the liberty to ſuppoſe himſelf out of the nurſery, and that if ſhe had nothing more agreeable to entertain him with, than his own follies, he muſt beg leave to decline the pleaſure of her company."

"I ſuppoſe," ſaid Lady Mary, "you will ſpeak in the true tone to that great and good man, Lord Auſchamp, to whom you have never once wrote."

"Moſt certainly I ſhall, madam, if Lord Auſchamp ſpeaks in the ſame tone to me. I will be no man's ſlave, and no man's property. That leſſon at leaſt, I learned at France. I ſhall be happy to pay him the reſpect due to an uncle, and, if you will permit, ſupremely happy, to pay your ladyſhip the duty of a ſon."

"God help me!" ſaid Lady Mary.

In the careſſes of Mrs. Birimport Sir George found ſome alleviation for the perverſeneſs of Lady Mary. Such was his ſiſter's gentleneſs and love, he gave her all his confidence. He informed her of Miſs Colerain from the firſt hour he had known her. Of the birth and progreſs of his affection; of his recent diſappointment; of her caprice; ſo he choſe to call it, and its cauſe.

"The character of this lady," ſaid Mrs. Birimport, "is not indeed, too frequent in this age. But why, Sir George, do you call her conduct at Bruſſels caprice? When, by your own account of it, it has been the moſt uniform and ſteady I ever knew in woman. Oh! would all the young women aſſume it, all the young men would be good, active, and intelligent. All ſhe wants is to have Sir George Paradyne one of the firſt of men. I ſhould be happy in her acquaintance."

"So perhaps ſhould I," replied Sir George; "but ſhe is proud."

"So ſhe appears to me," ſaid Mrs. Birimport; "but proud of what? not of title, wealth, or dreſs, the three grand faſcinators of ſuperficial minds; ſhe is proud of the virtues of the man ſhe loves."

"I wiſh ſhe were," ſaid Sir George, with a ſigh.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXI.

THE delineation of Mr. Bardoe's character, gave Mrs. Birimport great pleaſure. "But," ſays ſhe, "his diſeaſe, though uncommon, is curable. He is ſick only of a ſuperfluity of happineſs."

"One would indeed imagine," ſaid Sir George, "many cures might be found for this diſorder. A wife, for example. Shall I recommend my ſiſter as a phyſician?"

"I never ſeek my patients," Mrs. Birimport anſwered.

"To engage him to viſit a lady," ſaid Sir George, "would be no eaſy taſk; I muſt try to betray him."

In this treachery Sir George ſucceeded; but he had no occaſion to repeat it. Though Mr. Bardoe was perfectly ſenſible that women were—No, Mr. Bardoe, it is not the elegance of your degrading epithets ſhall make me repeat them. No ſir—women are not—but I will go on with my ſtory. Mr. Bardoe took the trouble to call upon Mrs. Birimport often in a morning; he took the trouble alſo to talk with her. Inſenſibly a great degree of intimacy enſued—one might ſay of friendſhip. Although a miſanthrope, and though I differ with him toto cœlo as to woman, yet it muſt be owned the man had a good underſtanding. A great many ſerious, and ſome droll truths came from him; and certain circumſtances convinced Mrs. Birimport that he had an honeſt and benevolent heart: On his part, he began to perceive ſentiments might be carried to extremes.

At

At leaſt, he found there was one woman who might be endured.

" Of the conſolatory friendſhip of Mr. Lindſay Sir George could not now avail himſelf. That gentleman was ſtill in the north; and indeed now had not any thing in town, except Sir George, which could draw him thither. For Miſs Fluellen, who, if my fair readers remember, had put his mind into a certain fluctuation, had decided the matter during his abſence, her own way.

Weary of London, in which, now Mr. Lindſay had left it, ſhe had no ſociety which ſuited her; and ſtruck with the heroic affection of her Welch lover, 'ſquire Owen ap Jones ap Price, who had undertaken the ardous taſk of following her to London, after inſiſting that he ſhould learn a little genteel London behaviour, and in particular, take leſſons of a celebrated perſonage who taught grown gentlemen to dance; ſhe conſented to give him her hand; and in two months was ſet down Mrs. Owen ap Jones ap Price, at her country houſe, at the foot of Plimlimmon.

Man—though the lord of the creation, for whom the ſun and moon were made, and the bright galaxy above, and the ſweet pretty galaxies below———is yet———I am ſorry to tell it my fair readers—is yet an imperfect being. His proper ſtudy is himſelf; ſages and poets ſay ſo. This important taſk he begins early; and finding, by a very ſmall quantity of enquiry, that he has nothing in him the world can reaſonably blame, and every thing it ought to admire, he ſettles pretty firmly in this concluſion, and few things there be that can ſhake it.

So difficult is it for a man to admit the force of truth againſt himſelf, that Sir George Paradyne, whoſe

whoſe candour we have often ſeen, could not ſubmit to yield the palm of perfect conduct to Miſs Colerain Beauty, he muſt allow her, and underſtanding, accompliſhment, and temper. But this temper was capricious, cruel, inexorable that underſtanding liable to be warped, and to make wrong judgments; of which himſelf was an inſtance. Sir George found it neceſſary to ſay this ſo often, ——for indeed he thought little but of Miſs Colerain——that he almoſt arrived at believing it; and its conſequence was a ſort of proud and ſullen ſtate of the mind, which neither brought tranquillity itſelf, nor permitted him to take proper meaſures to obtain it. So far indeed he yielded to the tender wiſhes of his ſiſter, that he was with her often; but it was evident he was not amuſed. She, and his friend Mr. Bardoe perceived his portion of felicity grow leſs and leſs. His ſpirits flagged; his appetite ceaſed; his bloom changed; and it was too apparent, he muſt be ſoon loſt to them and to himſelf. Many and tender were the remonſtrances they made him. His anſwer was, he felt no indiſpoſition; and that it would be time enough to ſeek a remedy when there was diſeaſe.

Sir George lived, or rather lodged, in Groſvenor ſquare; for his meals, ſuch as they were, he uſually took at Mrs. Birimport's. This lady, made it her conſtant practice to wait upon her mother once a week at leaſt; a morning call, Lady Mary expected——exacted no more; for their ſocieties were not the ſame, and their common inclinations and amuſements were extremely different.

Hitherto Lady Mary had had the goodneſs never to intrude upon Sir George in his libra-

ry;

in but having one evening, heard ſomething of Miſs Colerain, and of Sir George being ill and inlove; the next morning ſhe ſought and found him there. Mrs. Birimport was already with Sir George, intending at the uſual hour to proceed to her mother's apartments.

"Very well," Lady Mary began, "I am glad to ſee you here together. Now tell me—is it proper that I ſhould be the laſt perſon to hear what all the town talks of, and what moſt concerns me to know. They ſay you are in a waſte, Sir George."

Mrs. Birimport looking tenderly at her brother, burſt into tears.

"I hope, madam," ſaid Sir Geo. "you ſee in my face nothing to confirm this report, and then it will be leſs worthy of credit."

"I ſee you ſo ſeldom," Lady Mary replied, "I hardly know you. You have been long dead to me. I am very unhappy in my children."—And ſhe ſat herſelf down to weep.

"If ſuch a thing ſhould happen, Sir George," ſaid ſhe, raiſing her head, "—but God forbid—but if it ſhould—what comes of the family eſtates?"

"They paſs to my ſiſter," Sir George anſwered.

"No proviſion for me, God help me, but my ſcrap of a jointure."

"If money," Sir George replied, "will comfort you for my death, you ſhall not want comfort."

"It will not; you know it will not. How can you mention comfort to me? You know I doat upon you," ſaid Lady Mary.

"You are pleaſed to ſay ſo, Madam," Sir George replied; "but—"

"But

"But what?" returned Lady Mary. "What can you poſſibly reproach me with? Don't I take care of your houſe with proper dignity?"

"I have nothing to reproach you for, madam, on the head of dignity;" ſaid Sir George.

"No, certainly," anſwered Lady Mary; "if the daughter and ſiſter of an earl is not to live with dignity, who is? But it makes my heart bleed to think what a ſucceſſor I am to give place to. A woman never of the leaſt conſequence in life—a merchant's daughter—a bankrupt merchant—that daughter reduced ſo low as to work for her bread. And could you, Sir George—could you think of ſtaining the honour of your ancient houſe——noble on the maternal ſide——with ſuch a wife? Clandeſtine too! myſelf never conſulted!"

Here let us cloſe for ever Lady Mary's elegant vituperation, though ſhe did not. A full half hour ſhe ran with a rapid courſe over the fertile fields of obloquy. When ſhe made a pauſe, Sir George anſwered thus:

"It is long ſince that I have perceived to my ſorrow, that I have not——that I never had a mother. Nay, hear me, madam, probably for the laſt time. Since I am not allowed to make my own houſe a peaceful abode, I will make it no abode; for I ſee not why I ſhould longer perform the duty of a ſon, to the mere name of a parent. Fear not, madam, for the honour of your houſe. The lady on whom you have made ſuch liberal obſervation, rejects that honour. If ſhe would accept it, I know not of your ladyſhip's acquaintance, in a compariſon of merit, one who would not ſink before her. If ſhe would ſtoop to raiſe me to herſelf, I might ſtill be happy; but ſhe rejects me becauſe—I am not worthy of her."

Saying thus, Sir George haſtily withdrew.

Neither

Neither this ſpeech of Sir George, nor the melancholy tone with which it was ſpoken, moved Lady Mary, except to redoubled rage. This fell upon Mrs. Birimport, whom ſhe accuſed of being a promoter of her brother's horrid ſchemes.

Mrs. Birimport drying her eyes, ſaid, "You are cruel, madam—I know no ſcheme my brother has formed—except of death—and that your treatment muſt accelerate."

"So," ſaid Lady Mary, "God help me—— I ſhall be accuſed of Murder."

From the ſucceeding ſtorm, Mrs. Birimport took refuge in her chariot, which ſhe ordered home. There ſhe found Sir George, who was engaged in writing letters. When he had finiſhed, he ſaid, "My dear Emilia, I am come to the reſolution of leaving London this day. It is not the place an invalid would chuſe for health, when he can no longer taſte its pleaſures."

"You are perfectly right, brother," Mrs. Birimport anſwered. "All I requeſt is permiſſion to go with you, go where you will."

"Thanks, dear ſiſter. But it is poſſible I may not reſt; and I cannot conſent to expoſe my ſiſter to the fatigue of travelling."

"Do you go to ſeek Miſs Colerain?"

"No, indeed. I know not where ſhe is, nor wiſh to know. She is too proud and too inflexible. And I am proud, too proud to kneel and beg—even for life."

At this inſtant Mr. Bardoe was announced; and to him was related the occurrences of the morning; cloſing with Sir George's intention to leave the town. It was in vain the honourable Mr. Bardoe applied to his ſnuff-box, to hide a concern which now grew too ſtrong to be hid.

He

He meditated a while, and then opened with this abrupt compliment to Sir George: "Paradyne —you are a fool."

"I know that," replied Sir George, with a ſmile.

"But you are a coward," ſaid Mr. Bardoe. Sir George looked grave. "It is cowardice," Mr. Bardoe continued, "to yield without reſiſtance; it is folly to ſeek the cure of a diſeaſe by medicines fit only to promote the diſeaſe itſelf. You ſeek ſolitude to cure melancholy. You ſeek to obtain Miſs Colerain by indolence, who is to be obtained by virtue."

"I ſeek not," ſays Sir George, "to obtain Miſs Colerain."

"Pleaſe to think of her then," replied Mr. Bardoe.

"I cannot take that trouble," returned Sir George. "But you and I Bardoe, ſeem to have exchanged characters. You think now there are objects in this tranſitory world worth taking the trouble to obtain."

"Yes," Mr. Bardoe anſwered, "when they have once taken poſſeſſion of the pineal gland; that ſublime ſeat of the ſoul of Deſcartes."

"And," Sir George aſked, "may a woman be ſuch an object?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bardoe, "or a crown, or a rattle."

"Here ſeems a great relaxation of your ſtoic diſaplire," ſaid Sir Geo.

"Not in the leaſt," Mr. Bardoe anſwered. "My ſyſtem is nothing more than not to take trouble for things you care not for."

"Theſe things," ſaid Sir George, "were once all the objects nearly of nature and of art.

Now

Now you ſeem to begin to make a few exceptions. In time women may be one."

"It is poſſible," anſwered Mr. Bardoe, "a woman may be one."

CHAP. CXII.

"SIR GEORGE PARADYNE,

TO MRS. BIRIMPORT.

"*Dennington.*

OLD CARTWRIGHT, my dear Emilia, will preſent you this. He comes to diſcharge the ſervants under my pay in Groſvenor-ſquare——— except the old ones, whom I conſign to board wages. Lady Mary will rave and complain; but it muſt be ſo. I am now growing indifferent to the opinions of others; it is ſufficient for me to ſatisfy myſelf———if I can. I more and more clearly perceive the truth of Bardoe's ſyſtem; or rather that which, in my humble opinion, your bright eyes have made him abandon. No—this world has nothing in it worth a wiſe man's notice. Man—who thinks himſelf the nobleſt work of the creation—What is man? Savage—a lion—a tyger—a wolf—a bear civilized—a woman. No—I ſee nothing intereſting in man.

"My uncle James deſires his kindeſt remembrance to you. He is heart-whole, as the good people ſay here, but lame. His lungs are certainly ſound; I have no cauſe to doubt it; for he has given me two very ſtrong and hearty lectures upon the

the errors of my understanding. He tells me, that thanks be to God, he is a plain country gentleman, without any pretensions to philosophy and fine parts. So he was content to be happy with what had made his father and grandfather happy before him. But if I would put myself under his tuition only for one or two years, if he did not make me relish roast beef and a pretty country lass --he'd have nothing for his pains. Dear Emilia - adieu ——love me if thou can'st——or who will?

"Your affectionate brother,

"G. PARADYNE.

"MRS. BIRIMPORT,

TO SIR GEORGE PARADYNE.

"In the time of primitive christianity, brother, your malady would have been termed possession. So indeed I think it; but by what sort of dæmon you are possessed, I cannot tell. It may perhaps be a dæmoness, though you deny her power.

"Amongst other epithets given to natural man, you call him a bear. It might have been worse; it might have been a yahoo. I, for my part, rejoice to live in an age and country, where the animal has improved upon its nature; and attained a decent degree of cleanliness, both of body and mind. It is true, the creature knows not where to stop. What it begins with wisdom, it sometimes ends with folly. But at any rate, frippery is better than filth.

"What mighty alterations cannot a single year produce? At Paris, where you had the respect of men, and the love of women; did you obtain them by railing at their amusements, at their frivolities? No——you engaged in them—and became engaging.

"Now

"Now you have assumed the unengaging stile of contempt. You despise all our occupations, serious or comic; our horse-racing, cock-fighting, boxing, die-throwing; our hair-dressing, and the whole of our superficial artificial manners. Suppose you justified in this, is it necessary to despise also our belles letters, and our talents? Are these as superficial as our manners?

"Be it so. The book of nature still lies open before you Is there in this, nothing you can read with pleasure? Of so many wise and sensible men in every part of Europe, who form their happiness in an attention to her operations, are you the only one to whom she presents nothing interesting? The elements are all before you; compound and decompound them for yourself. You must be a bad chemist if you can extract no felicity from penetrating into the curiosities which surround you.

"It would indeed be better, if you took up the character which your place in the community seems to have assigned you. In labouring for the happiness of man, you would certainly find your own. That is the daily prayer of your affectionate sister,

"E. Birimport."

"Sir George Paradyne,

To Mrs. Birimport.

"It is a heavy accusation, my Emilia, you bring against your poor brother——that of despising every thing. In every instant of time, all things that are——are, in my poor judgment,

ment, as they muſt needs be——moral, political, and natural. Contempt, therefore, cannot be the proper words to expreſs the feelings of a man who thinks thus. He may be ſorry that the tulip in his garden is ſo poor in colour, its proper beauty; but as a philoſopher, he cannot deſpiſe it.

"I own then, Emilia, I am ſorry that many things are as they are. I am ſorry that virtue is not an inſeparable appendage of beauty; honour of nobility; and wiſdom of crowns. I am ſorry to ſee ignorance aſſume the name of ſcience, and ſuperſtition that of goodneſs. In ſhort, when I conſider what man might be, I am ſorry to ſee him what he is.

"In what capacity, my dear, would you have me ſerve man. I know your anſwer——as a member of the houſe of commons; or as an officer of ſtate. No, Emilia, never will I be member of a body, pretending to the ſuffrages of a nation, and conſtituted by ſo diminutive a part of it ——who give to a miniſter all he aſks—who truſt him confidentially where he ought leaſt to be truſted————in the buſineſs of deſtroying mankind. And for a court! I am too proud Emilia. Till courts ſpeak the language of common honeſty, I will keep my independence—ill exchanged for ribbons and for ſtars. I can no more accommodate my principles to a throne, than I can my creed to the lawn. Both will have the goodneſs to excuſe me, till I ſee them purſue honeſt deſigns by honeſt means.

"Yes, Emilia, the book of nature is before me, and the firſt page of it is man——the only animated being to whom has been given the exquiſite privilege of being moſt heartily ſick and weary of himſelf.

"Come

"Come now, my fair ſiſter, prepare your eulogiums. Bring hiſtory, heroes, ſaints, to your aid; and ſhew me for what other end, but the diverſion of ſome ſuperior beings, ſo ridiculous an animal could be made?

"Look at him in the aggregate. If the ſun ſhine warm upon him, his attributes are luxury, eaſe, indolence, and imbecility. If not—they are ferocity, ſtupidity, and boaſt. Where is he not the timorous and crouching ſlave of ſuperſtition? Where is he not involved in folly, fantacy and prejudice? Attend to his numerous errors, his changeable creeds, his ſilly rites, which common ſenſe ſhould bluſh to offer to any deity, not made of wood; his fanaticiſm, born of ignorance and nurſed by abſurdity; and you muſt allow the human mind to have been always the true and prolific hot-bed of folly. If man could have taken to himſelf the epithet of wiſe, on any juſt foundation—ſure in ſix thouſand years, and ſixty thouſand communities—ſome one would have formed a religion without ridicule; a government without corruption.

"I ſpare the ladies. Only tell me, my ſweet Emilia, in your circles of good company, how high in the mind of the fair ſex ſtand ſcience, probity, and honour? As high, think you, as coaches, cards, and diamonds? I grant you they have virtues, luminous virtues, at a ball; and coruſcations at an opera, that ſet the heart of man on fire.

"But—ſays my Emilia—whatſoever may be the general errors of each of the ſexes, there is a vaſt profuſion of individual excellence, of friendſhip unalloyed, of charity unbounded, diſintereſted love, and piety of angelic proof.

"Gentle

" Gentle ſhepherdeſs———tell me where?

" Love me Emilia, notwithſtanding, as I do thee moſt dearly.

" G. PARADYNE."

It is not for the benefit of this hiſtory that I have noticed theſe letters; it is only to ſhew my fair readers what abominable creatures men may be when they are in love, or in any paſſion, and croſſed in it. For howſoever Sir George may endeavour to conceal it from himſelf, my humble opinion is, he was in love; and as love is ſo apt to overſet poor reaſon, we muſt on that account pardon him his terrible opinions—if we can.

CHAP. CXIII.

IT was at Dover this laſt letter was wrote; for Sir George had rambled, not for any pleaſure he found in rambling, but, when a man is not eaſy in any place he is uſually diſpoſed to change it. When he had ſent it to the poſt he found himſelf weary, as every man muſt be, I hope, who has undergone ſo ſtrong a fit of miſanthropy, and went to his apartment to throw himſelf upon the bed.

Whether a prone poſture begets kinder thoughts, or whether the brain has not ſometimes a ſort of vermicular motions, firſt one way and then the other; or whether the picture of a Madona, which hung within his view, and in which he thought he ſaw certain reſemblances—whether all or any of theſe were the cauſe of a change in the nature of his ideas, I know not. I only find it recorded that Sir George unthought his former thinkings; and paid a ſun-bearing tribute to the dignity of man, and the charms of woman.—

Whether

Whether my fair readers will admire or reprobate this verſatility of ſentiment, is not for me to predict. My buſineſs is to ſhew them——Man.

If Lady Ann Brixworth was born to be the joy and comfort of any man's life, it was not that of Sir George Paradyne's. He roſe from his hour's repoſe, and having dined, took a walk to the pier. He had done ſo two or three times before ———I know not why——unleſs one takes a pleaſure of ſympathy with thoſe who have eſcaped the dangers of the ſea, or who return to their native country, after the exile perhaps of years. Sir George had heard indeed, that Miſs Colerain deſigned to paſs the winter in Paris, and the ſummer in England; but beſides that it was now nothing —nothing at all to him, where ſhe choſe to live or what ſhe choſe to do. The ſpring was early and cold, and the uſual ſeaſon for migration of ladies at a diſtance. Still leſs could it be ſuppoſed that Lady Ann Brixworth was in his imagination, when he ſtood and overlooked the diſembarkations of the female cargoes of the packets. Lady Ann! of whom he never thought, when his thoughts were under his own governance; ſo very little of pleaſure was attached to her remembrance.—But the very firſt lady who was put on ſhore to day was Lady Ann—ſo cloaked indeed and muffled, that he did not know her, till ſhe accoſted him by the name of George Paradyne.

Surpriſe is an enemy to the graces. Sir George ſeemed ſcarcely to underſtand the common forms of politeneſs; and indeed acquitted himſelf ſo little to lady Ann's ſatisfaction, that in a half whiſper ſhe ſaid, "She was ſorry to find ſhe was ſo perfectly odious to him."

In ſuch a caſe a man muſt ſpeak. If politeneſs and veracity happen to agree, it is well. If not, the latter muſt have the goodneſs to wait.

Something

Something like this happened now; for Sir George began to manifeſt his ſurpriſe that Lady Ann ſhould take ſo abſurd a fancy into her head. "Then," ſays ſhe, "do me the favour to convince me by conducting me to the hotel; for as I have no gentleman in my ſuite, I am rather awkwardly ſituated."

"Certainly," Sir George anſwered. So offering his arm, which Lady Ann accepted, they led the way to the hotel, followed by Mrs. Harcourt, and other male and female paſſengers. Sir George could not refuſe Lady Ann's invitation to tea; and Mrs. Harcourt retiring to adjuſt her dreſs, they had a tete-a-tete together, and talked of paſt things, no doubt, as friends meeting after abſence uſually do.

I never was deep in Lady Ann's ſecrets. What I find particular on this occaſion, is a remark that fell from this lady, "that ſhe was apprehenſive her reputation might ſuffer by the public notice Sir George took of her in Bruſſels. That neither her birth nor fortune were unworthy of him; and that he ought, as a man of honour, to prevent the world's malignity."

Sir George replied with great coolneſs, "That it was not worth while to endeavour to prevent that which no human means could prevent. Calumny, though raiſed on nothing, was too ſwift to be overtaken, too volatile to be impeded."

This ſubject laſted half an hour at leaſt, and the ſubject not ſeeming to draw near a concluſion, Sir George thought himſelf obliged to ſay, — "That he had never, at any time ſpoke to her the language of a man who wiſhed or intended to marry; conſequently ſhe had no claim of that nature upon him."

It appears that Lady Ann reſented the word claim, and began to retort upon the baronet with all poſſible aſperity. She ſuppoſed it was for the ſake of that piece of ſtill life, Miſs Colerain, that ſhe was deſpiſed. A creature without fortune, friends, birth, or connexion, or any thing but —her talents. If Sir George ſhould meet with a few more Colliano's, thoſe might be uſeful ones. But let him take care. He was not yet ſure of his ineſtimable prize. Did he never hear of a Monſieur Larogne? Let him not be too ſecure. He might ſtill ſit down and pine for his bird."

Sir George, with a patience almoſt ſubdued, had riſen to walk about. — The room looked into the court yard where ſtood a chaiſe, and Sir George had a glimpſe of a lady who had juſt ſtept in, and ſaw another follow her—which drew from him an involuntary exclamation -- By heaven! Miſs Carlill! and immediately haſtened to the door. But before he could reach the court yard, the chaiſe had driven off. Lady Ann, who ſaw this, and rejoiced in Sir George's diſappointment, was almoſt reſtored to good humour by the accident. "Oh," ſaid ſhe, on Sir George's return, "I could have informed you of the prim quaker and her fair friend, if I had known your wants. They were paſſengers by requeſt in my packet, and followed us from the veſſel to the hotel. I knew they were to take chaiſe for London immediately; and I was afraid you would have impeded their journey—poor things!"

Sir George Paradyne, irritated beyond meaſure, at this new and malevolent turn, ſaid, "I have nothing more to ſay to Lady Ann Brixworth, but to bid her adieu for ever—."

"Adieu

"Adieu for ever,"—anſwered Lady Ann, with an almoſt hyſterical laugh. "And remember Monſieur Larogne."

Sir George's enquiries for what place the ladies had taken the chaiſe were unſucceſsful; the order having been given to the driver only. However, Lady Ann ſaid they were to go to London, ſo he inſtantly ordered another chaiſe, and ſet out for Canterbury. This ride afforded ſome leiſure for thinking, and the firſt ſubject was the many malicious tricks which fortune had played him; the whimſical occurrence of circumſtances which had ſo often brought Miſs Colerain to be a ſpectator of his deviations from propriety, or of the appearance of ſuch deviations. It was very eaſy to blame Miſs Colerain for not taking the trouble to diſtinguiſh appearances from realities; and he dwelt on this idea with ſome complacency, till he was obliged to confeſs that even the falſe appearances were conſequences of ſome folly, or worſe than folly, though remote.

This extorted confeſſion vexed him; but, when he arrived at Canterbury, and found that the chaiſe he had been in queſt of had not taken that road, he was rather worſe than vexed—and in order that nobody might know it but himſelf, he retired early to bed.

What paſſed in ſleep, or during the darkneſs of the night, I cannot tell; but in the morning Sir George ſeemed to have been ſeized with a very peculiar hypochondriaciſm. He cared no more for man or for woman, the world and all its vanities. He cared no more for Miſs Colerain. And in order to exclude her from his remembrance, he determined to ſhut himſelf up in ſome obſcure retreat, and forget that world whoſe follies he could no longer endure. Nor was he at a loſs for

the choice of a palace, when Combor White Houſe preſented itſelf to his imagination. So diſmiſſing his ſervant to Dennington with a meſſage to his ſteward, and orders to wait his return there, he ſat out for Hampſhire, and arrived at the deſtined ſpot in a proper ſtate of miſanthropy, for the purpoſe of a recluſe.

CHAP. CXIV.

MR. FIDEL's office was two-fold, bailiff and gardener. In the firſt capacity he made ſome money, by making a lay of the paſture ground. In the ſecond, always hoping to ſee there again his beloved miſtreſs, he had kept the garden a fit paradiſe for Eve, before ſhe eat the fatal apple. But there are no paradiſes for untranquil minds.

A month had paſſed, and Mrs. Birimport had no news of her brother. He was not at Dennington; he was not at Bath, nor any of the public places. He was not with Mr. Lindſay, for ſhe had wrote to this gentleman. Mr. Carter, Sir George's gentleman, alſo increaſed the alarm. Mrs. Birimport had determined herſelf to go upon the ſearch, even in France, when ſhe received the following letter from Mr. Lindſay:

"MADAM,

It was not for friendſhip to be at peace, after the receipt of your laſt alarming letter. As I knew Miſs Colerain was near Bourdeaux, and did not know but Sir George might have obtained the ſame intelligence, I determined for France.

Southampton

Southampton lay in my way, and I called in upon Mr. Merrick. After the firſt ſalutations, "Pray," ſays he, "how does Sir George Paradyne do to-day? Poor gentleman! I was quite ſorry to ſee him in ſuch away; a fine healthy young man as he was two years ſince."

"You have ſeen him lately, then," ſaid I? "Was he at Southampton?"

"No, ſir, he ſent for me to Combor."

"To the Falcon?"

"To his own houſe, Mr. Lindſay; that houſe that nobody would have. Are you not come from thence?"

"I am not, Mr. Merrick. I am ſeeking Sir George, and thank you for your intelligence. May I inquire what was the nature of the buſineſs for which he wanted you?"

"To make his will. We don't talk of theſe things. But you are executor, along with Mrs. Birimport, and the honourable Mr. Bardoe."

I took my leave of Mr. Merrick, and poſted to Combor. From Fidel, the black ſervant, I learned that Sir George came alone, and that he had never once been beyond the garden ſince his arrival. I was too impatient to ſtay to be announced, ſo ruſhed into the parlour where he ſat.

"Dear Sir George!"

"Dear Lindſay!" he returned. "And yet I am ſorry to ſee you."

"You are cruel, Sir George; cruel to all your friends."

"I meant to be kind."

"Is it kindneſs to alarm all who love you? Why, Sir George, was your retreat here to be a ſecret?"

"Becauſe I came to die." I ſtarted. "Why,"

continued he, "are you ſurpriſed? Has your mode of exiſtence never been ſo diſagreeable to you as to make you wiſh to change it?"

"Sure cauſes like mine muſt have been unknown to you?"

"If they are ſufficient to produce the effect, no matter for their ſimilarity."

"True. Pray who attends you?"

"Fidel, and the old woman."

"But of the faculty?"

"None. There is no neceſſity to die ſecundum artem."

"There is no neceſſity to die at all." Sir George ſmiled, and ſaid, "We ſhall ſee."

"But why do you wiſh it?"

"Becauſe I want to change myſelf. The inſtability of my own deſires, opinions, and actions, diſpleaſes me. My mind has undergone many metamorphoſes. I deſire one only for my whole ſelf.

"Can this be real?"

"Can you aſk the queſtion? You, who were almoſt ordained to inſpire us with the love of heaven? Yet—now you find one really deſirous of going there, you ſuſpect hypocriſy."

"Of all places, why did you chuſe this to die?"

"Becauſe it is quiet. Here—to die is all I have to do. Amongſt my friends, I ſhould have had to grieve."

Oppoſite Sir George hung the picture of Miſs Colerain, by Gainſborough. The room was decorated with a variety of pretty works done by herſelf, and on a marble ſlab ſtood thoſe toys you have heard of, bought by Sir George at Birmingham. I caſt my eyes around and ſaid, "Here is the ſtrangeſt collection of memento mori's I ever ſaw."

"Mere

"Mere accident. They were here, and I did not chuſe to change them for the croſs bones and ſcull."

"I dare ſay you did not. Would it be raſh to infer that you might be reconciled again to earth, if Miſs Colerain would ſhare its ſorrows with you?"

"Yes———for I cannot depend upon myſelf to reach that perfection ſhe requires. I find, by fatal experience, my reſolutions are feeble; I find myſelf endued with the moſt virtuous principles ———in converſation. In action, they are uſeleſs. A man incapable of governing himſelf, is the moſt contemptible of beings, and I am he. No—I repeat it—I expect nothing; wiſh for nothing; will accept of nothing—from Miſs Colerain."

"Do you not love her then?"

"Once I did. But as I am confident ſhe cannot return it, I no longer think of her. In her eyes I muſt be the meaneſt of men."

"Has any thing new happened?"

"I was at Dover a few days. Not knowing what better to do, I amuſed myſelf with ſeeing the paſſengers land from the packets. Lady Ann Brixworth was in one. She ſaw me, ſeized me, and made me conduct her to the hotel. Whilſt we were together there, I ſaw Miſs Carlill, after another lady, get into a chaiſe. I flew to her, but ſhe was gone. Lady Ann told me, Miſs Carlill and her friend had requeſted a paſſage in her packet; and that they had followed us from the packet to the hotel. I became diſtracted—flew after them to Canterbury—but they had not taken that road. What muſt Miſs Colerain think but that I came to Dover to attend Lady Ann? I could not bear the recollection; nor—

by heaven—another recollection of my feelings. I am confident, that though I deſpiſe Lady Ann, it might have been in her power to have drawn me again into the common follies of fooliſh young men. In the morning I was feeble. I felt I muſt die. I wiſhed it—for I deſpiſed myſelf; and I wiſhed it here, that I might give the leaſt poſſible grief to my friends."

From this, and ſubſequent converſations, it is become very apparent that the governing, though ſecret power of Sir George's mind is ſtill love; and that it is Miſs Colerain alone who can cure him of ſelf contempt. I wiſh extremely your preſence here. The houſe can accommodate you well and I can be accommodated at the Falcon.

I am, madam,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

" W. LINDSAY."

CHAP. CXV.

MRS BIRIMPORT did not delay her journey to Combor; and about twenty four hours after, the honourable Mr. Bardoe arrived at the Falcon. My fair readers have ſeen, that once, the ſocial affections were all alive in Sir George Paradyne. Now alas! they were dead. Neither his ſiſter nor his friends had cordial welcomes—for they interrupted him in the enjoyment of " ſweet melancholy," of which poets and poeteſſes are ſo fond. I wiſh they and the nightingales would get

get a monopoly of it. My ſhare I give up with all poſſible good will.

Mr. Lindſay talked to Sir George of Cato and Brutus, and of the admirable force of mind which could ſay to love, "So far ſhalt thou go and no farther." But Sir George could not be brought to enter into their lofty ideas; and for love—except ſeraphic love—he deteſted the name.

Mr. Bardoe ſpoke of poſſeſſion and exorciſm; wondered how the devil could get into a man; and was deſirous to inquire by what rites he could be driven out.

Mrs. Birimport talked of Miſs Colerain; but talked of her as of a woman. To have been in harmony with Sir George's train of ideas, ſhe ſhould have talked of her as a ſpirit of light, preſiding over a choir of angels, tuning their golden harps. In ſhort, all the powers of reaſon, of ſoft perſuaſion, and of ſatire, were tried and tried in vain.

One day, Mrs. Birimport miſſed the picture of Miſs Colerain; and that day Sir George left his apartment ſome hours later than uſual. So he continued to do; and Mr. Lindſay perceiving they were not taking the proper means to produce the end propoſed, wiſhed to ſpare himſelf the melancholy ſight of the human mind in ruins, and took his leave.

In times to come—for who knows what may or may not be the extraordinary productions of time—it may happen to be debated at ſome of the coteries formed by my twenty thouſand fair readers, their heirs or aſſigns, whether this true hiſtory be a true hiſtory or not. It muſt be decided in the affirmative, by thoſe who conſider the internal evidence ariſing from the preſent ſtate of things. For what author, not diſordered in intel-

lect, and at liberty to chuſe his ways and means, would, in the reign of George the third, feign a young Engliſh gentleman of birth and affluence, in love——that is to ſay——in love with one; and that to ſo ſtrange a degree as to impair health; nay——to become enamoured of death. Where is the prototype for this? Who dies? Who would die, in preference to ſo many more agreeable modes of cure? Are taverns ſhut? The dice, though taxed, is not interdicted. Newmarket plains are ſtill fertile. Ward and Mendoza ſtill box. Rogues are ſtill hanged. In London, according to Mr. Wendeborn, there are forty thouſand nuns, of the order of charity; whoſe proper buſineſs it is to cure———the ſick of love; and never did order better fulfil the purpoſes of its inſtitution. Die! No hiſtorian, but the hiſtorian of truth, would have thought of it.

CHAP. CXVI.

A MONTH had now paſſed, without any viſible deterioration of Sir George's health. When he ſpoke, it was with his uſual gentleneſs; but he ſeldom ſpoke, and melancholy gained upon him, till ſhe ſeemed to have "marked him for her own."

Inſtead however of keeping his apartment, his inclination had taken another turn Adjoining the garden was an irregular piece of ground, of which Miſs Colerain had made partly a ſhrubbery for exotics, partly a Flora Britannica. A long meandering walk, formed by the ſhrubs, led to a ſmall neat building, ſhell-work without, within, an elegant apartment. There was a ſmall book-

book-caſe in it, containing books of botany, mingled with the poets of nature led by Thomſon. The botanic garden, ſo rich in poetic beauty, ſeemed by its uſe to have been the favourite of Miſs Colerain; and there were in it ſome tales ſo melancholy ſweet, ſo attuned to Sir George's preſent feelings, that it could not fail to become his alſo. In this elegant repoſitory, Sir George had alſo found a large collection of drawings, the flowers and plants of the garden, coloured according to nature, in which amuſement Miſs Colerain delighted much; a few of theſe were hung up in a ſort of filigree frame.

Had Sir George's mind been in full vigour, all this would have made him a botaniſt; as it was, it only diſpoſed him to the feminine work of framing the drawing, according to the patterns Miſs Colerain had left; of chooſing for each ſome tender quotations of four or ſix lines each; and of arranging them round Miſs Colerain's picture, which he had previouſly cauſed to be conveyed from his own apartment.

In all this, Fidel was Sir George's agent; and procured for him every thing his humorous imagination required. It was clear to Fidel that his miſtreſs was the cauſe of this kind of derangement; and whilſt he grieved for the effect, he could not help feeling a ſecret joy at the cauſe. It was only to Fidel Sir George truſted the key of his repoſitory, for the purpoſe of cleaning it, now become a ſource of not unpleaſing, though melancholy enjoyment.

But this could ſcarcely be ſuppoſed enjoyment to Mrs. Birimport, who, wearied with waſting her

her gentle admonitions on the air, and having ſome neceſſary buſineſs in town, took, for a fortnight, a reluctant leave of her brother. Sir George, though he did not reliſh converſation, was not inſenſible to his ſiſter's departure; and ſcarce found the uninterrupted enjoyment of his ſolitary pleaſure, a recompence for her loſs.

The ſole inhabitants of the houſe now, were Sir George, his old woman, and Mr. Benjamin Fidel, whoſe diligence and attention had often attracted his maſter's notice; and whoſe woeful countenance witneſſed his attachment. When Sir George was diſpoſed to ſpeak, he aſked him queſtions, and wondered at the good ſenſe of his anſwers. The ſlave trade was at this time becoming a popular topic. Finding he was born in Africa, Sir George aſked him of his captivity, and by what means it had been produced. He anſwered—that he was a native of Benin, and that his country name was Benihango. When he was twelve years old he accompanied his father down to the coaſt. An Engliſh veſſel was there, and his father having purchaſed all his gold duſt away, found himſelf ſtill wanting. It was not that he did not love his Benihango, but he had ſix children at home, and never a Birmingham muſket. So for this grand acquiſition, and a ſmall quantity of powder and ſhot, his father delivered him to the care of a Liverpool maſter, who had a very good voyage to Jamaica, the heat and ſtench killing only twenty-ſeven, out of two hundred and three.

"How long were you in Jamaica?" Sir George aſked.

"Thirteen years," anſwered Fidel.

"Were you much oppreſſed?"

Fidel with great ſimplicity anſwered, "I was in love."

"In

"In love!" ſaid Sir George.—What has that to do with oppreſſion?"

"It oppreſs you, Sir George, do it not?"

"Me!" ſaid Sir George.

"You will pleaſe me pardon, ſir. I no ought to ſpeak to you in dis way," ſaid Fidel.

"Speak freely," ſaid Sir George.

"Ven I vas Miſs Colerain's ſervant, I did tink you love her. I did tink ſhe love you. I did cry for joy. For ſhe vas good. You was good. I not know what broke it. Dey did tell me the dignity on your part. I no tink ſo, cauſe you was not proud. But I did cry for ſorrow—for that which made me miſerable, would have made you ſo happy."

"How came it to make you miſerable?" aſked ſir George.

"De ſtory do you no good, ſir. It be long; it be melancholy."

"It will not diſpleaſe me for that," ſaid Sir George; "pray tell it me."

STORY.

"I became the property of a Mr. Benfield, and was ſent to work at a plantation with boys and girls about my own age. We were ſo good we did not want de whip; ſo we had it only once a week, I could not ver tell why; but maſſer was a good man and did not inſiſt upon theſe whippings being bloody. Maſſer was a Creole to be ſure, and I do tink the groans and ſhrieks of we de poor negroes unde whip, be de fineſt muſic in de vorld to dem; but maſſer was kind hearted; I do ver believe he would not have take the pleaſure in de whip, if he did know a better vay to ſend a profitable cargo of the ſugar into dis England.

"However, by the time I vas come to eighteen years

years of old, I did know de full power of de whip, and of de burning ſun upon a raw back, when a chance accident did change my ſituation. Maſſer had ſon two years younger dan me. He vas one day in de pleaſure boat wid two oder companions. Dere vas littel hurricane. De boat overſet. De negro dat did help me row, ſwam out and run to de plantation to get de help. I did keep young maſſer chin above water till de help came, and de oder two vas drowned.

"Dis did me de conſequence. I was taken to be young Maſſer's own ſervant; who did ſay many times the firſt year, dat he did owe his life to me; dat he never could make me de ſufficient ſatisfaction, and if ever I did come to be his property, I ſhould ſee.

"I did attend him four years at Kingſton ſchool, and did learn read and write. Young maſſer had great many new books from England, and I did read all I could underſtand, for I had ver little elſe to do, and I learned great deal of Engliſh manner, eſpecially of de delicate points of de love and de honour.

"When young maſſer left ſchool, he did apply to buſineſs and the plantations. I did love him much, and it did grieve me to ſee dat he did love cruelty for cruelty's ſake; and de poor negro was uſed worſe and worſe. So I did aſk him why? He ſaid, to make de dogs work. And I ſaid, if you did uſe dem well as dogs dey would be great deal better of. He did look angry at me, and ſaid, dogs were a ſuperior ſpecies of animal to negroes, and had better underſtandings. Den I did look angry at him, and I did ſay, if God did give de white men more underſtanding, it was de touſand pities dey could not ſee how to make

make de better uſe of it. Den he did ſtrike me down—— den I vas getting up to kill him—— but he did run off to the plantation houſe, I did know for what; to get de negro drivers to teach me better manners. I knew I could only be ſlead alive any place, ſo I ran off five miles, to de houſe where did live old maſſer; and I did tell him all. By and by did come young maſſer, and there was conſultation, what to be done with ſuch ſad dog of negro.

"Many gentlemen dined at old maſſer's that day, and amongſt the reſt, my poor late maſſer Colerain; dis his firſt voyage. I was called in to take de trial. Young maſſer ſpoke warm; and did make great ſtur about my running after him to kill him, as he did verily believe; but he did no ſay much about de provocation.

"Den I vas bid ſpeak; but I was ſulky. I did only ſay, I vas tired of de life. Dis vas not a vorld for de poor negro; who vas knocked down for a word by the man whoſe life he ſaved, and who ſaw all his broders in worſe ſtate dan de dogs.

"Den I was ordered retire; and I did hear one gentleman ſay, dat ſuch monſtrous behaviour ought to have puniſhment little ſhort of death. But I vas determined, if it vas poſſible, dat I would have de death firſt, and de puniſhment after.

"Dere vas in the houſe very pretty black negroe girl, dat I did love dearly. She was waiting at de table; and I ſtayed to take de ſorrowful leave of her for ever and ever, before I did make myſelf die. She had been in de houſe nine years, waiting upon Miſſreſs Benfield, who did uſe her kindly, and had her taught Engliſh;

and

and when ſhe could read, I did lend her many books dat my young maſſer did lend me. She did come preſently out of de parlour and tell me, that every body did ſpeak againſt me, and that maſſer Colerain did make dem all ſhamed of it———for he did ſay it was de blot upon all chriſtian people———and dat he did hope to live to hear de queſtion diſcuſſed by a Britiſh parliament———and as the only ground dat could be taken for its defence was de paltry intereſt of trade, he was certain dat never would be attended to, againſt all de pleas of religion and humanity.

" I did hear nothing that night of my deſtiny. Maſſer Colerain did ſtay till de next morning, when I was ſent for into de parlour to dem; and dere I did find that Maſſer Colerain had bought me, out of pure pity; becauſe he ſaw young maſſer was bitter againſt me, and dat he would always perſecute me. I ſhould have followed my new maſſer wid a grateful heart, only for my poor dear Flowney———ſo dey called my negreſs dat I did love.

" However I did go wid him ſame day to ſhip in Kingſton harbour. He vas de owner of it. He vas valking along de deck wid two oder gentlemen and vas de outermoſt. It did happen for de capſtan rope to break, and one of de ſailors was trown wid violence againſt one of the gentlemen, who puſhed de next him, who puſhed my new maſter into de baſon. Dere was little ſwell, and nobody did venture to do any ting but fling a rope, and poor maſſer ſunk many time, and never roſe near it. Den I did jump in, and I did hold him above water, as I did young Maſſer Benfield, till the boat came and took us bode in.

" It was ſoon to be ſeen dat de gratitude of Maſſe

Maſſer Colerain was quite another kind dan Maſſer Benfield. He did treat me ſo kindly, and when he did ſee me in ſadneſs about poor Flowney, he did aſk me de cauſe ſo kindly, I did tell him every thing. He did ſay he would try to buy Flowney, and ſhe ſhould go wid us into England. I did cry for joy; but I no cry long; for Maſſer told me Miſſreſs Benfield would not part wid Flowney for any money. Den I did cry for ſorrow.

"One day ſoon, maſſer ſaid ſo kindly, you ſaved my life Benihango; I muſt make yours comfortable if I can. Tell me if you rader chuſe to remain in Jamaica or go wid me to England. I did ſay, eider would kill me If I did leave Jamaica I ſhould die for Flowney; If I did ſtay, I ſhould die for him.

"He did uſe to aſk me many queſtions about de treatment of poor black men; and de tears did often run down his cheeks when I did tell him. Oh! how I did love him for dat. He did aſk me if good uſage would make de black people work well as bad. I did ſay yes--better a thouſand times—for I felt ſo in my own heart. Den he ſaid—would I engage for dis, if I had de management of one little plantation? I ſaid——if it was his plantation I would engage, for dat love would quicken my duty. He ſaid, it was probable I might be of ſingular uſe to de black people, if I could ſhew the planters dat it was deir intereſt to uſe deir negroes kindly. Dat he had partly prevailed upon his friend old Benfield to make de experiment, but dat he did not know how to go about it. So he propoſed to lend him me for three years to ſuperintend his ſmalleſt plantation, on deſe conditions; dat I ſhould be onder his own

own controul only, and his ſon's. Dat Flowney ſhould be de reward of my ſervice, togeder wid ſuch furder recompence as Maſſer Benfield ſhould tink I deſerved.

" Deſe conditions were accepted on both ſides, and no ſooner had my maſſer departed for England den I did enter upon my new occupation. Tank God! I did ſucceed better as my hopes. Dere was ver little ſickneſs. My plantation was de forwardeſt; and I did ſpare four ſlaves for de oder. De next year and de next it was extended; Maſſer Benfield did give me great tanks, and great promiſes. Dis tird year Maſſer Colerain was to come; and I was to receive my Flowney, and be baptiſed, and go to England and be ſo happy.

" But black man not born to be happy. Old Maſter Benfield fell from his chair and died. Miſtreſs Benfield did die a little before. Every body ſorrow, cauſe every body was fraid of young Maſſer; for he had grown worſe and worſe. De ſlaves did hate and tremble. It was great comfort I was not his ſlave; but I did ſoon feel his malice.

" He did caſt de eye of love———as he did call it———upon my poor Flowney; and as I have read of de Turkiſh baſhaw, he did trow de handkerchief to her; for de poor black women tink it honour to be taken notice of by white men; eſpecially maſters. But Flowney read a great muſh of her miſtreſs books; and was chriſtian; and tought it was great ſin; and beſides all dis, loved me dearly. So ſhe refuſed to gratify Maſſer Benfield. So his dignity was inſulted. So he did reſolve to revenge it, and alſo take revenge upon me; for he did hate me vaſt much.

" His vallet de chamber, Stukely, was bad man,

man, and dey ſay, had deſerved de gallows in England. He was miniſter of his maſter's pleaſures, and de corrupter of his manners. So one morning Maſſer Benfield ordered Stukely to get Flowney into his chamber; and dere he did raviſh her. Yes, Sir George, he did raviſh her, repeated Fidel, ſtalking along the room. And den—de good God have mercy upon his wicked ſoul—den—he gave her up to the luſt of Stukely——and ſtukely raviſh her.———Poor Flowney! She did make de lamentation over de houſe—and den dis white chriſtian man, de good God forgive him, ordered her to be publicly whipt———and Stukely did whip her till de blood did follow every ſtroke of de whip."

Sir George, at this part of the recital roſe from his ſeat, and paced the room as Fidel had done before, who now was too much overcome to proceed, and had ran off to his chamber to indulge himſelf in private. That night, Si George would not let him proceed in his tale.

CHAP. CXVII.

THE next morning at his accuſtomed hour, Sir George went to the pavilion. There, on a table, in a pretty female hand, like Miſs Colerain's, but not ſo like as to be able to pronounce it her's, lay a paper, on which was wrote:

"Man, like the ſun, may give a ſhining preſage of his dawn———may paſs his morn of life bright in action, warm in benevolence———may ſuffer clouds to intervene, and ſhade his brilliance——may ſet in feebleneſs and miſt——may diſappoint and grieve the world."

It

It is not very eaſy to deſcribe any of the feelings of man; to convey an adequate idea of that complicated tribe that now aſſailed Sir George—impoſſible. It was joy and ſorrow, it was pleaſure and pain, ariſing from a thouſand recollections. At length—it was deluſion——it was fallacy—it was Mrs. Birimport. Whatever it was, Fidel muſt be privy to it.

But Fidel being queſtioned, anſwered, "No. He did rejoice if it was Miſs Colerain—but he did doubt."

"It is only to yourſelf," ſaid Sir George, "I have ever intruſted the key."

"And I," ſays Fidel, "did never part with it, but to you, and once for half an hour to Mrs. Birimport."

"And why to Mrs. Birimport."

"I had not,"—anſwered Fidel,——"your direct orders to refuſe her; and how could I refuſe her?"

"But Mrs. Birimport is in London. And why ſhould ſhe be at the pains of deception? And if ſhe had procured a key, would ſhe truſt it in any hands but her own? The writing indeed might be her's, or it might be Bardoe's, or Lindſay's. But how came it there? And what was its deſign? Every body, ſays he, ſuppoſes me able to diſpenſe health, and the power of action upon myſelf; and that I am the arbiter of my own life or death. They call my diſorder love, or lethargy; but I muſt take the liberty to tell theſe ſoi-diſant philoſophers, it will be difficult to find a ſtimulus to rouſe me."

So thought Sir George, without perceiving that the ſtimulus was found; ſo far at leaſt as to keep him in great mental agitation. It was not till the ſecond evening, he became ſufficiently compoſed to wiſh to hear the end of Fidel's

STORY.

STORY.

"Dis ſhameful ting," reſumed Fidel, "was done upon a day when de governor gave public dinner; to which Maſſer Benfield did go. De moment he was gone, poor Flowney ran to the cottage of old negro woman, her friend, her confidant; where I had often met her of a Sunday evening, to ſpend in de endearments of love, de two hours dat Maſſer Benfield did den allow her. To dis old woman ſhe told every ting; and ſhe concluded wid—"Tell Benihango all. It kill him to know, but it kill me firſt." So indeed ſhe had reſolved, for ſhe went inſtantly and threw herſelf in a pond at de bottom of de garden.

"My plantation was five miles of, but de news ſoon came. I ran; and de firſt object I noticed was my dear Flowney on de bank of the pond, wid de old negreſs crying over her. She told me all. I did run mad. Maſſer Benfield was gone. Stukely was in de garden, nailing wall trees, widin ſight of de pond, widin ſight of de body, quiet as an honeſt man. I did go to de houſe. De ſlaves and de ſervants all melancholy. Dey did ſhake deir heads, and dey did cry poor Benihango. Dere was a room dey did call de gun-room. I went dere and brought two pair of piſtols. I did load dem. Den I go to de garden, and I ſay to Stukely——you are de raſcal, de villain, de murderer. See dere. I kill you; but I kill you wid honour. Take two piſtols—chooſe. Stukely did tremble, and did ſay—it was my maſter. I did anſwer——villain, I know all:

all: take, or me ſhoot you. Den he did take two piſtols. I ſaid—turn about—count ten ſteps backward. I do de ſame; den turn, and fire. I did turn to count my ſteps. Stukely did not turn. He fired his piſtol. De bullet went trough my left arm. I did turn and ſhoot him dead.

" Den I did go to my poor Flowney; I did lie down by her; I did lay de loaded piſtol by my ſide; for I did mean to live only an hour, dat I might indulge myſelf wid laſt looks, and laſt kiſſes. And I did ſay to her, whilſt my warm lips did preſs her cold lips———my Flowney; if dere is heaven, it is for de poor negro, and for me, and for dee; dere is no Benfields dere; no Stukelys. De whip is deirs in dis world; it is ours in de next.

" Whilſt I was lying by de ſide of my dear Flowney, dere was conſultation in de houſe; for two white men of de ſervants did ſee all dat paſſed betwixt Stukely and me; and dey ſaid, our maſter will kill Benihango with tortures. To ſave him, we muſt put him into de hands of juſtice. So dey agreed, and came ſilently and took me by de arms, and dey did cry, and did tell me deir intention. And I did point to de piſtol, and I did ſay———if you be my friends, let me die here. Den dey told me——If I did kill myſelf, I ſhould never go to heaven to Flowney. I did no tink ſo; but I was not in condition to reaſon; ſo dey took me to a juſtice of de peace, who did ſend me to priſon.

" De firſt ting Maſſer Benfield did do when he came home, was to fall into de great rage, and kick every body, and diſcharge de two white ſervants for dere officiouſneſs. He was fool dere. Dey were ſo much de more my friends. Dey ſpread de news; dey told de trute; for dey were

were white men, and durſt ſpeak trute. So my ſtory flew. Every body did pity me; did deteſt Benfield. Before my trial did come on, my good maſſer Mr. Colerain arrived, and did come to comfort me in de priſon. Dis was ver well; for Maſſer Benfield did offer muſh moneys to de two white men to leave Jamaica and ſail for France; and Maſſa Colerain did give dem muſh to keep dem honeſt. So when my trial did come, I was acquitted; and de evidence of de rape of my poor Flowney was ſtrong enough to induce many gentlemen at Kingſton to enter into de ſubſcription for de proſecution of Maſſa Benfield. But I did leave wid my Maſſa Colerain, before any ting did come of dat, and I did no hear more about it."

So ended the tale of Benihango; on which Sir George made a very extraordinary comment. When firſt the thought of dying ſtruck his imagination, he had cauſed his will to be made and authenticated. This he carried with him; and this night before he ſlept, he added a codicil, bequeathing Fidel fifty pounds a year for life.

CHAP. CXVIII.

BUT Sir George's mind, however occupied by the paſt afflictions of Mr. Fidel, was ſtill more ſo, by the note, courteſy itſelf would ſcarce call it a billet-doux, found on his table. When he had wearied himſelf with conjectures who might be its author, he wearied himſelf ſtill worſe by conſidering its contents. It required a greater degree of ſelf-complaiſance than Sir George at preſent poſſeſſed, to juſtify his mode of life. Nothing could

could be more true, than that his ſun was clouded. If it ſet, it would not ſet in glory.

Agitated with this unpleaſing concluſion, he roſe earlier than uſual on the morning of the firſt of May; and with a mind tuned to melancholy, took the walk leading to his loved pavilion. The door was not cloſed. He ſuppoſed Fidel there. Entering, he ſaw, not Fidel, but two ladies, one of whom was diſſolved in tears; the other hanging over her with all the marks of love and pity.

Sir George approached the ſitting fair one; and exclaimed——"Good heavens! Miſs Colerain!" She roſe, looked up at his pale face, where the roſes of health no longer bloomed, and the tears flowed ſtill more copiouſly from her lovely eyes. A ſlight tinge too fluſhed her charming cheek. She courtſied, and ſaid, "I am ſorry, Sir George, I am very ſorry to ſee you in ſo indifferent a ſtate of health."

"Health," Sir George anſwered, looking tenderly at her, "health, Miſs Colerain depends upon happineſs. Am I to believe you wiſh me that?"

"Why Sir George, ſhould you doubt it?"

"Did you, Miſs Colerain, honour me with theſe obſervations?" ſhewing the note he had found. Miſs Colerain did not anſwer.

"Yes, brother," replied the other lady, whom Sir George had not yet noticed, "it was Miſs Colerain."

"My dear ſiſter," ſaid Sir George, "whence do you come?"

"Of that, another time," ſaid Mrs. Birimport.

"And have you been well?" aſked Sir George, tenderly.

"Health,

"Health, brother," Mrs. Birimport anſwered ſmiling, "depends upon happineſs."

"For that, my Emily," Sir George replied, "I have myſelf been a mendicant in vain; and ſhe who denied it me, ſeems now to wiſh to deprive me of every ſubſtitute."

"I grieve," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "to ſee this feminine amuſement, called a ſubſtitute for happineſs, by Sir George Paradyne."

"I grieve every body," ſaid Sir George; "I have grieved my ſiſter, and my friends, and now I grieve you. It was to ſave them ſorrow I came here. They came here alſo; and now you are come, Miſs Colerain. I cannot live or die, to pleaſe any body.

"You are angry then that I am here," ſaid Miſs Colerain.

"Angry!" Sir George replied; "anger is a ſtrange ſenſation to feel for Miſs Colerain."

"And did you never feel it?" aſked ſhe.

"I don't know," Sir George replied; "perhaps I might, when your ſevere delicacy expoſed me to my own fatal guidance, and all the errors of youth. When you expected me to have wiſdom, which comes ſo ſlow, without giving me time to acquire it. When you who had it, would not deign to impart it. When you miſtook folly for attachment; and made me miſerable for having failed in etiquette; though my heart bled at the reſtraint."

"You have ennumerated my miſtakes, Sir George," ſaid Miſs. Colerain. "Was all the error on my ſide?"

"Yes, all—all—" ſaid Sir George, "all but folly, but madneſs. But," continued he, bending one knee to the ground, and taking a paſſive hand—"I ſhall expiate it with my life. What more can Cornelia deſire?"

It was tender affection ſpeaking in the accent of deſpair. Tears flowed from the beautiful eyes of Miſs Colerain, faſter than ever. "Ah," ſaid ſhe, "I have not yet learned to aſſociate the ideas of death and Sir George Paradyne. Nor can I bear the aſſociation. I hope he will live to oblige me."

"I would certainly die to oblige you," Sir George replied; "but to live! and live without you!"

A bluſh overſpread Miſs Colerain's cheeks; ſhe was ſilent.

"Is that a neceſſary conſequence, brother?" Mrs. Birimport aſked.

"Will you have the goodneſs to riſe, Sir George?" ſaid Miſs Colerain, "this poſture muſt be painful to you."

"No—it is p aſure itſe ——" anſwered Sir George. But to be followed by tenfold torment —— if——" he ſtopped.

"If," ſaid Mrs Birimport, "ſhe has taken the trouble to come from France, to tell you, you muſt die——if you have, Miſs Colerain, paſs the ſentence now. Sir George is prepared to die in extacy at your feet.'

"Oh Cornelia! ſaid Sir George.

Miſs Colerain bluſhed, ſighed, and was ſilent.

"Oh this delicacy!" Mrs. Birimport exclaimed. "What evils it brings upon the daughters of men! Take her Sir George; I give her to you —ſince ſhe will not give herſelf."

"Cornelia!" ſaid Sir George again.

"Don't ſpeak yet, Cornelia," ſays Mrs. Birmport.

"Spare me——ſpare me dear madam,' cries Miſs Colerain, throwing her arms about Mrs. Birimport's neck.

"And

"And ſo, Sir George," ſaid his ſiſter, "you will not accept her from my hands?"

"I ſcarce dare accept her from her own;" Sir George replied. "I feel my own diſparity. May I, may I hope, Cornelia?"

"Yes——hope——" anſwered Mrs. Birimport, "hope, Sir George, if you prefer expectation to poſſeſſion."

"Not one word! Cornelia?" ſaid Sir George.

"Not one," anſwered Mrs. Birimport. "Be ſatisfied with ſilence, the genuine and proper conſent of maids, time out of mind."

"I confeſs, Sir George," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "my firſt wiſh is, that you ſhould be well and happy."

"And," added Mrs. Birimport, "it coſt her leſs trouble to come out of France to make you ſo, than now to confeſs it."

"How much of my lively ſiſter's vivacity, Cornelia," ſaid Sir George, "may I take for truth?"

"As much," replied Miſs Colerain, bluſhing roſy red, and hiding thoſe bluſhes in Mrs. Birimport's boſom. "As much as you pleaſe."

Sir George could now neither attend to Miſs Colerain's bluſhes, nor Mrs. Birimport's comments. But he could kiſs their hands with no inconſiderable tranſport; after which, finding he wanted ſpeech and freſh air, he ran into the garden to ſeek them.

CHAP. CXIX.

I Doubt not, but my fair readers ſee, that the appearance of Miſs Colerain in the pavilion, or even in Hampſhire, was not accident. No, ladies——it was not accident. Mrs. Birimport, by a ſagacity intuitive I ſuppoſe in woman, knew that the wounds of love, like the viper's bite, were beſt cured by the mouths that inflict them.

This idea ſhe imparted to Mr. Bardoe and Mr. Lindſay. Mr. Bardoe allowed the probability that Miſs Colerain was in poſſeſſion of the ſpecific medicine for Sir George; but doubted whether ſhe or any woman had the quantum ſufficit of liberality and ſtrength of mind, to riſe above the great prejudices of pride, and the ſmall ones of decorum, which threw themſeves in the way in this caſe. Mr. Lindſay ſaid—if any woman could ſo act, it was Miſs Colerain. Mrs. Birimport, with a gracious curtſy, returned thanks to both the gentlemen for their politeneſs.

"In point of politeneſs, Lindſay," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "I fear we have failed; but how ſtands the matter in point of veracity? Have you, my ſweet widow, any claim to exemption? You, who know you have my ſpecific? and refuſe it to my moſt humble petitions?"

"Stop——your honour——" ſaid Mrs. Birimport, laughing. "In the firſt place, I was not the viper who bit you. In the ſecond, the baſis of your complication, your poco-curante habit, is beyond my art, or any art, to cure."

"You have abſolutely no ground for this plea," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "you have half cured me, againſt

gainſt my will, and your own. And now that I have acquired a complaiſant volition, yours, too inexorable, refuſes to compleat my cure."

"How a wiſe man," replied Mrs. Birimport, "who has for years been bleſſed with indifference, ſhould leave this quiet miſtreſs, and become again the ſubject of the vagaries and caprices of woman ——— I cannot think."

It is, madam," ſaid Mr. Bardoe, "becauſe I am not a wiſe man. Wiſdom is not made for this world; and he who has it, cannot do a better thing than get rid of all of it which does not ſerve to prevent his walking into a well, and ſuch ſimilar excurſions."

"I muſt own, I think you improve," Mrs. Birimport anſwered; "when you arrive at perfection ———we ſhall ſee. At preſent let us return to Sir George."

Mr. Bardoe, and Mr. Lindſay, each contended for the honour of effecting this miracle, of converting a woman into a being of reaſon; but the preference was given to Mr. Lindſay, becauſe his adventure with Miſs Robarts, in France, had placed him in the moſt friendly intimacy with Miſs Colerain; with whom he correſponded occaſionally; though, after the adventure at Bruſſels, the forbid him to make Sir George Paradyne the ſubject.

Miſs Colerain was now at Bourdeaux, the gueſt of her friend, one of the daughters of the principal of that houſe there, whoſe incipient failure firſt began to involve her father, and who was lately married at Paris, to a Monſieur Larogne. To Bourdeaux then, Mr. Lindſay haſtened; and found Miſs Carlill and her in poſſeſſion of a pretty houſe there, and with all the appearance of becoming perpetual reſidents.

Many a ſigh came from the boſom of Miſs Colerain; many a drop of pearly fluid from her lovely eyes, when ſhe heard the whole melancholy tale of Sir George. It was evening when it was told; and ſhe left the taſk of entertaining Mr. Lindſay to Miſs Carlill; and retired to her chamber.

The next morning ſhe told Mr. Lindſay, that though ſhe could not but feel very ſenſibly the peculiar embarraſſments of her ſituation, ſhe could not heſitate a moment how to act. In ſuch a caſe, delicacy muſt give way to feelings of more importance. One grateful and alleviating circumſtance was, that ſhe ſhould receive the countenance, the friendſhip and advice of Mrs. Birimport. Another, that ſhe ſhould be accompanied by her ever dear and obliging Miſs Carlill; whoſe houſe on Combor common, not being yet relinquiſhed, they might be accommodated there with ſome degree of propriety. As for expedition, they took the road of Paris and Calais. Miſs Colerain was met at Dover by Mrs. Birimport, who thanked her with a grateful heart; and in the few days they ſpent together before their appearance at the White Houſe, became as much endeared to each other, as time could have made them.

Mrs. Birimport took up her abode at Miſs Carlill's; and having, by the aſſiſtance of Sir George's old houſe keeper, contrived to get an impreſſion of the key of the pavilion, in order not to expoſe poor Fidel to the neceſſity of denying the truth to his maſter, began and purſued their operations as we have related in the preceding chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXX.

BUT all operations—of men at leaſt—muſt have an end; and this invaluable hiſtory amongſt the reſt. The grand intervening epocha beween a man's coming into life, and going out of it, is his marriage; at which when a man arrives, however he may increaſe his conſequence in a ſmall circle, he loſes it amongſt the large circle of the young, the beautiful, the ſingle fair, who conſider him as dead——in law. For this charming circle principally have I compiled theſe memoirs; and having brought them to a point where they can be no farther intereſting, it is proper to cloſe them there; after ſhewing, with the utmoſt brevity, what was the ſituation five years after; that is, what is the ſituation now of the principal perſonages of our drama.

Two years after his nephew's marriage, Lord Auſchamp paid his debt to nature. The flattery of domeſtics is but a poor ſubſtitute for the rich adulation paid to men in power. The Earl was obliged to aſſiſt this ſubſtitute with all that a French vintage could give; and all that a French cook could perform. Altogether begat the gout. There were ſeveral thouſands done at Weltjie's, whether the father preceded the ſon to the Elyſian ſhades, or the ſon the father. This ſon was at Nice, endeavouring to renovate his worn out conſtitution; and as his brother had died the ſpring before, Sir George and Lady Paradyne, may one day be transformed into an Earl and Counteſs; a moſt agreeable metamorphoſis; and likely to be reliſhed in England, when titles ſhall be nick-names only in the reſt of Europe.

Lady

Lady Mary Paradyne was no ſooner informed by the dutiful Sir George, of his approaching nuptials, than ſhe conceived her own misfortunes, and the luſtre of her houſe had both reached their acme. It was ſaid that ſhe killed two pair of very fine chariot horſes in lamenting her uncommon troubles. At length ſhe ſubmitted to receive a viſit, and has even been heard to ſay—that there was ſomething in Lady George Paradyne that was pretty well—all things conſidered. She cannot make ſo favourable a judgment of Sir George and Mrs. Birimport, now Mrs. Bardoe; however, ſhe does not fatigue herſelf with the violence of her complaints; ſhe only gives vent occaſionally; and the exerciſe ſeems uſeful.

Lady Ann Brixworth hitherto, has had the good fortune to eſcape matrimony; but not ſcandal. Not that it has affected any part of her reputation that is of the leaſt conſequence, for ſhe is careſſed at court and admitted into the firſt circles. But in the eyes of the more rigid, ſhe was rather indiſcreet. She went to Paris once ſuddenly———I dare ſay it was to Paris; but this is a trip which ladies uſually ſay a great deal of before hand; and Lady Ann ſaid nothing. The favourite maxim of the late Earl of Cheſterfield for the government of rank, is this—"Have a good outſide." Lady Ann always thought this precept went no farther than fine cloaths; till the biſhop of ———— convinced her it meant alſo going to church. So Lady Ann is regular at St. James's church or chapel; where ſhe has been greatly edified by the good biſhop's diſcourſes on that famous precept of St. Paul

Paul to the ladies——"If ye fall, fall not unſeemly; rather fall ye with grace."

The honourable Mr. Bardoe had many conferences with Mrs. Birimport on the ſubject of marriage. She was of opinion that a man who married ſhould be alive. He——that matrimony was commonly a very ſleepy buſineſs, which a defunct, like himſelf, might perform with great ſomnolence. They differed ſo much, that at length they were obliged to marry, in order to ſee which was right. The matter is not quite ſettled at this day.

A ſimilar cataſtrophe followed the diſputes betwixt Miſs Carlill and Mr. Lindſay.

"Thy vanities are of the fleth, William Lindſay," ſaid the lady.

"There are vanities of the ſpirit alſo," the gentleman replied. "I preſume not to know whether Miſs Carlill is afflicted."

"I like not the doings of thy ſteeple houſe," ſaid the lady, "there is much noiſe and little devotion. Thy worſhip is mechanical."

"I like very well the devotion of the friends," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "as long as it is ſilent. When the ſpirits gets into the bowels, the ſighs and the groans of ſo many troubled minds, afflict me ſorely. When it mounts into the tongue, ſo ſeldom proveth it to be the ſpirit of wiſdom, that I grow ſick of heavenly things."

"Thou art wicked," ſaid the lady, "if I take thee, it is out of pity to thy poor ſoul."

"I take thee, ſaid the gentleman, "out of pity to thy poor body."

So they took one another.

The reverend Mr. Holford and his lady, ſtill cultivate reſpectively, flowers and words. Miſs Haubert,

Haubert, the lady of the manor, ſtill cultivates pride, chaſtity, and philoſophy. But of philoſophy there is no end. The total non-exiſtence of Mr. David Hume, has given place to the ſyſtem of Mr. Robert Younge; who finding that thoſe who made matter of nothing, or nothing of matter, has contrived it another way. This is to compoſe a univerſe, of ſpheres of attraction only. It is true, there is nothing to attract; but ſlight obſtacles repel not makers of ſyſtems. This compoſer has hitherto, only made the firſt particle of matter; but Miſs Haubert hopes another will be made next year.

I beg ten thouſand pardons of my fair readers, for having neglected to inform myſelf of the dreſs of Miſs Colerain, and her bluſhes, upon the wedding day; together with the form of going to, and returning from the church; and how the day was ſpent; and at what hour the bride retired. That theſe are eſſential matters I know; and am ſorry they muſt be waited for, till the ſecond edition; for Sir George and his lady, with Mr. and Mrs. Bardoe, and Mr. and Mrs. Lindſay, are now at Paris; whither they went to ſee if the nation of Francks, ſo merry when governed by folly, are not grown grave, ſince wiſdom has had a ſhare in the adminiſtration. This, I find, is partly the caſe; but when an Engliſh ſenator had ſaid in a book, ſuppoſed to contain the collected wiſdom of the nation—"That man has no rights,"——the whole French people fell into a violent fit of laughter, which continues to this day. Some rights, at leaſt, they ſaid, might be allowed to man; the rights

rights of ſuffering, and of paying taxes; theſe no courts would diſpute.———But if, ſaid they, men have no rights, they have wills at leaſt; and Kings, Lords, and Prieſts, ſhall know it.

FINIS.